

November 17, 1965

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WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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WORTH REPORTING

A NEW, local film tracing Australia's history through its changing currency is fascinating and instructive.

The Bank of N.S.W. produced the film as part of its decimal currency education program.

"A Pocketful of History" begins with Port Jackson's early settlement.

In 1792 the first money was imported: Spanish dollars, from the silver mines Cortes discovered in Mexico.

But the barter system was still in effect: money, flour, meat, or spirits were accepted as readily as coin.

When Governor Macquarie took office, privately issued paper money was in use. The worth of a note depended not on its face value but on the reputation of the issuer.

During this period the English mint was hard-pressed to produce enough coinage for Britain without providing Australian money, so makeshifts continued.

Governor Macquarie issued "holey dollars" —

OUR COVER

● The M.B.Eatles at the reception held for them at the Saville Theatre, London, after they had received their Member of the British Empire awards from the Queen. From left, Paul McCartney, George Harrison (back), John Lennon, and Ringo Starr.

Spanish dollars with the centre punched out. The small coin taken from the centre was 1/3, and the hole-centred dollar was 5/-.

Macquarie's self-declared favorite measure was the founding in 1817 of the first Australian bank, the Bank of N.S.W.

The film shows even the Japanese notes printed for the planned occupation of Australia.

Parkland round famous statue

A UNIQUE fern-house has been completed at Gundagai, N.S.W., as part of the shire council's long-range plan to develop a parkland area surrounding the famous statue of the dog on the tucker box.

Scheduled to be opened on November 19 by the Premier, Mr. Askin, the fern-house is built in the form of a circle with a circular central courtyard.

It is constructed of tubular steel and corrugated perspex.

William G. Hart, horticultural supervisor of the Council of the City of Sydney Pymble nursery, explained that he designed it "so that visitors are able to walk right through it, along paths resembling a maze."

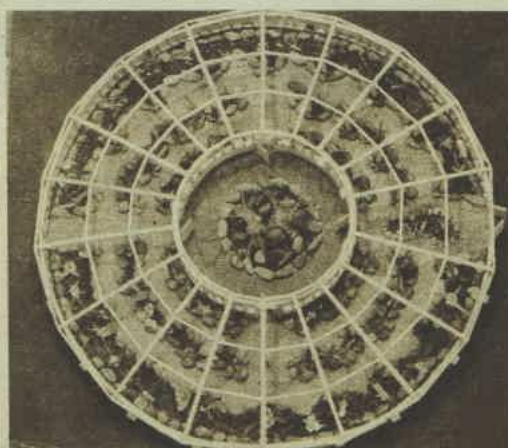
Thousands of ferns of hundreds of different varieties have been planted to create what is claimed to be the largest display of native ferns in Australia.

★ ★ ★
IT'S hard to find a truly Australian Christmas present to send abroad that will fit both the "personal" and "impersonal" category.

One that does is the 1966 desk diary published by the Women's Committee of the National Trust of Australia, N.S.W. Its 34 pages of photographs of N.S.W. buildings, with lively notes, also give a taste of Australian life and history.

The diary, only £1/1/-, is available in Sydney at Trust Headquarters, 115 Pitt St., and at Angus and Robertson, Clay's Bookshop, and Moore's Bookshop.

Urgent reminder: Less than two days before the close of parcels mail (2 p.m., Nov. 12) to the U.K. and the U.S.A.



● Model of fern-house at Gundagai.

FASHION DRAMA IN 3 ACTS

● With Light Fingers' Melbourne Cup finish one of the closest ever, racegoers had the added excitement of another Carnival drama. This was in the fashion field — the stars, English model Jean Shrimpton; Paris model Christine Borge. These pictures show the three acts — "The Shrimp" at right; Christine Borge, below.



THE DERBY: Casual shift-style — no stockings, no hat, no gloves, such a short skirt — that shocked Melbourne.



THE CUP: Conservative ensemble that saddened "The Shrimp," shown with Terence Stamp.



THE OAKS: Dress and buttoned jacket that was a happy compromise.



THE DERBY: Suit (left) that delighted the sophisticated. **CUP:** Sheath (above) that spelt high fashion.



THE OAKS: Bare midriff design that caused a sensation. An Yves St. Laurent original in heavy white wool brocade, the dress had a slim skirt and high neckline dipping to a deep V at the back. The midriff was caught with bows of black grosgrain, which also bound neck, hem, and waist. These color pictures by Brian Ferguson and Les Gorrie.



NEXT WEEK

COLLECTING SILVER

... 16-page lift-out book



★ The book includes a dictionary of styles and terminology and a guide to hallmarks. It tells you how to avoid pitfalls and recognise genuine antique pieces, how to care for and store silver; there's all you need to know...

In fact, Sydney antique and silver expert Stanley Lipscombe says it is "the finest and most authoritative booklet on silver so far compiled in Australia."

And:

Smart, different wardrobe for a teenage doll...

★ There are coats and dresses, hats, suits, skirts, and sweaters to knit and crochet.



★ We've summer handbags to knit and crochet, too. They're ideal for the beach, for travelling, and for daytime occasions in town.

And:



★ Blue summer skies, a weekend ahead — planning to go-go on a picnic? Wait till you see the recipes in

PICNICS

A GO-GO!

And:

How to cope with deafness

★ The writer, who is herself deaf, points out various "troublespots" for the deaf — with advice on how to avoid them. (Don't just think big, she says. Listen big!)

BOSUN, THE SEA-DOG,



BOSUN the coconut-eater. In Barbados in 1958, Bosun developed a taste for coconuts, fed to him here by Murray Davis. They had crossed the Atlantic from the Canary Is.

A SEA-DOG in the making. Bosun aboard the yacht Kanga as a puppy, in Paris (picture right). The Seine and the city are in the background.

● Bosun, a genuine old sea-dog, looks like making another long sea trip very soon. A shaggy black-and-white mutt in the Disney tradition, with trusting brown eyes and all the rakish charm of the genuine blue-water sailor, he originally "signed on" at the tender age of seven weeks.

NOW his family is looking for a tall ship prior to going down to the seas again and, naturally, Bosun will be a valued crew member.

In fact, when Melbourne journalist Murray Davis and his English wife, Barbara, get down to practical plans, Bosun figures as largely as their two children, Kate, 6, and Paul, nearly five.

Despite nearly six years of enforced land-lubbing, it should not take Bosun long to get his sea legs again.

TELL-TALE GAIT

His broad, splayed paws, which turn outward, and the tell-tale roll in his gait mark him as an old hand.

The first year of his life was spent aboard a 39ft. yacht, and it included an Atlantic crossing.

On their first adventurous voyage, Bosun made three on what was actually a de-

layed honeymoon. This time, the project is very much a family affair.

Their ultimate goal is Rhode Island, U.S.A., and for yachting correspondent Murray on-the-spot-coverage of the 1967 America's Cup.

But this time they want something a little bigger, round about 50 feet in length, and more comfortable than Kanga, the converted 8-metre racing yacht, bought in Copenhagen, which took them down through the inland waterways of Europe to Spain, cruising in the Mediterranean, and across the

Atlantic from the Canary Islands to Trinidad in the West Indies, in 1958.

During the next six months, if they can, they will buy a yacht in Australia and start across the Pacific.

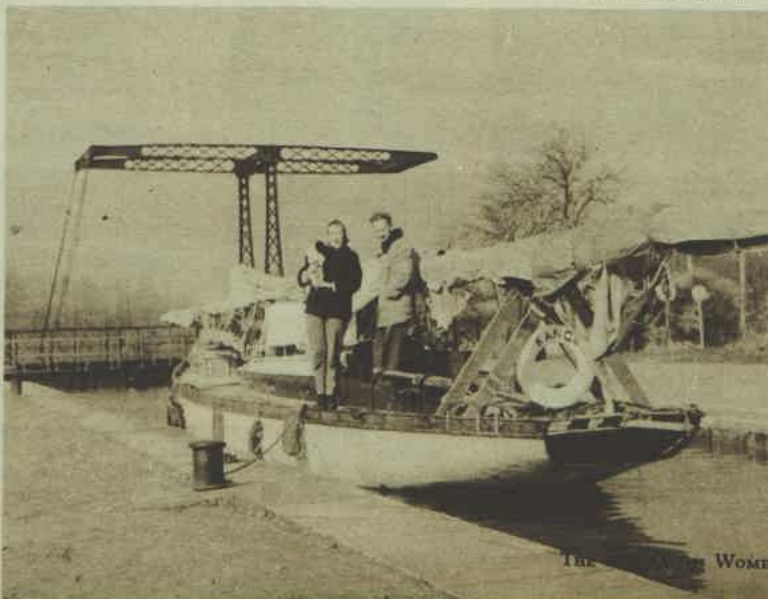
They will go through the Panama Canal to the West Indies, then up through the American inland waterways to New York.

If they cannot find the yacht they want here, they will all go by ship to England, look for her there or in Europe and then repeat their previous journey.

QUARANTINE PROBLEMS

For the second time in his life, Bosun could have quarantine problems.

When Murray and Barbara sold Kanga in Trinidad and booked passage for Australia, they had to ship Bosun back to England so that he could fulfil his quarantine time there before boarding



BEGINNING a long trip. Barbara Davis, Bosun, and Murray Davis are aboard Kanga as the yacht passes through a canal lock in France on her way to the Mediterranean, before crossing the Atlantic to islands in the West Indies.

PREPARES TO SET SAIL AGAIN



PAUL DAVIS, BOSUN, AND KATE DAVIS (above) may well be the junior crew on an ocean crossing to see the America's Cup when journalist Murray Davis, the children's father, makes the trip to "cover" the race.

another merchantman for Melbourne and more quarantine.

"If we find our yacht in Australia, Bosun can come aboard at once. Otherwise, he will have to go into quarantine again in England," explained Barbara.

When Bosun first went to sea, there were no such tiresome formalities.

He joined Kanga when she was moored in the River Seine in Paris, where Murray was doing a course at the Sorbonne.

"My sister brought him over from England in a basket when she and her husband came to visit us.

TUMBLER OVERBOARD

"He was a member of the last litter produced by a charming bundle of white fluff and of no definite pedigree and the favorite wife of our family dog, a border collie. We just had to have him," said Barbara.

Bosun took to life aboard immediately. In all his time at sea he fell overboard only once, and that was in the Canal du Centre, in France.

But given the opportunity, he liked nothing better than a couple of over-the-side swims a day.

A safety harness was rigged for him aboard Kanga, and, before the Atlantic crossing began, Barbara made him a special life-jacket with his name on it. She also gave him a party so that his many friends could see him try it out.

"The jacket buoyed him up so that only his legs were in the water. He looked like a hydrofoil, but took off like a bomb and whizzed round and round the yacht," she said.

Bosun, she said, was the most sociable soul, and loved parties and the bare feet and beards of all the "slightly

kookie people who live on boats."

One of his favorite tricks when the Davises were entertaining in Kanga's cabin was to lie along the deck above and stick his head through the small porthole.

"He looked exactly like one of those mounted heads beloved by big-game hunters, and many an unsuspecting guest got an awful shock when he caught that roving eye," she said laughingly.

In bad weather, crossing the Atlantic, Bosun took no unnecessary risks. He used to lie in the bottom of the cockpit or climb on people's

knees to shelter under their oilskins.

During the trip, Bosun's rations were tinned meat and cereal, but in the West Indies he developed an undoglike passion for bananas and coconut milk.

So much so that when he

By
BERENICE CRAIG

went into quarantine as something of a celebrity, he found a big supply of dog biscuits, which the makers sent as a gift, very tame fare. Like Bosun, neither Mur-

ray nor Barbara Davis was an experienced sailor when they first decided to go seafaring.

Barbara, born in Liverpool, came of a family with shipping connections and had done a little social sailing.

Murray, a Melburnian, served as a ship's radio officer until he decided to try journalism in England.

One of his assignments was the coverage of a boat show in London, and this is when the ambition to sail his own yacht was born.

Later, he and Barbara met when they were both with the RAF, attached to the

2nd Tactical Air Force in Germany. Barbara was a Flight-Lieutenant and Murray had a NATO post as an information officer with the rank of Squadron-Leader.

He says she taught him to sail. She says he taught himself in one lesson when she took him out in a small yacht on one of Germany's inland lakes.

Both insist the plan to go ocean sailing in a big way did not stem from a passionate love of the sea.

Barbara considers sailing a good method of getting from point A to point B, but said that after she boned up on a number of sailing books during the five months they were in Paris and read of the storms the Atlantic could turn on, she was quite ready to call the whole thing off.

"But except for very bad weather right at the beginning of our crossing, when we were both seasick and things were grim, it was wonderful," she said.

"I read a book a day and spent hours playing with Bosun."

Murray considers sailing a wonderfully cheap way to get around.

"You have your house right along with you," he said.

"MORE ACCEPTABLE"

"You have a degree of independence which people on land don't have. You're also more acceptable to the locals than an ordinary tourist who travels out of a suitcase."

Murray said the chance to report on the America's Cup is not the only reason he wants to go to sea again.

"The next few years will be the only ones in which we can do this sort of thing as a family. I want to have the kids with me."

"Kate is six now, and

when she turns 12 Barbara and I know we will have to settle down for her schooling's sake.

"I don't particularly mind what I do for a living during the next three or four years. I shall try to make it by writing."

LITTLE PENINSULA

Despite their insistence that the sea itself holds no particular fascination for them, Murray and Barbara chose the Melbourne suburb of Williamstown to live in when they arrived in Australia.

The sea is ever-present at Williamstown, which is on a small peninsula.

Its residents have an almost island-type pride in the fact that there's a blue-water view from many bedroom windows and ships of every kind pass by or anchor almost in the backyard.

The Melbourne Harbor Trust has a floating plant and workshops there; the Navy has a dockyard; there are little bluestone fishing harbors; a motor boat club, two yacht clubs. The local pubs have names like The Steampacket.

The football team is known as The Seagulls.

Murray and Barbara bought a disused fire station, built in 1893 and one of the first of its kind in Victoria.

In the teeth of violent criticism from many friends, who later piped very low, they converted it into a charming home.

Putting this house on the market to finance their sailing project made them a little sad. (It is now sold.)

However, both are convinced there will be plenty of time to put down permanent roots when they come ashore again.

By then, even Bosun might be glad to take up life on land.



BLUE-WATER SAILORS Murray and Barbara Davis make plans for their next ocean voyage — to Rhode Island, U.S.A., to see the 1967 America's Cup.



We housewives love Mr. Sheen

because he's taken the hard work out of cleaning and polishing

Just spray on Mr. Sheen and wipe over for a mirror shine that lasts and lasts. Everyone knows the gleam that Mr. Sheen gives your furniture and you should see how he cleans and protects your refrigerator, washing machine, mirrors, venetian blinds. It's so easy . . . that's why thousands of Australian housewives are using Mr. Sheen. You're a wonder Mr. Sheen!





MANDRAKE RIDES THE POP-ART WAVE

OOPS! Mandrake the Magician, with a wave of his hand, lets down his trusty companion, Lothar, in this humorous version of the Indian rope trick. The picture was on display at a Pop-Art exhibition of comic strips in the World House Gallery in New York (the rope is real). Lee Falk, at left, the originator of "Mandrake the Magician," who still writes the strip, poses beside the picture with the current artist, Fred Fredericks. The original artist, Phil Davis, died a year ago.



NOW HE'S CALLED A CULTURE HERO

MANDRAKE, the comic-strip hero whose exploits millions of Australians have followed in *The Australian Women's Weekly* for decades (along with 100 million readers of other papers in 30 countries), is riding the crest of today's New Wave.

Four- and a half-foot posters of the suave magician and the Phantom (both the creations of comic-strip veteran Lee Falk) have recently appeared on the New York market and are being snapped up at three dollars 98 cents (about A\$3/6) apiece.

New York's largest bookstore, Brentano's, alone sold 1200 of them.

They are papering the walls of chic Madison Avenue offices, suburban playrooms, and even the United Nations library.

Highball glasses these days are bedecked with Mandrake's image, and beach towels are on the agenda for next summer.

As smooth and as seemingly ageless as his brainchild, Lee Falk (who was the model for Mandrake when he started the strip in 1934 with the late artist Phil Davis) is delighted.

"I've grown two sizes in the past six months; my ego is well buttered, especially after my recent trip to Europe," he told me.

"I'm not so concerned

with the Pop-Art aspect. A swinging young New York advertising agency thought up the idea and got approval from my syndicate, King Features, to use Mandrake and The Phantom. But in Europe it is different."

There, comic strips have moved into the "culture" bracket, and "Mandrake the Magician" and "The Phantom" (along with "Peanuts," "Tarzan," etc.) are regarded as outstanding culture symbols.

Cultist clubs

Clubs have sprung up expounding the comic-strip cult — in France, Le Club des Bandes Dessinées (comic strip) and in Italy, Club Fumetti (Fumetti refers to the balloons through which the characters speak).

French director Alain Resnais ("Hiroshima, Mon Amour," "Last Year at Marienbad") and Italian director Federico Fellini ("La Dolce Vita"), comic-strip buffs both, are leaders of the cult, properly labelled Phantomists.

Not only film directors, however, but psychiatrists, sociologists, professors of literature, and other European "tastemakers" were among the 800 that attended

By **PHILIPPA DAY BENSON**
in New York

a five-day conference in Bordighera, on the Italian Riviera, this year, where the International Comic Strip Conference was officially sponsored by the Italian Ministry of Education and Culture.

Falk and fellow comic-strip dean Al Capp ("Li'l Abner") were guests of honor and found themselves lionised.

The papers were serious, the discussion intent.

One paper was titled "The Negativism of Donald Duck versus the Positivism of Mickey Mouse." Another, "The Neo-Colonialism of The Phantom," given by Professor Laura, of Rome, took one and a half hours to read.

"I sat nervously twitching my tie — but thank goodness it was a friendly paper," said Falk. "He decided The Phantom was not an imperialist."

Falk said that at the conference Alain Resnais told him he had the whole collection of "Mandrake" and "The Phantom," both in French and Italian, from their inception — "which is more than my own syndicate has."

Resnais told Falk that

"Mandrake" had influenced his film-making. There are no transitions in the strip; in one picture the hero is in an aeroplane, in the next, a room. Resnais has used that "jump" technique in his films, which, of course, have influenced others.

After the conference Falk expected to do a bit of quiet vacationing, but found himself caught up in a tidal wave of publicity.

"I was delighted, but I suppose when you consider the readership 'Mandrake' has I should not be surprised," said Falk, a modest man.

"After all, the strip is read by dockworkers in Trinidad, shoeshine boys in Naples, garage mechanics in Helsinki, stockbrokers in New York, olive growers in Greece, businessgirls in Australia."

"It's even printed in Chinese — in a Hong Kong daily. It's read by Christians, Jews, Mohammedans, Buddhists, Hindus..."

"In fact, I got a letter from a newspaper publisher in Kerala, India. He said there was something that made him feel the magician was becoming sad."

"I wrote back that Phil Davis, the artist who had collaborated with me for so long, had died and my sorrow must have penetrated my story. But it took Indian mysticism to pinpoint it."

"I write wherever I am — sitting on the edge of a bathtub in Istanbul, in a tent in the Sahara."

"I never think ahead about what I am going to write until I actually sit down. Then it just comes. Don't ask me how."

A graduate of the University of Illinois, Falk got his first job in his home town, St. Louis, in an advertising agency, writing copy and directing radio shows. For a lark he and artist Davis tried their hand at a comic strip — "Mandrake" — and sent it off to King Features in New York.

It was accepted right off the bat and Falk has never missed writing a single instalment since.

Comic strips aren't Falk's only creative endeavor. He has written a scenario for a "Mandrake" film to be produced in Europe next year (he hopes David Niven will play the magician).

But for him the play has always been "the thing." He has produced more than 300

and directed at least 100 others. At one time he owned summer theatres in Cambridge, Boston, Marblehead, and Framingham, all in Massachusetts, and a winter theatre in Nassau, the Bahamas.

Six of his plays have been produced, and two others are optioned for production on Broadway.

"I'm coming"

Eighteen years ago, my first assignment from *The Australian Women's Weekly* on arrival in New York from Sydney was to interview the creator of "Mandrake."

At that time I would have preferred an interview on a subject with more literary "status," but a few minutes with this erudite young writer, who quoted mystic poet John Donne, reduced my condescension.

Our recent interview was much more informal — sitting on the beach at Truro, on lovely Cape Cod, where I was vacationing with my family and where Falk has a summer home.

He was cooling off on the Atlantic beach after a tennis foursome on his court with his three teenage children, Valerie, Diane, and 13-year-old son, Conley.

"For all our travels," he reflected, "I've never taken Mandrake Down Under. I'm most eager to visit Australia. With your surf and your tennis, I'm bound to feel at home."

"Hold on, Lothar, I'm coming."

MELBOURNE CUP CARNIVAL



AT LEFT: Miss Jill Chapman braved the inclement weather on Cup Day in a spotted summer outfit.



AT RIGHT: Elegant racegoer Mrs. Shirley McDonald pictured on the steps of the Members' Stand.

Three Cup Eve parties



HOST Mr. Warwick Purser (left) with Miss Liza Eaton and Mr. Terry Clune at the party he gave at the Little Reata in Little Collins Street. BELOW: Also among the 100 guests were the Commercial Attache for France, Mr. Herve Hutter, and Mrs. Hutter.



ABOVE: Miss Diana Knox and her fiancé, Mr. Adrian Gibson, Liberal Member for Denison, Tasmania, arriving for the late-afternoon reception held at Government House.



AT LEFT: Mrs. Tony Pratten, of "Wallgrove," Yass (left), with Mrs. Roy Ricker at the Lucky Horseshoe Dance at Nine Darling Street to aid the Red Cross.

Fashions at Flemington



CONTRASTING hats were worn by Mrs. Don Stephens (above) in a straw pillbox and Miss Dorothy Moore (at right), who chose an attractive breton.



CUP WINNER (at far right): South Australian mare Light Fingers and her triumphant jockey, Roy Higgins, were led in after the close finish of the race by her owner, Mr. W. J. Broderick, and the clerk of the course, Mr. Reg Kent.



FAMILY GROUP: Mr. and Mrs. Bill Adams with their daughters, Miss Susan Adams (left) and Miss Caroline Adams, on the lawns at Flemington in front of the Members' Stand before the Cup.

Pictures by staff photographer DON CAMERON

YOU'LL LOVE NEW "LOW TOP" BY
St. Mark



1911



Summer's deep necklines dictate "LOW TOP," a whisper of lace embroidered poplin by St. Mark. Lightly boned for magical uplift, gently foam padded for perfect contour, and wide-away straps for absolute freedom and comfort. You'll love St. Mark.

A CUP, 32 to 34;
B CUP, 32 34 36;
C CUP, 34 to 36.

WOOLWORTHS
VARIETY STORES AND SUPERMARKETS



WILLING workers for the Peter Pan Committee, Miss Susan Hill, Mrs. John Lance, and Mrs. Peter McWilliam (left to right), helped sell gifts at the boutique which was set up in the garden of Mr. and Mrs. Roy Coote's Bellevue Hill home, where the committee held its annual Cup Day luncheon to raise funds for the Peter Pan Kindergarten. **AT RIGHT:** Mrs. Max Sturzen (left), who wore an elegant Courreges suit, with hostess Mrs. Roy Coote at the party at which nearly 300 guests were welcomed by the president, Mrs. Norman Hill.



CUP PARTIES IN SYDNEY



HOSTESS Mrs. Philip Malouf served punch to Mrs. Frank Coyne (centre) and Mrs. Brian Burke at the champagne and turkey Cup luncheon which was arranged by the St. Margaret's Children's Hospital Committee at her Bellevue Hill home. The president of the committee, Mrs. Theo Rossi, welcomed 250 guests.



ABOVE: Mrs. Roy Holmberg (left) and Mrs. Graeme Oer were among guests at the Danish luncheon arranged by the Cornucopia Committee for the Children's Medical Research Foundation held at the Rose Bay home of the Minister for Denmark, Mr. N. C. Stenderup, and Mrs. Stenderup. Mrs. Holmberg wore a pale three-piece wool suit and Mrs. Oer chose an unusual patterned Thai silk suit in brilliant autumn tonings and a matching turban.



AT LEFT: Mrs. Bill MacRae (left) and Mrs. Pat Macarthur drew tickets for guests in the sweepstakes at the Cup Day luncheon which the Town and Country Committee held at Mrs. MacRae's Vaucluse home to aid the Smith Family. Mrs. Macarthur, who is a committee member, wore a colorful "mad hat" for the Prettiest Hat Competition. First prize was won by Mrs. Charles Eastment.



HARDY AMIES

MEN'S "TOTAL LOOK"

HARDY Amies, who has always been connected with classic English fashion and has designed many royal tour wardrobes, has now branched out in a big way into men's clothing.

He is about to visit Australia to introduce here the Total Look in men's wear.

Mr. Amies—"the Queen's dress-maker," as he is still so often called—began designing men's clothes about five years ago.

He has concentrated on producing what he calls the International Line, applicable to most parts of the world and suitable for the middle-aged as well as the young (in fashion today, he points out, there are no "old" men—"just the young and the dead").

In his range of design are shoes, hats, and topcoats, everything for the man, for he knows just what makes the Total Look.

Lapels are cut high and narrow; waistcoats are cut high, too, giving a narrower V, so the contrasting shirt design must be small and the tie very neat.

The shoes are plain-fronted to go with the slim, cuffless trousers. There are mini-coats for motoring and stepping out; and raincoats in rainbow checks with gillie collars.

Born in London 56 years ago, Hardy Amies was educated at Brentwood Public School, founded as a grammar school in the days of the first Elizabeth. He was a parachutist in World War II and rose to lieutenant-colonel in the Special Operations Executive.

He joined the House of Lachasse, but later set himself up in a beautiful Georgian house in Savile Row.

On his visit to Australia he will be concerned with men's fashions only. He is to arrive in Australia on November 12 and will be in Sydney until November 21, when he will leave for Adelaide and Melbourne (arriving in Melbourne on November 23).



• International-line suit has high-fastening jacket.



• At left, matching Prince of Wales check hat and short topcoat.

Hardy Amies will bring his designs



• These suits, with their matching high-fronted waistcoats, are worn with the Amies-designed plain-fronted shoe.



• Mini-coats are double- and single-breasted. Pictures by Alec Murray.

• **To learn about wool Reserve Price Scheme...**

Wives were there with notebooks

● Last July, 17 women met in Sydney to organise the Women's Anti Reserve Price Group. It was estimated that 20 percent of voters in the wool referendum would be women, and it was felt there was a grave risk that these women were being asked to cast a vote entirely on the basis of propaganda put out by the Wool Board. In an interview with a staff reporter, two group members, Mrs. Donald Mackay, of Ballalaba, and Mrs. Maurice Hole, of Louth, reveal the increasing awareness of country women to the issues involved in the scheme; analyse the moves before the ballot papers started to go out early this month...

—**They wanted facts and figures for husbands drought-feeding stock**

will advance the next £50 million. The banks will have as security all the wool bought in, including the first £30 million.

So the banks, when they lend, will have a first mortgage on every bit of wool held by the Market Authority. The banks have driven a hard bargain. They say this action is not to be taken as a sign that they are endorsing the scheme — far from it — they are sensibly making certain they are not going to be in a losing position if things go wrong.

If the New Zealand scheme were financed as proposed for the Australian scheme, it would be making a substantial loss. Both New Zealand and South Africa had to suffer price falls last season at least as great as Australia.

Now growers are told the trade wants them to have a reserve price. This, the Wool Board says, is its main argument.

The Board uses 12 pages in its report to growers trying to prove its argument with letters from firms and individuals. It does not quote the big Japanese, American, and United Kingdom organisations, Australia's biggest wool customers.

These three countries have made it clear that faced with acquisition as the most likely alternative, they would go along with a conservative reserve price if the grower insisted on it.

Customers prefer growers to keep the free auction. They feel developments from a floor price scheme could endanger the whole industry — and they have said so. The women's group made available to its members documented evidence of this.

Typical of the trade attitude is the British Wool Federation submission to the Marketing Committee in December, 1963, which said: "In our opinion, interference with the competitive price mechanism, or attempts to force artificially high prices for wool, may, in the long run, be against the interests of wool and those of wool-growers, and could encourage the increased use of synthetics."

In August, 1965, they said, "This puts very clearly the Federation's views and we are not prepared to move one iota from it."

The women's group received a copy of the "Bradford Wool Record," which goes to 50 countries and is recognised as the voice of the wool trade.

The article finishes, "Nobody can now effectively deny that there are widespread suspicions that the

reserve price plan could be a mere door-opener, say, to total clip acquisition combined with the legal prohibition of the private sale of wool."

Then fluctuations were brought into the argument — customers didn't like the way wool prices went up and down, and if something wasn't done about this they would turn to synthetics and that would be the end of wool.

The women's group feels sympathetic about this because they all would like more stability. But putting up a conservative floor price as a cure isn't going to help.

The Wool Industry report

This is a deliberate last-minute attempt, without any solid basis, to scare growers into a "Yes" vote.

In the brief pause before the Wool Board fires the next salvo from their propaganda guns, look at a few happenings of the past months:

● The Referendum Act has gone through both Houses of Parliament. It contained nothing about a further referendum in five years' time, and verbal assurances are not recognised by future governments. This point must be stressed, because so often the women's group was asked if this assurance of a second chance would be granted.

Psychological effect

to growers says: "In a market where prices are high, there would be a wide margin between market and reserve prices... In a period of low prices, reserve prices would be set at a level close to those prices."

This doesn't sound like reducing fluctuations, does it? In fact, the Wool Board would depend on fluctuating prices to get rid of the wool it buys in.

So up came the psychological effect of a "floor" in the market.

In a statement sent out with the Wool Board report, Sir William Gunn said, "I do not believe the Board would have recommended the scheme if it were not for the importance attached to the psychological effect of the reserve price."

Economists have no positive opinions on this, so the grower will have to decide for himself.

A group member said she first heard this remarked on by a woman at an auction in a country town, who said, "I wish that auctioneer fellow would be like Bill Gunn and tell me what his bedrock price was on that chest-of-drawers before the sale starts."

She had made up her mind about what she thought of telling wool customers what the bedrock price was, then holding the auction.

At present growers are in the middle of "Let's scare hell out of them" tactics. Sir William's latest is, "Major Crisis if Referendum Lost."

Only last August, Sir William said in Bendigo, Victoria, "I cannot see why, if in the next ten years Australia doubles its wool output, the wool cannot be sold at a profit."

● Growers still do not know exactly what they are voting on. There was nothing in the Bill to tell them, although it was repeatedly asked for. As Senator Cant said when speaking in the Senate about what the Bill would eventually include: "While it may be the scheme presented by the Australian Wool Industry Conference, it will not necessarily be that scheme. Eventually, it will be the scheme agreed upon by this Parliament and not by the growers."

A woman member of a big public-relations firm said, "This campaign will be talked about for years among students of advertising and propaganda everywhere. It will be lectured about as the classical example of a non-stop, no-money-spared campaign to bring to heel an otherwise independent group of individuals... the like of which has never been seen in Australia. Ironically enough, this is the growers' own money. They gave it in good faith to promote their own wool."

Surveys in the United States show that if you just keep broadcasting ceaselessly, you can succeed in brainwashing a rural industry.

But American surveys also show — and this is incorporated in advice to young salesmen trying to sell home appliances to country women — that when dealing with country women it is no use depending on salesmanship. You must be honest and your product good.

The women's group feels this is true of Australia, too. Women are not easily hoodwinked and the group feels they can be relied upon to see through this confusion to what lies ahead.

WOMEN have a vital role to play when they vote on the wool Reserve Price Scheme.

They will be making a decision not only for themselves and their families but on behalf of millions of other Australians who have no vote but who will be affected by the referendum result.

There is a tremendous amount at stake because wool is still Australia's greatest export earner.

In the past few months, the Women's Anti Reserve Price Group has received many hundreds of letters from women all over Australia — not one letter silly or insincere. Their suggestions have been constructive and deeply thoughtful.

young debater retired in disgust — "My dad only says things, but he won't, or can't, tell me why he believes them. I'll never win like that."

The same group member remembers another occasion in a badly hit drought area. Husbands were drought-feeding and could not get to a debate on the scheme.

But their wives were there with notebooks and pencils. They were going home with all the facts they could gather for their husbands.

She also remembers the halls with the prams outside and one young wife stepping outside to take her turn at keeping an eye on the younger children while another wife slipped in to ask a question at question time.

The group has been asked

campaign could have gone toward water reticulation, research, any number of pressing problems."

The group has seen a woman angry only once during the campaign.

"Oh, I don't really know much about it," a man had said to her, "but I guess I'll vote yes. We've had the auction system a long time now — might as well have a change. Mind you, I don't think this reserve price'll do much good, but what I say is we might as well give it a go."

The woman mocked him, saying, "Oh, well, I suppose we've had democracy a long time. Might as well have a change. Don't suppose it will do much good, but let's give Communism a go."

Talking to the women's group about it afterwards, she had added, "That fellow was willing, without any thought, to give away all we have worked for and fought for. He didn't have a reasoned argument, just a casual discontent."

A woman who recently read an article on the Reserve Price Scheme published in an August edition of The Australian Women's Weekly said, "What a lot of confusion has been dragged into this argument since then. How do you account for it?"

The group believes the question has only one answer: the Wool Board's desire to get a "Yes" vote at any price. They quickly realised the scheme had insufficient merit to stand up to careful scrutiny, so they set about trying to get a "Yes" vote by other means.

In the early days the Wool Board chairman, Sir William Gunn, said, "Where would the wheatgrowers be today without the wheat scheme?"

The wheat scheme bears no comparison with the wool scheme. Wheat is directly subsidised by the Government and taxpayer.

But under the Reserve Price Scheme, woolgrowers ensure themselves a minimum price by buying their own wool with their own money. What they borrow has to be paid back with interest.

It now appears that after the first £30 million worth of wool is bought, the banks

Play 'Yes-ies' and 'No-ies'

It was a woman who said to group members in the early days of the Wool Board's propaganda campaign, "I know there must be another side to the problem we are going to be asked to vote on; why are we only hearing one side?"

These days, when you travel in the country, there is a real awareness among the women you meet of what is at stake.

As you see them talking, they could just as easily be swapping statistics about the Reserve Price Scheme as the latest biscuit recipe.

This goes for all ages. In the country, "Bobbies and Bushies" is just as popular a child's game as it has been for many years, but it is "Yes-ies and No-ies" now in country schools.

The women's group commends a teacher confronted with, "Please, sir, may I move my desk? I'm a 'Yes-ie' and I'm all among the 'No-ies' on this side of the room."

The teacher organised a debate, insisted on the arguments being backed by facts, and a tremendous amount of research was done.

Parents were put through it!

A member of the women's group was told how one

if it has encountered much bitterness or animosity.

Members have never found it among any of these women — only interest and friendliness and a real desire to seek out the truth.

The group received a letter from a woman in the south of New South Wales commenting on the confusion and the dragging of personalities into the discussion.

She wrote: "I think this is the last thing the women's group would want to do. It is too important a decision for that sort of petty criticism, but let's be sensible."

"There must be some thought given to whom is going to run this scheme if passed. If I were buying shares in a company, which is pretty unlikely after this season, I would want to know something about the directors — if they had a good reputation and made a success of their own business affairs."

Women who have taken around petitions for the postponement of the referendum have said they are more aware of the many problems that should be tackled on the land.

They have written: "If only the money spent on this



SHOPPING IN SINGAPORE (above), a traveller's delight. Like glamorous Hong Kong (pictured at right) and Aden, other stops for the *Orcades* on our World Discovery Tour, Singapore is a duty-free port.

● To enable members of the tour group to buy low-cost items in the duty-free ports, P. & O.-Orient Lines have arranged for the transfer of packages, for a small charge, from *Orcades* in Tilbury to *Oriana* in Southampton. This means passengers will not be burdened with such packages during their London-European stay. They may collect them from the luggage room on embarkation in *Oriana* or on disembarkation in Australia.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY WORLD DISCOVERY TOUR



A ticket to romantic places

● Final arrangements are now being made by World Travel Headquarters to ensure the success of The Australian Women's Weekly World Discovery Tour which begins on February 10.

OUR fabulous 17½-week World Discovery Tour, which takes in some 16 countries, has been designed at an all-inclusive price of £696 per person—a great deal below the cost of similar tours.

This includes fares to and from Europe in luxurious P. & O.-Orient ships, London accommodation, and coach tours of the Continent, England, and Scotland.

The tour actually begins from Sydney in the one-class *Orcades* (New Zealand passengers having already joined the ship in Wellington).

At no extra cost, passengers from Western Australia, South Australia, and Victoria may join the ship *Canberra* in Perth or Melbourne and transfer later to the *Orcades* on arrival in Sydney. (As the *Orcades* calls at Brisbane, Queensland passengers will embark at their own port.)

Timed to coincide with the European spring, the tour has attracted people of all kinds and ages from all parts of Australia and New Zealand.

The tour was booked out, but because of cancellations due to sickness, the organisers expect to place their wait-listed passengers. They have also secured some extra berths to save disappointing other would-be travellers.

Ports of call on the outward and return voyages include Hong Kong, Singapore, Colombo, Bombay, Naples, Lisbon, Port Said, and Aden.

After arrival in London

and four days of sightseeing, a 23-day coach tour through Belgium, Germany, Liechtenstein, Switzerland, Austria, Italy, and France follows.

This trip in comfortable, fully air-conditioned coaches is escorted by bi-lingual couriers.

After a few days' stay again in London, the tour resumes, this time with a seven-day sightseeing trip of England and Scotland.

No problems

One reason the tour has proved so popular is that all the travel chores—luggage, language problems, tipping, bookings, and other details—are taken care of; the tour member has only to enjoy the trip.

An experienced bi-lingual tour director has been appointed to accompany the World Discovery Tour 1966.

Because of the tour's popularity, bookings are being accepted for a similar tour in 1967.

Preferential bookings, if accompanied by a deposit of £5 (fully refundable on receipt of the 1967 tour brochure if not required), are being accepted.

On the 1966 tour—a period of 16 days and nights in London has been left free from planned activity to allow members to visit relatives and friends. Some people are using the time for extra side trips.

Bookings for these additional conducted tours, accommodation, or travelling arrangements for this free period should now be made through World Travel Headquarters, Sydney, or its agents in each State.

Write or call in to any of the addresses listed below for the special booklet listing supplementary trips.

● It is still possible to book a last-minute place on The Australian Women's Weekly World Discovery Tour by contacting:

N.S.W.-A.C.T.: World Travel Headquarters Pty. Ltd., 33-35 Bligh Street, Sydney. Tel. 28-4841.

VICTORIA-TASMANIA: World Travel Headquarters Pty. Ltd., 330 Collins Street, Melbourne. Tel. 67-7481.

QUEENSLAND AND N.T.: Universal Travel Company, 93 Creek Street, Brisbane. Tel. 2-3008.

SOUTH AUSTRALIA: King's Travel Agency Pty. Ltd., 30 Currie Street, Adelaide. Tel. 51-2146.

WESTERN AUSTRALIA: Wesfarmers Travel Service, 559 Wellington Street, Perth. Tel. 21-0191.

NEW ZEALAND: Russell and Somers Ltd., 83 Customs Street East, Auckland. Tel. 20-959.

One of the most popular is the ten-day "Copenhagen Interlude" by coach to Antwerp, Rotterdam, Odense, Copenhagen, Hamburg, Arnhem, and Brussels for £51/8/-, including all costs except lunch on the first and last tour days.

Several tours of lovely Ireland—from four to nine days—have been arranged at special request.

One such tour—six days in south-west Ireland—covers Killarney, Limerick, Glenties, Kenmare, Glengariff, Cork, Lismore, Waterford, Wexford, and Arklow. Air/coach from London to London, all-inclusive cost, £71/5/-, covering meals, sightseeing, and accommodation in twin-bed rooms.

Devon-Cornwall, £38/4/6, is six days through England's most beautiful scenic coastline.

Bookings are now being accepted, too, for shore excursions in the ports visited by the *Orcades* and *Oriana*.

Book these trips now. Don't wait until the tour has begun, otherwise you may be disappointed.

Excellent group tours and private tours have been arranged during stopovers.

Tours around Hong Kong, for example, and the extended tours to take in the New Territories to the Chinese border range from about £2/4/- per person.

On a combined six-hour launch and car tour of the island and floating villages, visitors can explore the magnificent coves around the

TRAVEL WARDROBE

ALTHOUGH there is ample luggage allowance (40 cubic ft. per passenger aboard ship and one average-sized suitcase on coach tours), the usual travel advice applies: Keep clothes to a sensible minimum.

Clothes should suit the two kinds of travel the tour provides—the leisurely shipboard cruising to and from Europe and the sightseeing in London and on coach tours.

Tips to note: ● Among your bright new travel clothes include some you have "worn in."

● A good-sized carry-all bag to hold make-up, brushes, plastic raincoat and overshoes, and sundry needs is invaluable.

● Comfortable, not-so-high heels will be an ally for sightseeing.

● Many European countries frown on slacks and shorts; also on bare arms in church.

● Sports clothes, plus one dark lounge suit, should cover almost all basic male wardrobe needs.

● Persuade your husband to take a tie in his pocket when setting off for a casual day in slacks and open-necked shirt. It will make him instantly "formal" for most restaurants.

If you are in a dilemma about what to take, write to P. & O. Orient-Lines, Sydney, for their "Woman's World at Sea" brochure, which lists a basic wardrobe guide.

village of Stanley. Lunch is served at one of the famous floating restaurants at Aberdeen. This trip costs £5.

In Singapore the city-sights tour takes about 3½ hours, costs £1/12/6 by private car or £1/1/6 by coach.

Full-day (7½ hours) tour of Singapore and Johore Bahru with lunch at Raffles Hotel is £4/1/6 by private car, £2/16/6 by coach.

A half-day city-sights tour of Bombay passes the beautiful Hanging Gardens and stops for tea at Malabar Hill, with panoramic views over the city. It costs £1/5/- per person.

A visit to lovely Mount Lavinia is a highlight of a tour around Colombo for £1/10/- per person by coach, £1/17/6 by private car.

The 72-mile journey to Kandy and back to Colombo includes a visit to a Buddhist temple and lunch—£2/17/6 by coach, £4/19/6 by car.

From Suez, the one-day tour to Cairo and Port Said—£7/10/- by coach, £9/14/- by car—with visits to famous Egyptian museums and the Pyramids, ends in Port Said to coincide with the ship's arrival.

From Naples a trip to Pompeii costs £1/10/-, and to the edge of the crater of Mt. Vesuvius, £2/2/6.

Capri, only 1½ hours from Naples by ferry, is a "must." The fare, £3/10/-, includes lunch, tea, and guide service.

Morning and afternoon tours of scenic Lisbon are only £1 per person.

Half-day and full-day coach tours via Sintra, Cascais, and Estoril, the famous resort on the Portuguese Riviera, range from £2/1/6.

A full-day tour to Fatima ("Portugal's Lourdes"), 100 miles from Lisbon, is £4/7/6.

There is Mass at the Basilica, lunch at the Dominican Convent, and a visit to a 12th-century monastery.



A taste for the macabre

Television

• The Addams Family, the most bizarre on TV, are macabre ghouls who have come to surprisingly popular life from the drawing board of famous cartoonist Charles Addams.

It is hard to choose a favorite among the characters, but Thing, a very active hand in a box, is mine.

Thing is good for picking up telephones, doing odd chores, and often adds an unexpected moment to the series.

-NAN MUSGROVE

RIGHT: Morticia (Carolyn Jones), who always wears black, likes pets and gardening. Her specialties in the garden are hemlock, toadstools, and henbane. Above left is her husband, Gomez (John Astin), sharpening the fence spikes. He spends a lot of time smilingly re-creating celebrated disasters.

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• "The Addams Family" may be seen in Sydney on TCN9, in Perth on STW9 on Wednesdays at 7.00 p.m., in Adelaide on NWS9 on Thursdays at 7.30 p.m., in Brisbane on QTQ9 on Saturdays at 7.00 p.m., and in Melbourne on GTV9, later.

The Australian Women's Weekly - November 17, 1965



THE COMEDIAN: "People think of you not as a person but as a product to amuse them."

ENGLISH comedian Tony Hancock is a TV tradition to Australian viewers, a laughing comic legend, remembered from 1962, when "Hancock's Half Hour" was the TV show that could not be missed.

Since those days when, among other classics, I saw him entertain passengers stuck in a lift, he has always figured in my mind as the man I would most like to be stuck in a lift with.

Like other viewers, I was excited when I heard he was coming to Sydney to do a season at the Chevron Hotel, and more so when I went to interview him.

But, having done so, I don't think I would like to be stuck in a lift with him. I know what I'd be doing if I were—trying to cheer him up.

He is, in the most gentle, courteous way, the most morose character I have met.

He sat quietly on a brilliant peacock-blue couch, answering quietly, unhappily, when spoken to.

He was awaiting a telephone call to London and seemed preoccupied.

He dealt with the numerous telephone queries about the call that punctuated our conversation with a patience remarkable in a man who can't sit in one spot for long.

TOMMY HANLON'S

Thought for the week

Mamma once said: "What ever happened to the old-fashioned get-well cards? You know the ones I mean—'We are sincerely sorry you are ill' or 'Get well soon, we are all worried about you.' Nowadays they all have to have—or so it seems to me—a sardonic sense of humor with a cartoon of a doctor with a big hypodermic needle and a funny saying usually in bad taste. Is it the world we live in today that has us making fun at just about everything we used to love and respect? But when you stop and think about it..."

Mamma's moral: Really, the best get-well cards are four aces.

HANCOCK—a comic legend

● "He is, in the most gentle, courteous way, the most morose character I have ever met," says TV writer NAN MUSGROVE, who interviewed Tony Hancock in Sydney. "But he is no longer the man I would most like to be stuck in a lift with."



THE ACTOR: "I am always the same character when I act," says Tony. "I am always Hancock."

Without the astrakhan-collared coat and the homely hat, Hancock is a homely, round little man. He is not small, really. When he stands up straight, he says, he is 5ft. 9in., but he is a potterer and has the stoop that generally goes with people who potter.

He has a shock of brownish, greying hair, bushy eyebrows, and very blue eyes. He has nice skin, well-shaped hands, and a restless air.

He is enjoying himself in Sydney, and Sydney is enjoying him. He spends his time off stage pottering about the Cross and Sydney, getting to know the people and the city.

He prefers to potter about rather than undertake the grand excursion. He couldn't keep away for long from the windows of his VIP suite, with its grand sweep of harbor view.

Unobtrusive

He was surprised at the constant harbor traffic of overseas ships coming and going, the busy tugs, the ferries.

During a potter on the first Sunday he was here, Tony came across St. Peter's Hall in Forbes Street, Darlinghurst, went in, and enjoyed the rehearsal of "Lady Windermere's Fan."

"It was surprisingly well done," he said, "surprisingly good."

I wondered whether he had been recognised, but he didn't say. He has no great idea of himself as a personality. He doesn't think of himself as either famous or well known.

He was set back when I told him he would probably have a busy time when he went to watch the Masters Golf Tournament. He didn't believe me when I said he would be recognised.

Maybe he wouldn't. I think one of his best acts would be melting into a crowd, for he is a very shy, and I would think very timid, man.

He says he is always the same character whether he is the man from East Cheam, or the man in the street, or a character in a musical.

"I am always Hancock," he said. "Sometimes it is me, sometimes an extension of me."

He doesn't regret the end of the East Cheam series with Sid James, and agreed that

a situation seized upon with glee and exploited often becomes a straitjacket.

"It was like that with East Cheam and Railway Cuttings," he said. "That was why I gave it away."

I was interested to find that he doesn't like the live theatre.

"I am not a great theatre-lover," he said. "You never have room to get your coat in or your coat out, and the amenities are not so good."

"I enjoy a good film, though."

What he enjoys most of all at the moment, he says,

Television

is watching himself on TV. And don't think this is a conceit.

"At the moment the BBC is running my old TV shows," he said. "So I turn the TV on, sit and do nothing, and watch myself make money—they pay me for re-running them."

Hancock thinks it is very likely that he will make another 13 shows for the BBC soon.

"It depends on my availability, and the availability of writers, and so on," he said.

"It is the hardest thing in the world to get writers who get together with you. With Alan Simpson and Ray Galton it was different."

"We met in 1951 and we were real friends. Many of the jokes and situations came just through our ordinary lives. We never had to have a script conference as such."

Hancock goes back to England at the end of his Australian season to take singing lessons. He is not about to launch into a new career as a pop singer, but to take the leading role as Noah in a musical of that name.

"I sing a bit here and there," he said. "It's not all that melodious, but I have a fair sense of pitch and I think they could do something with my voice."

"I am looking forward to 'Noah.' It is a very contemporary version of the Noah's Ark story."

I think anything would be a welcome change from making people laugh. I can't think of any harder way to make a living.

Hancock agrees that it is hard work, says the big rewards come when you feel the audience is with you.

"This is exciting. It works both ways. You feel you have got them and you work harder; it's a kind of two-way thing—you are better because they like you, they like you more because you like them. It builds up. It is very interesting."

He says he gets his greatest laughs from written comedy—from James Thurber, Stephen Leacock, Thorne Smith.

"I am a great fan of Chaplin, too, and of Laurel and Hardy—who still live on," he said, "and the French clown Jacques Tati."

"If only Tati weren't so lazy there would be more laughs about. He has made only three films in about ten years. I have seen 'Monsieur Hulot's Holiday' eight times."

Hancock says there is a reverse side to the rewards of being a comedian.

"You become rather like a tin of beans or a bottle of

detergent," he said. "People cease to think of you as a person, just as a product that amuses them."

"It is only to a few close personal friends that you are a real person."

I think it would be very easy to like him as a person, if he let you. I looked back at him in the suite as I left, and he was back at the window, head down, watching the ships again.

Maybe he was thinking of Noah and his ark. Maybe he was haunted by the day ahead. He had five more Press-interviews ahead of him, five more strangers to put him through the hoops.

Whether you are regarded as beans, detergent, or a real person, being a comedian is a hard life all right.

The magic of Muggeridge

"TWILIGHT OF AN EMPIRE," with Malcolm Muggeridge last week, was an hour of TV magic.

I couldn't believe an hour had passed when it finished, and I could have sat through it again from start to finish right away.

Muggeridge made a sentimental journey back to India to make the film.

His first visit there was 41 years ago, when, in 1924, he taught school for more than two years in Travancore.

In 1934 he returned and worked on the English-language newspaper "The Statesman" in Calcutta, and at Delhi and Simla.

Muggeridge, an old man now, is a master of words, has a gift for evocative speech, and a basic realism that cuts through pomposity and affectation.

He laughed at himself as a young man, recalling it all with old friends and students, and took viewers through the empty vice-regal lodge at Simla, where his brilliant mind and tongue all but peopled it with the personages of his early days.

"Twilight of An Empire" should be repeated, soon.

The Smith Family Appeal

HELP WANTED!

● "Everyone is well off these days"—you hear it said often. But it is not true. Not everyone is well off. Last year, nearly 77,000 calls for help were answered by The Smith Family in N.S.W.

Each welfare officer of The Smith Family interviews 12 to 15 applicants every day.

Clothes may be needed, or food, or accommodation, or an account paid; or a railway warrant supplied so that a man can accept a job in a distant town which will solve his other problems.

The Smith Family is anonymous. It has no button day, no subsidy. Each year it makes only one appeal—the Christmas Appeal.

This Christmas Appeal is now open.

If you can help with money, send it to The Smith Family, 137-143 Crown Street, Sydney.

If you can help with goods, send them to the



same address or ring 31-0911 or 31-7771 and a van will call.

The Smith Family need clothing (little boys' underwear and OS women's dresses especially), used furniture,

household goods, accessories—anything that people use which you can spare.

Only The Smith Family vans (see picture) are authorised to collect your donations.

READ TV TIMES FOR FULL WEEK'S PROGRAMS

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—November 17, 1963

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New Gossamer

won't dim the lights
of a diamond...



12 CARAT BRILLIANT CUT DIAMOND FROM PRODES LTD.

never dims
the lights
in your hair

New Gossamer is
the holding
hair spray that
gives your hair a
lovely sheen.
Trust only Gossamer



One house for two women

THE principal gain for the two elderly but "opposite" sisters who have been jointly left a house is that they will be living in their own home—magical words! I have only one suggestion to make. They should turn their respective bedrooms into bed-sitting-rooms.

£1/1/- to Miss C. S. Flood, North Sydney.

MY two elder sisters have lived together for many years. Although opposites, they each appear to put the other first, but have separate friends, outings, and holidays.

£1/1/- to "It Can Be Done" (name supplied), Melville, W.A.

THERE is only one way to share with anyone, be they the same sex or opposite. Learn that each is an individual and as such deserves privacy at all times. I have weathered 19 years of sharing with another female and I find this is the only plan that really works. It isn't all smooth sailing, but if you laugh at your mistakes and swallow what you consider your pride you're half-way there.

£1/1/- to "Bunt" (name supplied), Carlingford, N.S.W.

A FAR better plan would be for the house to be sold and each sister get her share of the money and live where she liked. It is cruel and unjust to leave a house to two women who do not get on.

£1/1/- to "Enough Said" (name supplied), Broadford, Vic.

I KNOW of two sisters in the same circumstances, and it seems to work out quite well for them. They take it in turns for the use of kitchen and laundry and in entertaining.

£1/1/- to "Neighbor" (name supplied), North Richmond, N.S.W.

BY turning the house into two flatlets each sister would have privacy and could continue to lead her own life, maintaining the interests and activities she has always had without encroaching on the other's.

£1/1/- to Mrs. G. Norris, Ashfield, N.S.W.

A FRIEND of mine, whose two sisters had the same problem, gives this advice: They can live agreeably together if each separately pursues her own interests and hobbies and cultivates as many friends as she can. If each has a full, busy life there's no problem.

£1/1/- to Miss L. Lynch, Frankston, Vic.

THERE are opposites in many marriages and most families, but the majority manage to live together without too much misery. And certainly "a nice home," which allows space to be apart, should help.

£1/1/- to "Count Blessings" (name supplied), Cheltenham, N.S.W.



LETTER BOX

• We pay £1/1/- for all letters published. Letters must be original, not previously published. Preference is given to letters with signatures.

Problem visitor

A FRIEND is becoming quite a problem with her daily, and sometimes twice-daily, visits. When she finally leaves, I can't catch up with my work, as having no children of her own she makes a fuss over the possessions of mine, wanting them brought out for inspection and leaving them for me to clear away. Can any reader help me? I have tried saying, "I'm up to my ears in work today," but to no avail. I would hate to offend her.

£1/1/- to Mrs. E.G. (name supplied), N.S.W.

"Grandma's Brag Book"

MRS. WILSON, who described the brooch sent her by her daughter living in America, may be interested in a similar gift my daughter sent me from there. It is a grandmother's charm bracelet. She also sent me what is called a "Grandma's Brag Book," a beautifully bound, pocket-size album in which I can carry around with me two-dozen photographs of my family. The inside pages are of clear stiff plastic, folded double to make pockets in which two tiny photographs can be placed back to back.

£1/1/- to Mrs. S. G. Jeffery, Woodford, Qld.

Right at beginning

HAVE any readers thought of beginning the scrapbooks they keep for their children with the bassinet card from the hospital? These give date, time, and weight at birth, etc. In the books I've made for my children they follow congratulatory cards and telegrams, christening cards, birthday cards, the invitation asking them to their first party, and any cuttings from the local newspapers. I treasure these books and so do the children.

£1/1/- to Mrs. S. G. Betts, Rootingall, N.S.W.

Men can do anything!

NEWS had arrived that a friend had just had her fourth daughter, and her mother and sisters were saying how disappointed she would be as both she and her husband had hoped for a boy. A young nephew piped up, "Serves Auntie right. I bet if she had let Uncle go to the hospital he would have got a boy all right."

£1/1/- to "Andre" (name supplied), Camden, S.A.

Honeysuckle from Yorkshire

READERS may be interested in this footnote to the recent mention of Honeysuckle Station, near Violet Town, in Victoria, by Mrs. Perry, who was born on it. My grandfather, James Horsfall, formed Honeysuckle Station, and named it after the honeysuckle cutting he had brought with him from Yorkshire.

£1/1/- to Miss M. A. Ilbery, Neutral Bay, N.S.W.

Ready, steady, fire!



• A television story of women members of a pistol club mentioned that one member had received a new pistol as a Mother's Day present.

Only well-adjusted mothers

Can be trusted with a gun,
Even though their aim is skilful
(Here, indeed, is such a one),
For the very best of mothers,
Though she loves her little brood,
Can be driven to distraction
And a dark resentful mood
By her offspring and her husband
And their clamoring demand
For her constant, close attention
When they're all at once on hand,
As at breakfast's wild crescendo
When she mutters, like as not,
"If I had a fire-arm handy
I would gladly shoot the lot."

— Dorothy Drain

DON'T JUST WATCH!



Why be an onlooker, a bystander, when you can be in the thick of things? No matter what time of the month it is!

Tampax internal sanitary protection should be part of your active life! It never hampers you—you can't even feel it once it's in place!

Tampax prevents odour from forming by doing away with belts, pins, pads! Tampax is easy to change and dispose of. Its silken-smooth applicator ensures correct and hygienic insertion.

Millions of young women use Tampax—join them! Your choice of 2 absorbencies (Regular and Super) in standard 10's, and the new Economy 40's at substantial saving.



Invented by a doctor—now used by millions of women. If you'd like a sample (in plain wrapper) just send name, address and 7d. in stamps to The Nurse, Dept. A, World Agencies Pty. Ltd., Box 3725, G.P.O., Sydney.

Ross Campbell writes...

"DO I have to wear my winter chunic today?"

"Yes. It's too cold for your summer dress."

"But I'm not a bit cold..."

These debates are an eternal sign of spring—the changing of the weather.

No other time of the year is so rich in clothing arguments. These are some of the subjects I have heard disputed lately:

Will I wear my summer dress and my sweater, or my winter chunic and my nornlon cardy?

Can I wear my thongs to school instead of my shoes? (The answer is No, a thousand times No.)

Will I take my raincoat and my plastic hat-cover, or wear my blazer and take an umbrella?

Those plastic covers for school-girls' hats deserve an article to themselves.

They create a strange effect.

A daughter of mine was sitting on a railway platform wearing her plastic hat-cover. A little girl who saw her gave a cry of amazement.

WIC-WAC, PADDY WHACK

She said, "Look, Mummy—a bwide!"

On some schoolgirls the plastic hat-cover looks like a halo, as if they were saints, which they aren't.

In many schools spring is marked by the changeover from the winter chunic to the summer dress.

The summer chunic has largely died out. The dress has the advantage that it does not need blouses.

A situation fraught with drama has arisen at Benelong Infants' School.

Here the old summer chunic was abolished years ago. A summer dress with a belt and buttons down the front was designed by Mrs. Hawkins of the Parents and Citizens' Association.

It is quite nice but conventional. It lacks the Mary Quant touch.

This year young Mrs. Dingwall, whose daughter Fiona is "in the kindergarten class, designed a uniform off her own bat.

Mrs. Dingwall worked for some time in a fashion shop called Flaming Youth!

The uniform she made for Fiona is a sleeveless shift with a border of wavy stuff called ric-rac.

Fiona calls the shift "my wic-wac."

Her fellow pupils are impressed by it. They have gone home and told their mothers they want a wic-wac dress like Fiona's.

One faction of mothers favors adopting a wic-wac shift as the school's summer uniform. It is easy to make, they claim.

A more conservative group wants to stick to the Hawkins' button-up model.

Soon a meeting will be held for the wic-wacs and the button-ups to fight it out.

The wic-wacs have a marching song: "This old man, he played one, he played wic-wac on my drum."

The Hawkins crowd sing: "Buttons and bows."

But nobody wants to go back to chunics.



KEEP the forehead beautifully smooth by using vitalizing cream every night. Firmly coax the nourishment into the skin from brow to hairline, using the fingers of both hands in upward movements. To smooth out vertical forehead lines and to give the forehead smooth beauty, place both hands on the centre of the forehead with the fingertips interlocked, then pull the fingers apart, smoothing the Ulan vitalizing night cream right across the forehead to erase those unwanted lines.

Summer fashions from Spain



● Vital styling and a gay, original approach to color have put Spanish designers in world class. Handwork is an important item in Spanish couture, and inspiration often comes from local sources. Handmade braids and embroideries owe their origin to matador costumes. Ruffles and frilly trims are translated from the traditional clothes worn by flamenco dancers. Cotton, because of the high-powered heat of Spain's summers, is No. 1 fabric choice. It is used in all phases of fashion, and in plain and printed weaves.

● Tunic dress (above left) is black linen hand-embroidered in heavy white cotton. The dress is slit at one side to show a band of black. Right, dress and matching jacket trimmed with contrast bands of handmade braid.

— BETTY KEEP



● Tailored white cotton ottoman suit (above left) has a jacket finished with a twisted braid fastening. The simple one-piece is made in pretty lilac-and-white flower-printed cotton voile.

● Two-piece (right) made in printed voile has a flamenco ruffle on the tuck-in bodice-top. The flowery cotton (far right) has a sleeveless top finished with an all-round pleated skirt.



● Tunic dress (far left) has coarse yellow wool stitching on the turreted collar edge and double hemline. The empire-line dress has scallop detail at the bodice, pocket edges, and hem.

● White batiste late-day dress (above left) has embroidered sleeves and a velvet ribbon sash. The shirt dress has an original arrangement of pink, white, and black stripes in varying widths.

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AVAILABLE FROM ALL CHEMISTS AND DEPARTMENTAL STORES



Dress Sense

By BETTY KEEP

3181.—One-piece party dress in sizes 10, 12, 14, 16 for 31, 32, 34, 36in. bust. Butterick pattern 3181, price 6/- includes postage. Pattern available from Betty Keep, Box 4, P.O., Croydon, N.S.W. No C.O.D. orders.

● This low-back party dress is chosen for a reader who requested a short-skirted dance dress to be made in floral silk.

HERE is the reader's request letter for a dance dress, with my reply:

"Please design me a with-it party dress I can wear dancing. I like the shift line if it isn't too baggy looking."

This slender-line shift with its back-plunging, ruffle-trimmed neckline is my idea of a swinging party dress. If you should need a pattern for the design it is available in sizes 31 to 36in. bust. Beside the illustration are full details of how to order.

"I am very big and always dress in simple clothes. Would it be too much if I wore some jewellery at night?"

Not if you stick to simple jewellery. Pearl-stud earrings or gold-stud earrings would both be correct.

"I am writing to you from New Guinea, because I am coming to Sydney early in the New Year to be married. I would appreciate ideas on fabric for the bridal and bridesmaid dresses, and the color and style for a going-away outfit. I am 19 and have dark hair and eyes. The wedding will be at the end of January at 5.30 p.m. I have a good dressmaker lined up in Sydney, so I don't need patterns."

I suggest you have an all-white wedding. This idea is very popular, and furthermore it looks pretty in hot weather. Organdie would be a good material choice. The bridesmaid dress could be ankle-length and your dress

could end in a short train. You could wear a wreath of organdie flowers in your hair, and the bridesmaid a small organdie pill-box. Both wear all-white accessories and carry small bouquets of white flowers. For your going-away ensemble I like the idea of a sleeveless dress and matching coat made in a flower-printed chiffon. Best wishes for your future happiness.

"I would like you to plan an interchangeable daytime outfit to take on a visit to Melbourne. I do my own sewing; it's only the idea of the style and color I require. I wear a lot of orange and brown tonings."

A coat plus slim dress plus jacket would see you through any weather haz-

ards and daytime occasions. Have the basic color beige, because it mingles well with white, orange, and brown. A rayon linen or silk would be a good material choice. I suggest you have the coat and jacket both lined.

"I am having my first pregnancy and, as I am only just 20, I would like to know what sort of frocks would be the most becoming. I don't like maternity smocks, I am expecting the baby in January."

Princess shaping and the Empire line are two attractive and concealing silhouettes in maternity fashions. For maternity party wear I don't think there is anything prettier than a dress flared from a shoulder yoke, made in a sheer fabric.

If you follow this idea it will be necessary to use two layers of fabric.

"I wondered if you could possibly assist me with a design and pattern for a little girl's party dress. The child has a 23in. chest, so could you tell me what size pattern this would be?"

Our pattern department has a very pretty design for a small girl's party dress. It has an A-line silhouette and a high-waisted bodice, self-tied at each shoulder. The skirt has a ruffled hemline. Size 4 is correct for a 23in. chest measurement. If you decide to order, please quote Vogue pattern number 6502, the price, 5/9, includes postage. Pattern is available from Betty Keep, Box 4, P.O., Croydon, N.S.W. No C.O.D. orders are accepted.

SUPERB WATERSIDE RESIDENCE

14 Point Rd., Northwood, to be submitted for sale by public auction in the rooms of Richardson & Wrench Ltd., 92 Pitt St., Sydney, Fri., Nov. 19, 10.30 a.m.



ABSOLUTE DEEPWATER FRONTAGE

Inspections: 10.30-1.30 Weds. and Sat.—Gregory Map 26—J2—or by apptmt. Crows Nest office of Richardson & Wrench Ltd. 43-2124.

Sweeping gravel drive gives private entrance. On ground level is 40ft.-long living-room divided by sliding concealed doors, spacious hallway-stairwell, sep. dining-room with view, mod. kit. 10ft. x 12ft., sep. maid's room, full bathrm., tiled laundry. Lower grd. floor is rumpus room 15ft. x 35ft. with parquet floor and fireplace. Top floor, 4 exc. bedrooms, all with views and outlook, 10ft. x 10ft. bathrm. of imported tile. Irreg.-shaped land leads to rock tidal swim. pool, imm. potential for dock, moorings. Floor covs., light fitts., some furn. incl.

TRIBUTE TO A FAMILY DOCTOR

● On a beautiful spring morning last September in the northern New South Wales town of Mullumbimby, Dr. Duncan David Gibson died peacefully, ending more than 50 years' service to many people of the town and surrounding district. Of him a reader says, "He was a real family doctor." Because she feels that many other people regret that this type of doctor is becoming part of the past, she has written this tribute . . .

RECENTLY there has been a lot of publicity on the value of good relationship between a doctor and patient in the treatment of both physical and mental ills.

In these times of rapidly changing values and methods, people may have lost some of the old-fashioned virtues, among them just being involved with others and taking the time to care.

Both of these Dr. Duncan David Gibson did well, and doing so became part of the lives of many who were born and reared in Mullumbimby.

My family is one of many whose joys and sorrows Dr. Gibson shared.

Both pairs of my grandparents were his friends, neighbors, and patients. They often spoke of how welcome he was when he began his career in the small new town in 1909.

How often his smart sulky and pony took him over rough unmade roads, bringing help in times of trouble and the reassurance his quiet, calm confidence gave in those lonely times.

Many areas of big timber and scrub were being cleared, many new farms and families were beginning.

As they grew and progressed, so did Doctor's work—he became a part of the life there.

When my parents married



● Simple notice leaves unsaid the way Dr. Gibson became part of the lives of many people in Mullumbimby and its district.

and settled in the town, they also were Dr. Gibson's patients. Their four children, then later my own children, called him "Mr. Dockie" with real affection.

Forty-eight years ago, Dr. Gibson's wedding plans were postponed when my twin brother and I were born.

At that time, 1917, there was no hospital and, of course, no humidicribs, and premature babies had little chance of survival.

Although my mother was very ill, with only a midwife's help, Doctor brought us through the critical stage.

Years later he told how, when he broke the news to my father, Dad, who had been keeping busy with carpentry, glanced up to see some fowls in his garden. Without pausing to answer—and probably to relieve his

feelings—he picked up the hammer and threw it, killing a valuable prize rooster.

Doctor said that although this was an unusual way for a father to react, the resultant chicken broth was a valuable contribution to Mother's recovery.

The Gibsons became our neighbors and we grew up with their children. We shared cracker-night bonfires, birthday treats, fancy dress balls, and schooldays.

When the first serums against diphtheria and whooping cough were available, Doctor immunised my brothers and me with his own children. This was considered a very newfangled idea and must have taken some courage with so many disapproving grandparents close by.

It was most effective, however. We didn't catch either disease, although there were many cases during our schooldays.

Dr. Gibson started the first hospital—the only one for many years. When I was five I went early one morning to "see the chickens" at Doctor's hospital. I had my tonsils out at the same time and came home that afternoon with no ill-effects.

Only visitor for weeks

Three years later, when I had scarlet fever—a serious disease then—Doctor was our daily and only visitor for six weeks. Mother and I were in quarantine; Dad and my brothers moved to Grandma's house.

Doctor hung yellow flags on our gates to warn people of infection. He brought us news, relayed messages, and arranged supplies. Because of his care, there were no complications and no other person contracted the fever.

Dr. Gibson's family had their share of sorrow. Their

friends grieved for them when they lost their first daughter while she was still a baby.

Some years later, their youngest son drowned in one of the small creeks where we'd played and swum as children.

Some years later, my two-year-old daughter fell into the same creek. One of the other children noticed she was floating and someone sent for Dr. Gibson.

A fairy place to children

Meantime, we fished her out, with no sign of anything wrong, but when Doctor arrived, white-faced and shaken, he couldn't speak. When he saw the child was all right he just patted my arm and walked away.

During the depression years of the early 'thirties, money was scarce. My brothers recall how mystified they were by the many "presents" Doctor received.

Country people would bring jars of cream and beautiful big pumpkins and melons, saying, "Could this come off the account, Doc?"

He'd say, "That'll be right . . ." calling them by name.

One young father regularly crawled about under Doctor's large old house keeping out white ants until his wife's confinement was "paid" for.

Doctor was a keen horticulturist. He had a glass-house with rare orchids, many kinds of lovely lacy ferns and rock lilies, and a fountain and pool in the centre.

It was like a fairy place to us. He and my English grandfather spent many Sunday mornings potting plants and discussing the best pruning and budding methods.

As in most towns, there was considerable rivalry over various home projects and one of the most unusual in our town was the competition between two very keen gardeners to out-do each other in producing the best dahlias, then gerberas, and later sweet-peas.

Being considered something of a connoisseur, Dr. Gibson was often asked which bloom he thought the best. I've heard him say that one of his most diplomatic tasks was to admire without making comparisons and appearing to favor one or the other.

I left Mullumbimby after I married and was away



● Dr. Duncan David Gibson. Mullumbimby High School, N.S.W., has made the "Life and Times of Dr. Gibson" a history project for its fourth-form pupils.

some years. When my second child was due we returned and I went to the hospital where I'd had my tonsils removed many years before.

Having the doctor who attended your mother when you were born and has cared for you all your days gives you an indescribable feeling of security when your own child is born, as though together you are making a design in time.

The pattern was taken a little further, when, a year later, Doctor told me that Mother had an incurable condition.

As we walked to the back gate together his eyes filled with tears and he said, "We could send her to the city, but anything that could be done would be in the nature of an experiment. There just isn't anything to do."

Even 26 years later there still isn't anything to do.

It is good to realise your doctor really cares about your mother being ill and lonely and away from home.

While modern methods and drugs have done much to improve physical health, there seem as many anxious patients as ever.

It is most satisfying for a worried mother when she consults a doctor on the reason her small child frequently runs a temperature with no other developments and he can say, as Doctor did to me, "That seems to be the way she reacts; you did the same at her age."

When immunisation became better known and the first triple antigen was available, a clinic was set up in

the local School of Arts, where parents could have their pre-school children treated for a few shillings.

So 25 years after he'd immunised me, Dr. Gibson immunised my children.

Five years later I went to see Doctor once again and we were both a little worried. He said, "Well, it may be twins this time. I think there are two backs."

"Good! It's a boy"

However, on an autumn morning some weeks later, when we'd both been busy a while, he said, "Good! It's a boy."

I said, "What about the two backs?"

He gave a little chuckle and said, "Wait until you see his feet."

Now, 21 years later, those feet wear size 11 shoes.

Until his death, Doctor enjoyed hearing news of "his" babies. I wondered how he remembered so many of us.

What a lot of just living there must have been in a life linked with so many others over such a long period. The example of this life is shown in the fact that two of his three sons are doctors and his daughter was a nurse until she married a doctor.

From some of us, whose lives he was so much a part of, we say, "Goodbye and thank you, Doctor."

— J. D. Jones, Casino, N.S.W.



● Dr. Gibson, photographed in 1948, with one of the many babies he helped deliver.

Warner's new Little Fibber Stretchbra is padded but it isn't. What kind of doubletalk is that?



It isn't really. Feel the inside and you'll see. Just a sweet, innocent, shapely little bra with a fantastic unpadding-like padding (of airy Fiberfill) built right into it, like a soft lining. Can't stick, can't shift, can't shred and, the way we handle it, it's so much a part of you, so light and airy, it's not really cheating. Except, all of a sudden, your clothes start fitting. White nylon lace/marquisette; A32-36, B32-38, 49/6. The Little Fibber

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THE ENCHANTED

Dramatic conclusion of
our two - part serial
By VINA DELMAR

PETED by the world as a woman of great beauty and charm, MONIQUE WHEELER FITZPATRICK is basically a frightened child. Her marriage to ALAN FITZPATRICK had ended disastrously in divorce when he fell in love with another woman, IRENE. But thanks to the financial security supplied by her former mother- and father-in-law, JEWEL and TOM FITZPATRICK, Monique lives luxuriously in a rented home with two perfect servants, THEODORE and LINA.

After a careful character check with the owners of the house, Theodore has allowed a young writer and erstwhile teacher, MARCH PERLIN, to stay on in the apartment above the garage.

Monique's brother STEVE WHEELER and his wife, BARBARA, force her into the madly active social life of the very rich. She joins charitable organisations, gives elaborate parties, and has every eligible male vying for her favors. The most persistent is TAYLOR KINGMAN, a successful financier, destined for national political office. He believes Monique has all the qualities he desires in a wife, but realising he will propose she tries to delay the occasion.

The social pressures alone are nearly more than Monique can stand, but when Jewel writes that Alan's new wife is about to have a baby, her poise is shattered, because in a car accident with Alan she had lost her own baby, and knew she could never have any more. Without thinking she runs to the garage apartment, and confides all her fears to March, who understands her as no one else ever has, and he lovingly comforts her. NOW READ ON:



Without moving, March watched as Monique closed the door and stood there weeping.

THE thought of March went with Monique through the days and nights, to luncheons and to dinners. It attended her at meetings of the Sister to Sister Circle and flowed gently with the rhythm of the music as she danced in the arms of Taylor Kingman. She felt contentment in the knowledge that March would be waiting when she went home.

"Oh, March, I have something to tell you. Mrs. MacLeod wants me to model a gown at the ball. It's going to be donated by a big Parisian house. The gown is going to be auctioned off, and Mrs. MacLeod wants me to wear it during the bidding. But here's the thing, March. If I model the dress, doesn't it look as though I think I'm prettier than the other members of the circle?"

"Do you want to do it?"

"Well, it will be a gorgeous dress, and I was never frightened of modelling. You see, nothing is expected of you except that you look pretty. March, I'm going to look positively exquisite. All the time I'm standing there and the people are bidding, I'll be wishing you could see me."

"There'll be newspaper pictures."

"Which won't do me justice. March, I'm giving a small dinner next week."

"I know. On Wednesday, isn't it?"

"Yes, and I thought of something. You never see me all dressed up, so here's what I have in mind. I'll get George Sawyer or someone to take me for a walk to the pool. I'll have the garden lights turned on, and you can see me from your window."

"As a matter of fact," he said, "Wednesday night is the opening of the new hotel, and I'm going to work in the parking lot."

She said, "Help me, March. What must I say in answer to that?"

"Say, 'Good luck. I hope you pick up thirty dollars on the evening.'"

"How could I say that? Don't you realise how sneering I would sound?"

"Yes. Come to think of it, there's really nothing you can say. The solution lies in my not mentioning when I'm about to apply myself to anything less distinguished than literature."

"Oh, that's a very good idea, March. Yes, just don't tell me. I do wish, though, that you could see me in the white chiffon."

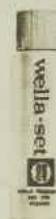
"Monique, there are no clothes that could make you more beautiful than you just naturally are."

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - November 17, 1965



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To page 48

Page 23

*Simplest, Easiest
and Safest way to
settle an 'upset Tummy'*



is to take a glass of double-acting **DEXSAL**

Two teaspoonfuls of Dexsal in a glass of water will quickly relieve 'upset tummy'. Dexsal is formulated solely to relieve 'upset tummy', and contains no pain-killing drugs. Dexsal works two ways: brings direct relief to 'upset tummy' and at the same time helps restore lost energy. This is because Dexsal contains 34% medicinal glucose — the fast acting energy builder that quickly restores your natural vitality. There is nothing so safe and simple to settle 'upset tummy' as Dexsal. Dexsal is safe for expectant Mothers and Children too.

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- Sick headache
- Heartburn
- Nausea
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- Periodic upsets
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Forty years is a long time

A short short story

By **CONSTANCE
CLARKE GREENE**



"When I get married, I'm going to stay married," the girl told the old man.

THE old man's knotty fingers tamped the tobacco down in his pipe. He stretched his long legs and closed his eyes against the sun. It was going to be another hot one. The grass in the park was brown and the ground was hard and unyielding. A few pigeons wandered about.

Someone sat on the other end of the bench. The old man felt the wooden slats give a little but he didn't turn his head. He liked being alone in the sun and he was basically a shy being. Words came hard for him but people in parks generally thought other people, especially old ones, wanted to talk.

Not this one, apparently. A handful of peanuts was thrown right into the midst of the pigeons, scattering them and then luring them back. Then another and another.

The old man got his pipe going and, roused to idle curiosity, looked over at his benchmate. She was young and pretty and mad as a hornet.

"You got something against those birds?" the old man asked mildly.

The girl flushed a deep rosy color. Then she threw another handful of peanuts, although not as violently as before.

"That's the life," she said. "Nothing to do but waddle around all day filling their stomachs."

He blew clouds of smoke up at the brassy sky. "Boring, though, you've got to give 'em that," he said. "Not much fun."

"They don't know it isn't much fun," she said. "They probably think they're having a ball."

The old man felt amusement rise within his dusty frame. It was a long time since he had talked to a young and pretty girl and one as obviously angry as this one.

"You're not, I take it," he said, surprising himself and inwardly congratulating himself on choosing the right approach to this young girl's problem.

"Not what?" she asked, turning to look right at him for the first time.

"Having a ball."

He turned his mild blue eyes on her. "You're sore as a bumblebee and you're taking it out on the pigeons. Poor innocent beasts that they are," he added, although he really didn't care very much for them.

She rummaged through her bag and came up with a pair of dark glasses. "I can't stand these things," she said, "but they're handy when you want to hide."

"And you want to hide?" he asked.

"Darned right."

She lit a cigarette and smoked without inhaling. "I want to forget who I am and everyone I know and lose myself."

He smiled and puffed at his pipe, although it had gone out as it always seemed to do.

"You had a fight with a young man," he said as he looked toward her, knowing beyond the shadow of a doubt that his surmise was right.

"I had a fight with a pigheaded, egocentric maniac," she corrected. "A man who thinks he is always right and who is unable to admit he is wrong and who doesn't know how to say 'I'm sorry.'"

"Is there any other kind?" he asked. "That sounds like every young man I ever heard of."

She turned on him.

"I know plenty of the other kind, sweet, gentle men who aren't bound and determined to start a fight every time you offend their masculine egos by telling them they're not as smart as they think they are."

"I know just loads," she said, lighting another cigarette from the butt of the first one as though smoking had become a compulsive action with her and was necessary to soothe her injured feelings.

The old man was enjoying himself. "The only trouble

with those other ones, those sweet, reasonable ones, is that you're not much interested in them. They're kind of dull."

"Maybe they're dull," she said, turning toward him, "but they'd certainly make a heck of a better husband than the other kind."

"I don't know," he argued. "It seems to me being bored to death is one of the worst ways to die. A little fight now and then livens things up considerably. At least that is what I always have maintained and I have lived to be a very old man."

"There's got to be give and take in a marriage," she said, as if she was reading from a book. "Marriage is a compromise."

He puffed on his cold pipe. "Sure is," he agreed. "No sense in marrying some young man who wants to be right all the time. Especially if you kind of want to be right, too. That makes for trouble."

"Better find yourself one of those nice sweet, reasonable types. That way you can have it your way all the time. Like I say, it may be dull, but what's 30 or 40 years of dullness?"

He turned to look at her and she had taken off her dark glasses and was rubbing her forehead. She was frowning slightly but was obviously impressed with what the old man had said.

"You make it sound ghastly," she said more quietly as she gazed across the park, apparently oblivious of the scenery. Then she looked again at her companion, as though she were waiting to hear what more he had to say to her and anxious to know what it was going to be.

"Well, that's what you can count on—30 or 40 years of dullness," he said. "That is, unless you'd plan to get a divorce or something like that when the going got rough. I understand that's the thing to do these days."

"Whenever things turn out badly and the moonlight and roses turn to dirty dishes and unpaid bills, you young people just leap into the divorce courts and that's that. Not much stamina in young folk today, not like when I was a boy," he finished, smiling.

She moved toward him on the bench. "I'm so sick and tired of that kind of talk I can hardly bear it," she said, her anger now directed at him. "I think we have just as much stamina and courage, and anything else good you can think of, as our parents' generation. Or yours," she added tactlessly. She was still very angry and quite regardless of hurting other people's feelings.

"You may be right," he shrugged. "All I know is what I read in the papers and they say the divorce rate is skyrocketing and kids give up too easily these days. I could be wrong."

"When I get married, I'm going to stay married," she said fiercely.

"You got him picked out?" he asked.

"I thought I did," she said. "Then we had this terrible fight and he won't say he is sorry."

"You tell him you were sorry?" he wanted to know.

"No," she said.

"Try it."

He got up to go.

"Just give it a whirl and you'd be surprised what it might do. He sounds like a nice young fella. With a lot of spunk. That's what you want, spunk. Not one of those mealy-mouthed, reasonable characters. Remember, 40 years is a long time to be bored."

He touched his hat to her and walked off into the shimmering heat.

She sat for a minute, then "Thank you," she shouted after him.

The pigeons, startled, rose in a cloud.

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - November 17, 1965

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NOW THERE WAS TODAY

By **SHEILA
MacKAY RUSSELL**

LOOKING back, Julia Mathews knew she had been particularly susceptible the day Shane Mallory arrived in her office to do battle over the nursing staff in the respiratory unit.

Her preceding appointment had been with Dr. Grant Hammond, head of the surgery department, and it had revived the old conflict between her own emotional needs and the demands of her position as the director of nursing in a thousand-bed hospital. It would take days, she knew, to still the ache of her private loneliness.

More and more of late, Julia had been realising that she was one of those women upon whom life and her own abilities had perpetrated an insidious swindle. She had entered nursing at a time when the profession was realising its most urgent need of women with administrative and executive abilities of a high order.

By the time her friends were marrying and having children, Julia had already been caught on the escalator of rapid professional advancement.

Ironically, her regal, red-gold head and perfect oval face had meant that there was no dearth of men in her life, but only one had represented an appeal vital enough to outweigh the satisfactions and inducements of her career. She had been trapped into love—an impossible love, as it happened—only once by her own unreconciled emotions and an isolated set of circumstances.

The man had been Grant Hammond, and if the past had stayed in its place she could have come to terms more easily with herself. But with another supremely ironical twist, fate had brought him the year before to a practice in the same city and later to a post at the Civic General.

There had been vulnerability and the struggle to hide it in her eyes as she had made deliberate, formal inquiries that morning about his wife and family. But when his look had remained personal, she had been driven to say in protest, "Grant, this is neither fair nor worthy of you. You could have settled the surgery exam with Miss Sanford. You know I turned your lectures over to her."

"Yes, I know." He had stood characteristically, hands in trouser pockets, broad shoulders slightly slouched, his whole stance assumed from habit to give a deceptive impression of relaxation. "But I've decided I'm going to indulge myself a little. Every six months I'm going to allow myself to see you long enough to find out how you are. How are you, Julia?"

To page 76

"You look so different today," Shane said as he tenderly looked at Julia.





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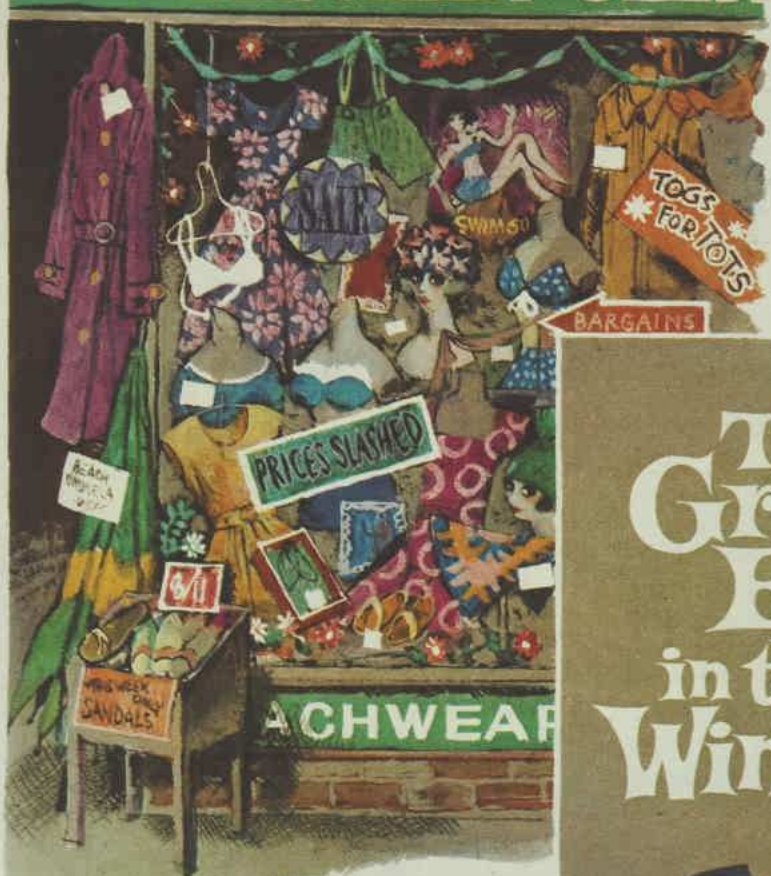


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MISS MEREDITH'S BARGAIN CENTRE



The Green Eye in the Window



It was a habit with Miss Meredith that she took her annual holiday late in the year. This was something which had been forced upon her, for she much preferred the sun of June to the mellow mist-tinted days of autumn. But in the summer she was busy, and in October almost idle.

Miss Meredith kept a gown shop in a small seaside town on the west coast. Few of the local women bought their clothes from her: they much preferred a jaunt by car to one of the cities to do their shopping. Miss Meredith did most of her trade with the holiday-makers.

Her clothes were stocked specifically for that sort of trade: bright gay dresses for summer afternoons; shorts and jeans and melodiously colored blouses for the beach; waterproofed colored coats for wear against occasional rains; headscarves and swimwear and wraps.

Her shop, with its name in gold letters on a swinging-board above, was on the promenade. When the tide was high and the wind was off the Atlantic, the salt water left a rime on the wide plate-glass. But in the summer, when the main trade was on, there was only sun and the reflected blue of a calm and friendly sea.

Her holiday in October was, for Miss Meredith, the peak of her year. In the summer there were the customers, and in the winter she painted little watercolors and met commercial travellers and planned for the coming season. But for the one fortnight in autumn when she went away, Miss Meredith forgot about customers and watercolors and enjoyed herself in such physical activity as her middle age would allow her.

When younger she had cycled through France, climbed in Switzerland under the flattering care of guides, had walked the Lombardy Plain, and once had gone in an old car down the coast of Portugal. But of late years Miss Meredith's holiday had been spent in more leisurely ways: going to the Norwegian fiords on a cruise; or in a quiet pension which a second cousin of hers kept among the Alpes Maritimes.

Life had been in this tranquil round for many years for Miss Meredith; summers of custom and profit, winters of pastime and leisure, with the bridging season of autumn one of memorable holiday.

And thus, doubtless, the life of Miss Meredith would have continued but for the arrival, in the same town and on the same promenade, of the branch of



By CLEDWYN HUGHES

Only two people shared
this well-guarded secret
... a charming story

a dress shop which was everything Miss Meredith hated in her profession: showy, flashy, cheap, and mass-produced.

Their window was dressed with paper flowers and tinsel and bits of this and that. Miss Meredith dressed her windows always with natural things: sprigs of larch branches, catkins, flowers from hothouses, a seascape or two. And Miss Meredith had two or three simple dresses in her window, chosen with care and displayed with taste.

They filled their windows from top to bottom, side to side, with ready-made dresses and cheap-looking accessories. They had colored lights in the dusk and there was a plaster nude woman by a lake made from a large mirror.

It was on a May morning that Miss Meredith was talking to Joe Jenkins, who cleaned the windows of all the best shops in the town. He was a tall, stooping man who kept always a spare cigarette tucked over one ear. Now he was polishing the glass panel of the door of Miss Meredith's.

Miss Meredith was fixing a gay headscarf about a wire stand at the end of the main counter. Although she appeared unconcerned there was a tremble of anxiety in her voice as she said, "Tell me, Joe, when you clean the back window at the new shop, do they carry much stock in the back room?"

The window cleaner scratched with his blunt fingernail at a spot on the glass and then said, "Seems pretty full, Miss Meredith."

"I hope they keep their stock on hangers, Joe?"

"I think they do, Miss Meredith."

"Have you heard how their trade goes, Joe?"

"Oh, like every new thing, folks like to have a look at it. Yours is the class, Miss Meredith, you have the select trade."

Suddenly Miss Meredith dropped her white hands from the scarf and the wire frame and came and stood at the half-open doorway. Joe Jenkins, who had worked for her for many years, saw now the change which was on the face of Miss Meredith.

There were long wrinkled lines out from the side of her nose; lines which the face powder did not fill. And her long bottom lip was twitching as if at any moment she might laugh or cry. And there was a curious golden light about her eyes where the morning sun was thrown into the shop by the reflection from the gold paint which covered the woodwork of the front.

To page 74



Let's get together with
Marville & Mother's Choice
to get the Christmas
cooking done now

Only six weeks to go -
time to make your

Marville Christmas Pudding

a sumptuous highlight to your Christmas dinner



The Ingredients

8 oz. Marville Margarine, 8 oz.
brown sugar, 4 eggs, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb.
raisins, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. sultanas, $\frac{1}{4}$ lb.
currants, 2 oz. glacé cherries,
 $\frac{1}{4}$ lb. dates, chopped, 2 oz.
preserved ginger, sliced, $\frac{1}{4}$ lb.
dried apricots, 2 oz. blanched
chopped almonds, 1 grated
apple, 1 grated carrot, grated
rind and juice one lemon, 4
tbsp. Brandy or Sherry, 4 oz.
soft breadcrumbs, 4 oz.
Mother's Choice Plain Flour,
1 tsp. mixed spice, $\frac{1}{2}$ tsp. nut-
meg, $\frac{1}{2}$ tsp. cinnamon, $\frac{1}{2}$
tsp. Bicarbonate of Soda.

The Method

Prepare fruits, carrot and nuts,
add lemon rind, and juice,
pour over brandy, mix well;
cover, stand overnight, if poss-
ible. Cream Marville and sugar
add eggs, beat well after each
addition. Add breadcrumbs.
Fold in sifted dry ingredients
and prepared fruit mixture.
Finally add sterilized coins and
charms. Turn into a greased
mould or basin. Seal it thor-
oughly and steam for 6 hours.

Cool and store in refrigerator.
If pudding is to be served hot,
allow 2 hours reheating time.

The Secret

Marville — the margarine
specially blended for cooking.
It creams so easily. Gives such
wonderful taste and texture.
And always stays fresh in this
silver foil wrap. Mother's
Choice Flour needs no sifting.
Watch for next week's bake-
ahead - for - Christmas recipe,
the Marville Christmas Cake.





● Kingfisher (*Halcyon santus*) drilling into a termites' nest—the start of digging a “room” in which to live. The kingfisher usually hatches four to six white eggs, and will attack any intruder.

● Larger birds (right) are diamond firetail finches, commonly named diamond sparrows, and the smaller are zebra or chestnut-eared finches. Tame when given food and water, they are feeding here on millet seed set out for them in a shell.

BEAUTIFUL AUSTRALIA



Kingfisher picture by H. J. Marlowe, Marrickville, N.S.W. Birds in clam shell by Miss N. S. Williams, N.S.W. Redheads by Peter Roberts, Mt. Kuring-gai, N.S.W.



● Red-browed finches (*Aegintha temporalis*) also called Sydney redheads or waxbills. They frequent grasslands in flocks, feeding on seeds in the fields, and make bulky, bottle-shaped nests in small trees.

go 'Na

Heaven!
Hickory's
'Nude Look'
under-
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look
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(but what they do for you
is really something)

Hickory
UNDER FASHIONS

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Naturelle'

another
exciting
Hickory
under-
fashion



149/6 or \$14.95

At left: 7304. 'Natural Seat-line' girdle in 'Lycra' Luranet, 24"-31", at 89/6 or \$8.95. Above: 5911. 'Slim-suit' all-in-one in 'Lycra' stretch lace has 'Young London Lace' bust cups with 'Magic Puff' contouring. A.B.C. 32"-36", 149/6 or \$14.95. Top centre: L162. Short-line bra in 'Young London Lace', has low neckline and Dual 'Magic Inset'. A.C. 32"-38", 49/6 or \$4.95.



49/6 or \$4.95

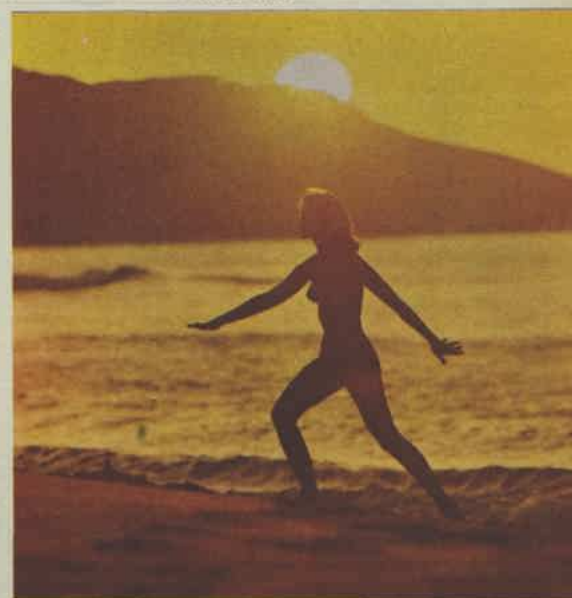


59/6 or \$5.95

Above centre: L163. Contour short-line in 'Young London Lace'. 'Magic Puff' contouring. A.C. 32"-36", 59/6 or \$5.95. Top right: 3805. 'Natural Seat-line' medium leg pantie in 'Lycra' Luranet has 'Magic Oval' crotch. 24"-31", 99/6 or \$9.95. With it L127. 'Dare' five-way contour short-line in lace, A.C. 32"-36", 59/6 or \$5.95. All styles in Naturelle or White.




pantie 99/6 or \$9.95 bra 59/6 or \$5.95



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Now! Everything's coming up **roses** in new, young and romantic "Southern Rose" by Jeldi

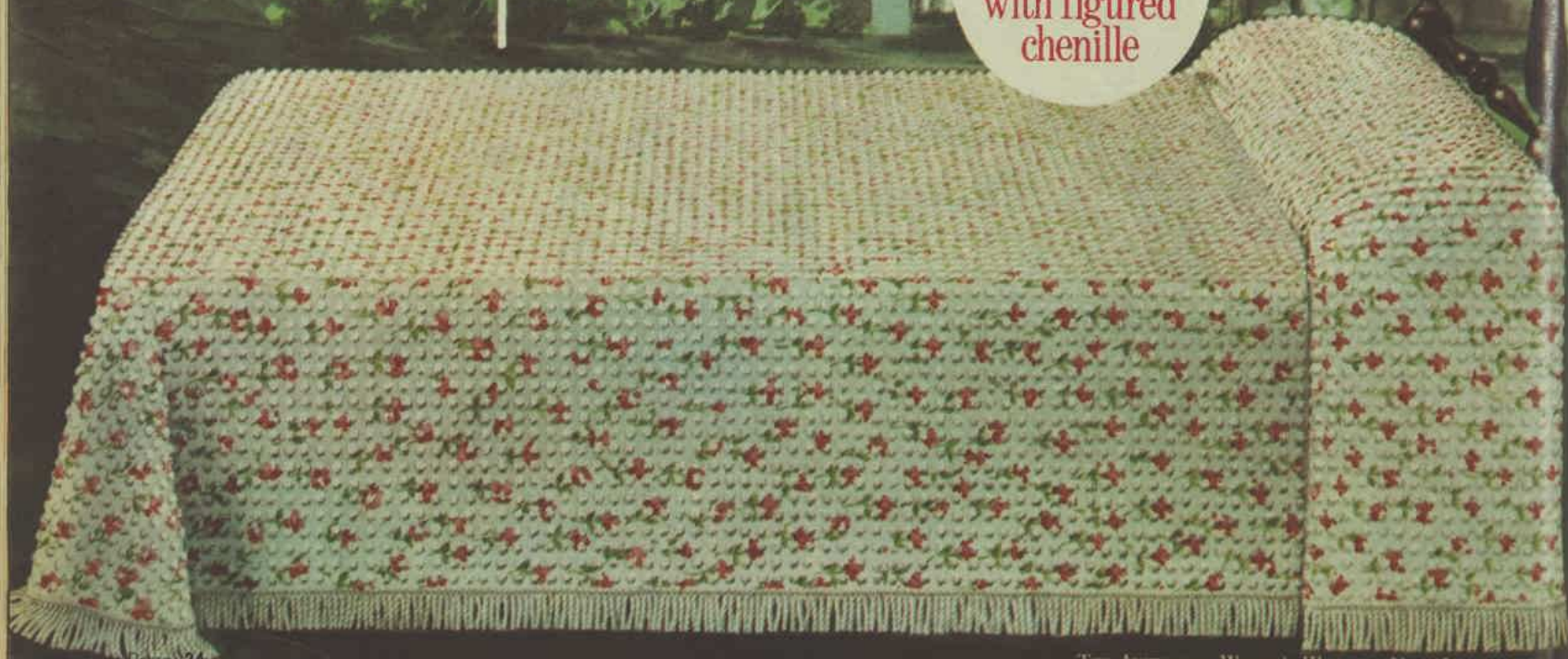
The big news is the roses — hundreds of them — because they are actually *printed*. The secret of the printing is so new, only Jeldi is clever enough to know it. You can tub those roses in your washing machine, as often as you like. They won't fade—*ever*. So happily set your room abloom with lovely "Southern Rose." Wildly beautiful roses on white or pastel grounds. Even a girl on a budget can afford it!

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first again
with figured
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Across the ice cap



A SAIL on a sea of ice . . . an "infinite stillness, a feeling of unrecorded time." Three of the team forge ahead on an easy lap of the journey while the fourth takes this picture.

A Glasgow woman's amazing journey on skis across Greenland's formidable snowy wastes

WHO will look after the children if you both get killed?" relatives kept asking as we prepared for our journey, but how could I answer? Everyone expects to come back from an expedition, especially me. Getting away is far more difficult.

For the past six months our flat in Glasgow had been cluttered with piles of dehydrated meat, test-tubes, wind-proof trousers.

"Don't touch that," roared my husband, Hugh, if I approached with a duster. Maps of Greenland covered our sitting-room walls, and often the floor.

Hugh is a doctor, intensely interested in stress. Why do mental worries give one man an ulcer, and another not? What actually killed Scott, returning from the Pole?

Stress, and the understanding of its effects on humans, is an outstanding problem to medicine today.

By MYRTLE SIMPSON

But why go to Greenland? A blanket of ice weighs down this enormous island from coast to coast, leaving only a narrow frieze for life to exist. It is torn by mountains near the coasts, ripped into great glaciers pushing fingers into the sea.

I have always longed to set foot on this ice. I come really alive in the north, in the crystal clear air and transparent blue sky, 24 hours of sun on gleaming snows.

What are the people like who have adapted to the fringes of this environment? What flowers grow, what birds brave the icy winds to nest?

Nansen crossed the ice cap in 1888 pulling his sledge behind him as he strode on with his skis sliding over the snow. We were going to try to do the same, on a longer route farther north.

Hugh was to justify our adventure by using us as guinea

• In an incredible journey across 400 miles of dangerous, crevasse-filled ice and snow, Myrtle Simpson, a Glasgow housewife, this year became the first woman to cross the Greenland ice cap.

The ice cap is a glacier, a slow-moving river of ice which buries mountains and valleys of 708,000 square miles of Greenland's surface. Its summit is 9000ft., and over this Mrs. Simpson and her party went on skis, pulling sleds bearing food and equipment.

Over the frozen wastes vast crevasses suddenly gape open in the moving ice, and even in summer the temperature is 20 degrees below zero. Last man to cross on skis was Norwegian explorer Nansen, in 1888.

With Mrs. Simpson were her husband, Dr. Hugh Simpson, who is a pathology lecturer, Roger Tufft, a schoolteacher, and William Wallace, an accountant. She tells here of the various stages of their trek.

pigs, measuring stress by analysing urine samples, to get an estimate of the cortisone-like substance produced by our glands in coping with a situation.

Everyone is against an expedition. Governments have to be badgered for visas and permits, and the Danish are more difficult than most.

"Too dangerous," they said. "We are too busy to rescue you. No, we will not sanction your trip."

New problems crop up as soon as one is solved.

"That's a defence area. You must write to Washington for permission to land."

"Taking your children? Oh no, we can't fly minors on our planes."

The children have accompanied us on expeditions to the Amazon jungles and north to Spitzbergen, but they could not come across the ice cap. The food, camping gear, and research equipment were a full load on the sledge.

Continued overleaf



MYRTLE SIMPSON realised the dangers of the journey, but felt she would return safely.




Suzanne de la Motte has been chosen as the new face for '65. She leads the younger set with her choice of **Polaroid sunglasses**.

She prefers them for their go everywhere styling and fashion flair.

But there's another reason. Only **Polaroid sunglasses** can polarize light effectively—a unique property which enables their shatterproof lenses to filter out glare.

No ordinary sunglasses can do this.

Suzanne is wearing model number 633.

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — November 17, 1965



Across the ice cap

From previous page

Also, the dangers were too real. Great yawning crevasses may open under your feet, blizzards sweep the tent from over your head.

We decided the children should join us after we stepped off the desert of ice. I would camp and collect flowers for the Edinburgh Herbarium, and the men canoe the 200 miles to the sea.

I looked in a mirror and applied my last lipstick until September. Friends arrived to take us to the airport, and I realised the enormity of it all.

Then we were off, headed for Iceland, the plane soaring up through the drizzle, the sun glittering on the clouds. Cares rolled away.

I would stride across the ice cap toward my three children waiting on the far side with the cheerful last words of Bruce, the four-year-old, echoing in my ears: "See you in Greenland, Mum."

In front, a blanket of ice

NOW we were in Reykjavik, capital of Iceland, preparing to leave for an airstrip on the south-east coast of Greenland.

A smart air hostess in spotless white gloves welcomed us aboard our plane. Four of us, our two sledges, skis, equipment, food for three months, in one whole Dakota plane!

We fastened our seat belts, and looked back on Reykjavik as the plane juddered down the tarmac. We were off!

In a few minutes, there was nothing but an empty North Atlantic below. In front lay like a blanket over the largest island in the world. After Nansen crossed it in 1888, a few others did so, using dog sledges or mechanical snow cats—but we wanted to try on our own.

There was a line of white in the sea ahead. Pack ice! Mountains took shape, magnificent white spires and rocky peaks firmly gripped at their feet by never-ending slabs of frozen sea.

"SUNSET mingled with sunrise, casting a glorious golden glow across acres of empty snow. We were making three miles an hour, eating up the distance."

The plane banked, circled a mountain, and zoomed down. A narrow strip of ground rushed up, and we shuddered to a stop. The air hostess calmly pulled on her immaculate white gloves and opened the door.

A gang of evil-looking men with hatchets leapt aboard. I realised that they were firefighters, and relaxed.

A great eye of America loomed over our shoulder—a DEW (distant early warning) line station. Our belongings were thrown into a lorry, and we were rushed off. Two hundred yards, and the road ended.



MAP shows approximate route taken across southern Greenland by the Scottish expedition.

"Half an hour's walk will take you to the eskimo village, and from there a boat to the Danish settlement of Angmagssalik."

Little arctic plants carpeted the ground between snow patches as we humped our equipment across the tundra. Over a low wall we saw a bay cluttered with icebergs, bright blue sea, and gleaming white mountains.

Shack houses sunk into the turf surrounded a wooden building, and a crowd of dark, round-faced, pitch-black-haired eskimo children ran up, and gazed at us with dead-

pan faces. A hunter slipped through the ice in a kayak, a white screen balanced in front to hide him from a seal.

Husky dogs glowered from a distance. A woman in seal-skin boots, her hair piled up in a topknot, cracked her wizened face into a smile, and led us to a young fair-haired Dane, the schoolmaster.

All this within 18 hours of leaving Glasgow! We were so bemused we pitched the tent and collapsed inside for our first night on Greenland ground.

In the morning there was a boat due. We frantically carried our equipment over from the airstrip. Icebergs were closing in on the harbor, so Roger, looking like a smuggler, waded out to the boat, shouldering our loads.

They called us English!

I FUNKED the cold, and tried to jump from ice floe to ice floe. One second's hesitation and you're in the icy sea.

At last we were all aboard, and set off for Angmagssalik, the largest settlement on the east coast. It is, in fact, on a small island just off the coast.

We chugged through the ice, turning and twisting to avoid the huge bergs. The scenery was so magnificent I couldn't take it in.

We stopped at another eskimo village and saw a polar bear skin drying on a rack, guarded by a team of chained dogs. We rounded a point and saw a few little houses perched on a rock, with the red Danish flag proudly flying in the icy wind. Angmagssalik.

We had a contact here, Carsten Borg Sorenson, a Danish Government official. As he led us up to his house his husky dogs set up a frenzied barking—but they weren't due for food for another two days.

"We were not expecting you," he said. "The Greenland radio reported you as not coming, and the Danish paper 'Politiken' says 'The English expedition, under the leadership of Dr. H. Simpson, will take one look at the inland ice and then retire with cold feet.'"

What a cheek! And to call us English, too. We set up our camp on the fringe of the settlement, under the frosty eyes of the Danes and the delighted grins

Continued overleaf

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — November 17, 1965

Across the ice cap

From previous page

of the eskimos. Dogs were everywhere, and we daren't lay down anything edible.

We must reach a point of access to the ice cap. The fiord is packed with winter ice, even in June, but we had no time to wait for it to melt.

A few mornings later Carsen tore up to our tent: "Quick, a boat is leaving for the settlement of Isortreg, and will take you aboard and try to land you on the mainland."

We packed up frantically and joined an old sealing boat, all pock-marked with contact with the ice. Every time we moved we cut our luggage down. One's idea of essentials changes the farther one is from civilisation.

The boat weaved through the ice blocks, jamming and crashing together with the swell. We couldn't find a way. We retreated to shore.

A local hunter set off up a side valley, and we joined him. The flowers were marvellous, all low and tufty, like a Scottish hill at sea.

We reached a lake, and Hugh and Bill joined the hunter fishing through a hole in the ice. Roger and I climbed the mountain at the head of the glen, looking for a view.

We sight the Inland Ice

AS we gained height, suddenly I saw what I'd been longing for. The Inland Ice. A great wave of white swept up into the distance. How could we cross it? My heart sank.

Our supper was one fish, caught by Bill through the hole in true Greenland style.

The eskimo captain of our boat agreed to try again. This was the first boat of the year to the settlements on the mainland. We crept past islands. A Gyr falcon soared out from towering rocks.

One of the hunters on board spoke a little English, and talked of years gone by when entire villages of eskimos died of hunger. "My mother tells us of times when they ate a dead body to keep alive."

I admired his boots, knee-length, of sealskin, lined with dog fur. Kamiks, they were called. "What's that?" said Roger, his eyes lighting up. "Camiknicks?"

A sheet of ice now stretched right across the fiord. The boat rushed into it to carve a route, then backed, as we crunched to a stop. I thought of the Titanic, and how cold the water would be.

At last we reached the settlement. About 100 eskimos flocked to the jetty, old women smoking pipes and children in sealskins.

A glacier sweeps down to the fiord across the arm of sea still between us and the mainland. "We'll try to land you there," said Carsen. We chugged nearer.

The boat sailed straight for the ice, and ground to a halt. This was it. The crew threw down our luggage, and we jumped after it on to what was really the frozen sea. It swayed beneath our feet.

The hunter threw me down his kamiks, with a last gesture of friendliness. Why, oh, why did we leave Glasgow and my three children for this arctic waste?

THE little boat left us standing on the frozen sea. I had to force myself not to call them back and leap aboard again: 400 miles of the Inland Ice lay between us and the rest of the world. Could we make it?

Our immediate difficulty was to reach dry land, about five miles away. We gave one more wave to the crew, then harnessed ourselves, two to each sledge. The loads looked enormous, but the sledges slid easily.

Then, splash, my foot sank up to the knee in icy water. And the other one. Three steps on a dry ice floe, then in again. Milky water bubbled up out of unfathomable depths.

The sledge bogged down. We called the other two to help, then sloshed back for their sledge. I only worried when the water passed my waist. The sun blazed down. Half of me was dying of heat, half of cold.

Four hours of this and still we floundered across the frozen sea. I had never been so stiff, cold—and tired.

Disappeared — with a screech

WE clambered on to a flat shelf of ice, and pitched the tent. Warm, snug, surrounded by four canvas walls, the world had a limit, and everything seemed different. Of course we would get to the other side!

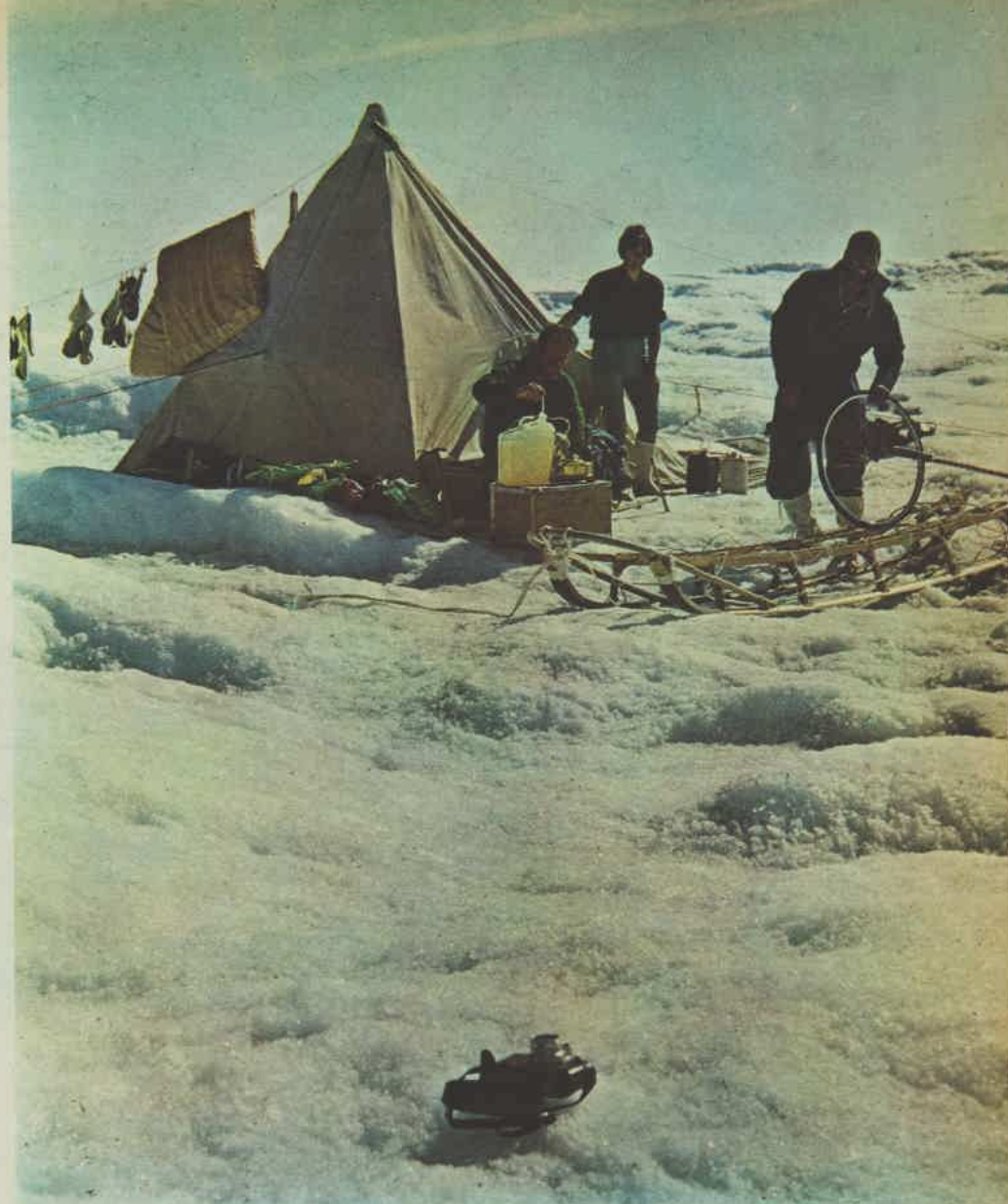
We set off again at 4 a.m., hoping that the night's frost would have put a crust on the sea ice. We passed great icebergs, and at last rounded the point that obstructed our view to the head of the fiord. We all stopped, crestfallen.

No glacier swept down to join the ice in the fiord. Instead, a steep rock wall faced us.

The sea ice was breaking up with the rise and fall of the tide, but we had nearly reached dry land.

Roger stepped boldly toward the tide crack—and disappeared, with a screech. Bill and Hugh just managed to grab his wrists, and landed him, sodden and shivering.

Continued overleaf



A BRIGHT speck on the undulating wastes of snow, the tent is a haven at the end of a day's march. Clothes are hung to dry, the cooker lit. The wheel on the sledge measures miles covered.



SLEDGE is eased across a crevasse. Members of the expedition had to jump over these dangerous fissures in the ice, aware that one slip might plunge them hundreds of feet to their death.

ACROSS THE ICE CAP: "We gazed at a weird contraption,



From previous page

Soon the tent was up and the primus roaring. I broke blocks of dehydrated meat into a bully can of snow.

Hugh reckoned we needed a daily diet of 4000 calories, plus a lot of fat to compensate for the cold environment.

I put a huge hunk of margarine

THE FOUR, in sledge harness, ready to leave. Roger Tufft is standing next to Myrtle Simpson.

into the stew, a squeeze of vegetable extract to give it a taste, and a handful of dried onions. Cocoa to follow, and by then we were all practically asleep. I hardly had the energy to crawl into my sleeping-bag.

Is there a route up that rock-face? We loaded up one sledge and started to manhandle it up a snow wraith twisting through the rocks. It led us to a steep gully, with sheer rock walls, but with four of us pulling on the sledge we managed to gain height.

Above us against a blue sky we saw the outline of a col, a dip in the mountain range. We reached it, and looked down on a marvellous little lake, frozen solid, and beyond it the curve of a gleaming glacier leading up like a staircase to the Inland Ice.

We dumped the loads, and went back for more. The sun beat down, the snow got wetter, our job harder.

Absolutely exhausted by the fifth load, I was suddenly revived by the twittering of a snow bunting. We were not alone, after all.

Washed bra in pool

WE piled everything on to the sledges, crossed the lake, and pitched the tent on the glacier moraine, the debris piled up by the moving ice. I found a pool of melted water under a boulder and washed my bra.

We surveyed our equipment again, tore off the covers of our notebooks, discarded the toothpaste, trimmed the edges off the maps — anything to cut down weight. I caused an argument by refusing to throw away the photos of my children.

In spite of lashings of glacier cream, our faces were scorched and blistered by the relentless sun, so I made yashmaks out of Hugh's pyjama sleeves. We lurked, easternly, behind these as we set off at 11 p.m. to try our luck with the glacier.

The snow was crisp, and we climbed up into a silent world.

On and on, up and up. An arctic explorer needs an endless capacity to keep going in distances so vast.

At last we reached a steep curve, criss-crossed with crevasses formed by the glacier bending away from the main body of the Inland Ice. Bill and I, in front, gingerly edged our way forward, expecting every minute to be swallowed up by one of those yawning gaps heaven knows how many hundreds of feet deep. One cut right across our tracks.

Bill leapt over, and I slithered to the edge before daring to jump. The sledge had to be handled across. Supposing it fell in? This didn't bear thinking about. One final effort, and we were over the top of the glacier, and before us nothing but the upward surge of the Inland Ice.

Green, frozen sea

WHAT a view! Mountains and mountains, right up the coast. We could see the green of the frozen sea stretching out into the Denmark Strait, clutching Greenland in its paralytic grip.

We were all excited as we set off into the incredible inland sea of ice. There was an infinite stillness, a feeling of unrecorded time, of loneliness. Nothing was meant to live here, and nothing but us did. But now it was easier to go on than back.

For ten days life had the same pattern . . . eating, moving westwards, sleeping. Wearing our skis, we covered about ten miles a day or, rather, night. We stopped every three hours for Roger to read his

At Christmas, everyone welcomes Westclox

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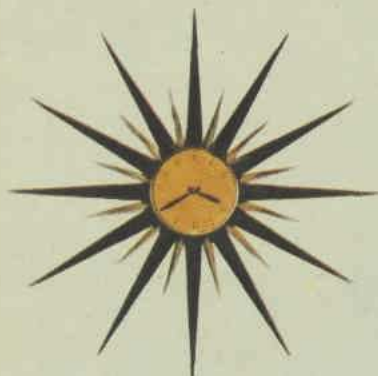
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a dome on a black base"

sextant and do a "met. ob." — look at the altimeter, whirl his cyclo-meter for the temperature, and note down the weather.

We measured our distance by the mileometer fixed to the wheel attached to the sledge, and moved on a compass course.

Hugh, meanwhile, carried out his observations on stress, the medical research project for the expedition. There was no lack of stress, either!

On the eleventh day out, low clouds began to gather, and snow to fall. The wind got up, and we were floundering forward blindly into a completely obliterated world. We struggled on. We must put in the miles.

I sank to my knees in deep, powdered snow, and had to heave out each leg in turn. In despair I looked back to see the boys, heads down, struggling away. I took my share of the weight once more.

One has no sense of balance or direction in a whiteout. We went on for eight hours — and only made six miles! Exhausted, we pitched the tent and fell into our haven, warm and safe.

Hugh made a gallon of soup, and we drank it all. Wind and snow lashed the tent, but it was marvelous, curled up in my sleeping-bag. We sat the storm out, playing chess and reading our one book, and recalculated how long it would take us to reach the west coast.

At last, the sun glimpsed through into the snow crystals, and life and light crept back into the world. We went on again.

The Inland Ice rises to eight or nine thousand feet—the maps are vague—and excitedly we watched the altimeter at the end of each day's haul. The needle crept up day by day.

My problem in these long hours was to think of something to think about. Mostly, I thought of my children. The boys thought about steaks.

'Chicken Maryland'

JULY 5 was my birthday, and I got a marvellous present — four whiter-than-white terns flying over the tent, hovering against the sun, quivering their forked tails. This spurred us on, and we covered 20 miles that night.

Sometimes I felt someone else was with us, and kept looking over my shoulder. The Green Man of Greenland. When I confessed this weakness, Roger admitted he felt it, too.

Over the col at last! It was imperceptible, but the altimeter started to fall, and the sledge was more willing to move.

Our skis slipped forward on silky snow while sunset mingled with the sunrise, casting a glorious golden glow across the acres of empty snow. We were making three miles an hour now, eating up the distance.

The Americans have one of their DEW Line bases perched in the middle of the Greenland ice. Would we see it? We had tried to get information on its position, but people pretended it wasn't there. The Foreign Office had told us it was.

We referred to this base as "Chicken Maryland," wishful thinking of the meal we imagined ourselves tucking into.

As our skis pounded over creaking snow I noticed something on the horizon. We altered course, and headed for it. We were flummoxed as to what it was.

"A crashed helicopter," said Roger. "No, a food dump left by the French, full of wine and camembert."

We ate into the miles — 5, 10,

15, 20. Now we could see a sort of dome on a black base. We stopped at 24 miles and gazed across an airstrip at the most weird contraption James Bond or anyone else ever saw.

Diesel engines thundered out of it, but no human appeared to be about. "Some early warning system this," I thought. "No one has noticed us."

The building was on stilts. Several yellow Caterpillar tractors were shifting snow underneath. We took our skis off, and walked toward them. Still we were ignored. I

waved at a driver. He waved back and drove on!

We stumbled over the rough snow toward a tin shed. A young Danish lad there could not believe we hadn't arrived by plane. He picked up a phone and contacted the main building.

"They say you can't come in until you have permission from Washington." We felt unwanted. "Never mind, we'll just go on."

Continued overleaf

STEW is served, and a pot of snow on for washing-up.



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ACROSS THE ICE CAP: "A dame!"

From previous page

But suddenly, people spilled out of the building, clicking cameras. They ran to shake our hands. We were propelled toward a 60ft. ladder disappearing into the mouth of the building.

"Welcome to Dye 2" was written on the iron door. It was like a ship inside, and we were pushed along the corridor to the canteen.

Fresh oranges! Fresh bread! Cups of coffee were handed to us, plus a platter of enormous sandwiches. We munched into them, and our eyes widened as a large, creamy cake was added to the table.

Everyone talked at once. "No one ever arrived here on foot before, let alone a dame!"

But they had no idea of our journey. No one ever went outside except to board a plane. They were insulated from the environment. This little America could have been anywhere.

Dye 2 is one of the distant early warning system stations strung out across Arctic America, Baffinland, Greenland, Iceland, and the Faeroes, to warn Washington of an atomic attack. It gives direct communication with Europe.

"Want a shower?"

ONLY a few people were allowed into the heart of the building among the radar, others were allowed into the dome, but the rest (including us) got no further than this floor.

"Want a shower?" It was an obvious question, looking at our peeling faces and the boys' scruffy beards. I was led up to the chief radar officer's room. He locked me in.

For the first time since leaving home, I was alone. I could hardly stop collapsing into his double-mattressed bed. Shelves of books containing, of all things, science fiction, "Harry, the Rat with Women."

In the bathroom, rows of bottles for purifying, smoothing, and protecting the soft American skin totalled more than I had ever used in my life! An electric toothbrush — fascinating!

It was ghastly getting back into my sweaty clothes. The radar officer led me to the bar. I was handed a tumbler of brandy.

"Real French," said a big-handed American. He told me he had 11 children and a farm. "We had a bad harvest last year, so I came out to earn a spot of cash." Two hundred pounds a week was average. The men were all here for the money.

"Hot line" to home

"HOW about talking to the folks at home? We have the hot line to Europe here, you know."

Not really believing it possible, I held the end of an ordinary-looking telephone. Operators were talking in Iceland, the Faeroes, Yorkshire, then in the unmistakably Morningside accents of the Glasgow Exchange.

I suddenly realised it was 2 a.m., GMT, and my mother was asking, "What's the matter?" I couldn't think of anything to say.

Suddenly I felt claustrophobic in this metal box, with its artificial air. We climbed back into our windproof clothes.

What a send off! Cardboard boxes were thrust into our hands, and cameras clicked. We put on our skis, and harnessed up.

The sun was sinking behind a belt of clouds, throwing a magnificent golden light on the snow. We were alive again, in our world of ice and sky.

The going was downhill, and we

set off at a cracking pace, the sledge running along behind. After ten miles we pitched the tent, and opened our presents. Oranges! They weighed a ton. We must eat them quickly. There was also a box of little packets — "Irresistibly instant tea."

We slept around the clock, waking now and then to peel an orange.

A strong wind was spilling over the summit of the Inland Ice as we moved off. We got out our sail, strapped a mast to the sledge, hoisted a square rig. It filled with

the wind, and the sledge was rearing to go.

The boys went in front, I steered from the back and acted as anchor. Like a galleon, the sledge slid forward, and we made 4 m.p.h. I felt as if I were floating in a dream, my skis drawing me irresistibly across the silky surface.

To page opposite

ICE in hummocks 6ft. high made heavy going toward the end of the journey.



Paris distilled the perfume, Rome sculptured the shape, London designed the



"Icy water up to my neck"

From opposite page

We were losing altitude now. The ice was tilting westwards, and we watched for land. Ahead was a dark line in the snow — a sign of trouble, a lake of thawed snow.

Suddenly, my skis sank below the surface of the snow, and I felt the chill of icy water creeping up my legs. We pushed on,

THE SCOTS and Eskimo children soon became friends. Rona (right) and her Eskimo playmate.

and for the next few days weaved in and out of lakes and rivers of water swirling over the surface of the ice.

One lay completely across our path. "Oh, let's go through it," said Bill, skiing confidently toward the roaring torrent.

As we approached the banks, the sledge started to sink. Suddenly, I was up to my waist in freezing water. My skis were trapped, and a strong current was sweeping them sideways.

The more I floundered, the more the ice broke about me. I

fell on my side, and was now up to my neck. I was still attached to the sledge, and Roger was hauling on my ropes. He landed me, sodden and shivering.

We retraced our steps. My only thought was to get the tent up, the primus on, and me into my sleeping bag.

We were beginning to query Roger's navigation. Surely we should have seen land by now? But there was something, and it wasn't a cloud!

Land! Up there in front of us! I was so excited I couldn't sleep, and kept looking through the tent door toward it.

The ice was now in sharp, crested hummocks 6ft. to 12ft. high, and the sledge had to be heaved up, then hauled back as it threatened to hurtle down out of control.

After hours of going, our point of land looked no closer. We decided two must go ahead to find a way through the jumbled ice, carrying some of the load on our backs to lighten the sledge.

Bill and I set off early, carrying 40lb. loads. Pinnacles of ice towered about us, crisscrossed by great gaps. We jumped the crevasses, or balanced along the catwalks of soft snow that bridged them.



RONA and cod on a Greenland shore in summer with a kayak moored close by. Sparse, tufted growth covers the low hills of the coast.

Suddenly, we stopped. There at our feet was land, a few minutes' walk down an easy ice crest. We ran, and came to a wall of stones, pushed forward by the ever-moving glacier. Over this — and we were there. Purple saxifrage and tufts of moss campion were at my feet, and green grass.

I threw myself down, and buried my face and hands in the land. I felt eyes on me, and looked up into the inquisitive face of a reindeer.

"I feel like a child with a new toy," said the undemonstrative Bill. But we must go back into that world of ice and snow for the others.

At last we saw them, two black specks in the distance, apparently not moving. We got closer. They were sitting down, with things glittering about them.

Hugh and Roger, with happy, smiling faces, were surrounded by beer cans, thousands of them! Jettisoned plane load? Misfired air drops? What did it matter!

I hit one with my ice axe, and a spurt got me in the eye. It was marvellous, cold and sparkling. We went no further that night.

Bill's and my three-hour walk took 13 hours by sledge. At 5.30, on July 25, we stepped off the ice

Continued overleaf

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ACROSS THE ICE CAP: "Why has

From previous page

for the last time, stumbled up the little hill, and threw ourselves down.

Hills rolled between us and the sea, 30 miles lay between us and the first settlement, but nothing would stop us now.

With a flourish, Roger produced a bottle of champagne!

BRUCE, 4, shares a joke with an Eskimo woman, but Rona (right) is engrossed with her new little friend.

MY husband and I stood on the tarmac at the U.S. Air Force base, Sondre Stromford, under the mid-night sun, watching the great jet swooping down with my children, Robin, 5, Bruce, 4, and Rona, 3, aboard. I hadn't seen them for long months.

The passengers flowed out. "There's my mum!" shrieked a shrill little voice. "Why has Dad got fur on his face?"

There they were, followed by

our noble friend, Heather Wheeler, clutching bags, boxes, paper wind-mills, comics, jerseys, and fishing rods.

We bundled them into a borrowed jeep and bumped down the only road, to where we had pitched the tent. What excitement — news from home, letters, presents, and a crate of peaches. We had been out of the world for so long it was great to be in it again.

The following morning, we left in a little boat with six weeks' camping gear and a little food. We were going to live off the land while the men went on a canoeing marathon 200 miles to the north.

We would gather plants for the British Museum and Edinburgh Herbarium, and try to learn something of the Greenlanders' way of life.

Twenty miles down the fiord a river had carved out a little bay. For centuries the west coast Greenlanders had come here during August and September to hunt reindeer, and dry enough meat to see them through the winter.

Were they friendly?

IT was a delightful spot and we set up our tent over the river from the encampment of Greenland women and children. The men were away up the hill, after the kill.

Would they be friendly? Had we forgotten anything vital? Supposing one of us got appendicitis? Thoughts like this came as we watched the boat sail away.

It was marvellous to have the children again, and I kept picking them up for kisses and hugs.

Our first job was to catch our lunch. I fitted together our collapsible kayak, popped Bruce in front, and pushed off.

We shot out of the mouth of the river into the quietness of the bay.

In the bay a few seals looked at us, and an agitated northern diver swept her family out of our wake. "I've got a fish," said Bruce, but I didn't take much notice.

Suddenly the fragile kayak juddered and swayed. We were going backwards into the open fiord! Bruce clung to his rod desperately. I clung to the sides of the kayak, equally desperate! A cod had caught us.

I inched forward, grabbed the rod, and between us we wound it in. We got that fish, but only just before it got us.

Later, we crossed the river to make friends with the Greenlanders. Soon Rona and a little boy were playing dollies with a piece of wood, and Heather was crouching beside a weather-worn woman, beating the flies off a newly flayed reindeer skin stretched out to dry. Thin strips of meat were drying in the sun — a black crust on the outside, red and raw in the middle.

"Like one of them"

AN older woman was coiling up strips of sinew and placing them in a dried stomach that was her sewing-bag. A baby peeped out over her shoulder, safe and warm in her amaut or anorak hood. They were a friendly, gentle people, and in a few days we felt like one of them.

One morning our peace was shattered by the roar of an engine, and a seaplane landed in our little bay. Out clambered a dozen men, expensively dressed, clutching fishing rods. There was no doubt about their nationality. American voices cut the clear air.

They landed on our side of the river, and gathered around Heather and me. We were scrapping blowfly eggs off our piece of dried reindeer meat. "Gee, here's

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Dad got fur on his face?"

a cute one," said an American, clicking a camera.

We stifled a giggle, and sat solemnly while the Americans photographed us from all angles. "Look at those fair-haired children," said one. "I hope it was a Danish sailor, and not a GI." Apparently they were visitors on an afternoon's break from a tour of U.S. bases.

They went away having seen something of the Eskimo way of life.

The flowers fade

AS the clear, calm, sunny days of August slipped past we collected alpine plants and pressed them between blotting paper. Arctic summer is desperately short, and already autumn was creeping in. Most of the blooms were over, and shoots and buds for next year were ready. The plant would lie dormant under winter snow until spring.

So it was exciting when we found a delicate plant still in flower, perhaps lurking under a moraine boulder, or in a crack at the back of a grassy ledge.

Heather left us at the end of August, and the Greenland families returned to the coast, their boats low in the water under the weight of reindeer meat. I was alone with my children.

It was a bleak evening, and for the first time rain was in the air. I lit the primus in the tent and we huddled inside. A few hours later Robin looked out.

"There's a shaggy animal with a cross face," he said. I glanced up. Heavens! A muskox. It stood a few yards away, immobile, fixing me with a small beady eye. It

of upsetting the boat, I tried to haul my legs free.

It seemed hours before we reached the far side. I plonked the three children down in the rain, and I set off to get the tent and sleeping bags. The muskox was on the river bank. It took all my nerve to land and fetch the tent.

The pegs were well in, and a row of stones had to be flung off the walls. I tugged until it was free, then tore back to the kayak, now awash with the incoming tide. A few seconds more, and it would have been away.

Next day Magdalena and Jacob, a Greenland couple who had befriended us, arrived in a scruffy little open boat. Their three little children rushed up to mine, and from then on we were one family.

Continued overleaf

CHILDREN chewing — not lollies, but strips of dried reindeer meat. It's a treat the Simpson children (left) learned to enjoy as much as their Eskimo friends did.



GREENLANDERS love children and Rona was a favorite with these two village men.

looked prehistoric. I expected at any moment to see a caveman go by, dragging his wife by the hair.

A lone bull is a dangerous thing. This one looked friendly but curious. He stepped with his long feet over the gig ropes of the tent, and stood astride our fireplace, nosing my precious boxes of flowers.

I was frightened. I couldn't stay in the tent knowing that at any moment a horn might thrust through. We must move.

It was pouring with rain. A cold wind whipped waves over into our little bay. I picked up all three children at once and attempted to walk down to the beach.

"Why are we going?" protested the children. "See that friendly furry animal!" I tried not to break into a run.

The tide was out, the kayak far up on the beach. I heaved the frail little boat over the sand, and pushed it out into the water. Do muskox swim? I didn't know.

I paddled across the mouth of the river — and grounded on a sandbank. Jumping out, I sank to my knees in oozy mud. Terrified



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ACROSS THE ICE CAP:

"Magdalena and I clung to each other, and cried"

From previous page

The children slept in my tent, and we adults lay down on reindeer skins in theirs.

Greenlanders don't sleep at night beyond the odd nap. The primus is on all the time, the coffee pot per-

ROBIN, 5, and an Eskimo girl smile from a rowing-boat piled with bundles of invaluable reindeer skins.

manently on the boil. Endless conversations drift on till the sun is again high in the sky.

Our meals were fish or reindeer, and no knives, forks, or plates to wash up. What a convenient, uncomplicated life they lived.

Magdalena and I were busy dissecting the animals Jacob killed. The legs we threw in the river to keep fresh, the fillet steaks we ate, the rest of the meat we cut into strips to dry for the winter. The offal was cooked for food, and the tongue was smoked.

Every bit of reindeer was used. Magdalena's favorite recipe was to put slices of liver into the revolting mess fermenting in the stomach. Leaving them to simmer for an hour or two to give the digestive juices a chance, she would fish them out and eat with relish.

Robin loved this. I didn't dare try, but I now liked my coffee with a slice of fat floating on the top to satisfy my craving for butter.

The children adored raw marrow. The berries were ripe, and the char (fish) flocking into the river. What more could we want?

The sun hung lower in the sky each day, and winter was on its way. What had happened to Hugh? It was now well into September.

Reunion

ONE morning I was squatting on the ground with Magdalena and Jacob, sucking boiled exabuk (or Arctic char) off the bones. Suddenly we heard screams from the children.

We leapt to our feet. A blue kayak was sailing past the sandbank sheltering our bay. Hugh! He looked like the wild man from Borneo, with a great bushy beard, and a great thatch of hair.

We left the valley a few days later. Magdalena and I clung to each other and cried. I was leaving real friends. We had come to them inquisitively, and they had all looked very much the same. We left them as individuals.

As Nansen said in 1888, "One cannot help being comfortable in these people's society. Their careless ways, contentment with life as it is, and their kindness are very catching."

They had taught us far more than I could have taught them, and differences in background melted as we got to know them. We waved and waved with both hands, till the little group was swallowed up in the immensity of the Greenland scene. Soon we were soaring toward Scotland.

I think I will cope with the stresses and strains of civilisation better now that I know that Greenland is waiting, and I can return — provided we survive the hazards of the Glasgow traffic.

The dangers of the wilds? Not nearly as bad as those at home.



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Mrs. H. WIFE



Continued from page 23

his career. Now he's decided he's going to try for publication, and needs someone who will introduce a world-shaking phrase here and there and scatter a few commas stylishly through the pages. Gil thought I might be the one to do it."

"It's certainly nicer than parking automobiles. But how does this affect me?"

"Keep listening. I'm sure I could do this job in less than a week, and I would get a hundred dollars for it."

"Oh, that would be lovely," she said.

He drew her closer to him and kissed her. "Monique, I know a

place not far from here that looks out on wild green water. There is a wonderful little hotel that smells of the clean wind, and there is a village full of strange shops. I want to go and spend a weekend there with you. Will you go?"

She shivered and lay still. Why had he asked such a thing? What sort of hotel could exist in a village? There would be running mice in such a hotel. And, oh, the food, the terrible food in a place like that.

March had let himself be carried away by his romantic view of the place. She had no argument if he pointed out that she had not really seen the hotel. She must think of something logical, something irrefutable.

THE ENCHANTED

"But why would we want to go? We have each other here. Why bother?"

"Oh, Monique, don't ask me that cold dead fish of a question. Why bother? The cry of the incompetent or the lazy."

"March, I've said something awful, haven't I? I've hurt you after you were so sweet, telling me all about the lovely place that smells of the wind. March, forgive me, darling. Forgive me. But everything is so complicated that I can't even think."

"I know," he said. "I know. It's shameful of me to add to all the complications. I never intended to, Monique."

"Oh, that's all right. No harm done. You had something to talk over, and we talked it over. Now you feel better, don't you? I always do."

As it turned out, March changed his mind about the old man's book. He told her a few nights later, as they sat in the car at a drive-in movie. "I've decided that I'd better concentrate on my own work."

She did not respond with smile or word. She was disappointed about the hundred dollars. They could have done so many things with that money.

"Popcorn?" he offered.

"Sitting in a drive-in crunching popcorn makes me feel just too much like We, the People."

"You love popcorn, and it was you who wanted to come here. You hit me, sweetheart, and you were trying to hurt. Would you like to say why?"

HER eyes filled with tears. He hadn't known a thing about her plans for dinner at an expensive restaurant. He hadn't known she had planned to wear her shocking-pink wool. He would never have dealt this terrible blow intentionally. Why was she so cruel, so unreasonable? "Oh, March, I do love popcorn. Please give me some. I'm so awful, darling."

And she decided that never would she let him know how happily she had anticipated their little dinner party.

It was raining again when Monique met Barbara for lunch next day. "Congratulations, darling," Monique said. "I know how you natives feel about rain."

"I adore your raincoat, and you're looking terrific," Barbara said, as they were shown to their table.

"I feel terrific."

"According to Eunice, you have a positively radiant look these days, because Taylor Kingman goes nowhere unless it's with you."

Monique accepted a menu and thought how easily people were deluded. Barbara glanced up from the salad list. "Are you, as Eunice supposes, happy about Tay?"

"What a question! How could anybody be happy about Tay? The only time I bite my nails any more is when I've been out with him. He makes me so nervous I'm ready to explode. How much do I think that house on the corner is worth? What, in my opinion, has been the influence of religion on world progress? How do I keep my weight down? How do I keep my hair up? Oh, Barbi, you have no idea!"

"Monique, shouldn't you be getting used to all that by now? Tay's a mighty noble escort to find on one's doorstep."

"Of course he is, and I don't always dislike being with him. I've never told anyone but you—" She paused, and then her eyes wandered away from Barbara's.

What a shameful lie. Was there anything she could tell Barbara that March had not already heard? "You were saying," Barbara prompted.

"About what? Your attention span is narrowing badly. You don't even listen to yourself any more! Or maybe you just want to change the subject. Very well. I tried to get you on the phone last night. I must have called eight times between nine-thirty and midnight."

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Where in the world were you, Monique?"

"Well, Theodore and Lina went to the movies, and I was at the hotel with Leota."

"With whom?"

"Leota Brooks. Her parents are here from Passaic, New Jersey. I've known the family for simply ages, so I went over to say hello."

"Oh," Barbara said.

Monique was annoyed with this bland reply. If Barbara doubted the story, then she should say so. Now there was no way to be completely certain.

They walked in the rain after lunch, delighting in the use of their bright-blooming umbrellas. They visited the shops and liked the quiet emptiness. They bought hosiery and scarves and gloves. Later, they went back to Monique's house for cocktails.

Continued from page 48

She hated the moment when Barbara stood up to leave. The hours would seem very long now till she and March could be together. When she was alone, Monique went to the desk in the bedroom, took out a sheet of stationery, and began to write.

"Dearest Jewel,

"I am in the best of health, and you must not worry about me. I've been flying around like a wild thing and never seem to be home long enough to write a letter. But nothing should ever interfere with my writing to you. I love you very much, and I think of you constantly. Time just slipped away. Please forgive me.

"Thank you for telling me that

Irene has had her baby. I am glad it is a boy and that they have named it for Tom. Now I will tell you something to make you glad about me. I did not suffer at all while reading your report on the baby. Alan is someone I once knew who is now in the past. I wish him well, but the only importance he has to me is that he is your son. That's the honest truth.

"Jewel, I don't remember whether or not I wrote anything nasty to you about this house when I first moved into it. If I did, I want to put your mind at ease on that score. I love this house now. I simply love it, Jewel."

To be together with March after midnight was reasonably easy to

THE ENCHANTED

arrange, but entire evenings had always been scarce. They grew scarcer in the weeks that followed. There was the occasional five-o'clock drink at the bar and the occasional noon hour when they met and drove for miles, just to be holding hands in the car.

"The giddy whirl of your fashionable activities is doing fine things for my work," he reported. "I am very industrious from seven till twelve every night. Of course, then I start listening for you."

"Don't listen tomorrow night, my love. It's the ball. I won't be home till sunrise."

"Could we meet around five or six and have the evening together, Monique?"

"Oh, yes, darling. Let's be alone. All alone."

"Of course. You'll want to tell me all about the ball."

"Yes. How I wish you could be there."

"I'll picture it."

"Please picture me lovely," she said, and smiled a little sadly. "And March, picture me melancholy, for I shall be thinking of you."

But she did not think of him at all as she stood waiting for her moment in the spotlight. From where she stood just beyond the ballroom, she could hear the voice of an eminent gentleman giving the guests a brief sketch of the Sister to Sister Circle. Soon he would speak her name, and she was sick at her stomach and her heart was beating too fast; but the glorious excitement she felt made it all worth while.

"Now you know what the gown is," the eminent gentleman was saying. "You know what the cause is, and you know what money is. Let's hear some forceful bidding, friends. It is now my pleasure to present to you, wearing the inspired design known as 'Ce Soir,' the glamorous and enchanting Mrs. Wheeler Fitzpatrick."

The orchestra drifted into "La Vie en Rose," and Monique walked out into the spotlight. She floated in the lovely hush of admiration. Surely there was no sensation to equal this positive knowledge that every eye in the ballroom was on her. The music died away. Monique came to rest in the centre of the dance floor.

The eminent gentleman had a fine theatrical sense. In quiet tones, he spoke from the darkness. "What will you bid, my friends?" he asked. "What will you bid?"

"Two thousand dollars."

IT was difficult to keep her hands still and her gaze disinterested. The first bid had come from Taylor Kingman.

"We have been offered two thousand dollars. Do I hear — yes, of course I do. Twenty-five hundred. What was that? Twenty-seven hundred and fifty?"

Taylor Kingman said, "Three thousand."

"We have thirty-five hundred offered. Thirty-five hundred."

Taylor Kingman, sounding suddenly tired of the nonsense, called, "Four thousand."

"Forty-two hundred."

"Forty-three hundred."

"Forty-five hundred," Tay said.

"Forty-five hundred once. Forty-five hundred twice. Forty-five hundred. Very well, then, 'Ce Soir' has been purchased by Mr. Taylor Kingman."

The spotlight faded, and Monique made her way to the dressing-room. What a climax to all the excitement. Her own escort had bought the gown. Now there would be champagne and hours of dancing and women looking at her enviously, because Tay was rich and attractive and important. None of them knew that he was irksome and wearying, as well.

Barbara was waiting for her in the dressing-room. "I had to talk to you before you saw Tay again," she said. "This is important, Monique. Very important. I'm sure Tay intends to give the gown to you."

"Does he really, Barbi?" Monique's eyes glittered.

"Now I have to warn you about something, and you must believe I know what I'm talking about. Don't take the gown from him, sweetie."

"What! Barbi, you can't mean it."

"Be smart, Monique, please. Once he's got over the high excitement of being Father Christmas he'll start remembering that ladies don't accept clothes as gifts. When he comes out of the clouds, he'll remember he gave you a dress, and you'll be in for a reappraisal."

"I don't see what harm it could possibly do."

"At least, promise me you won't take the gown tonight. Be coy, if you must, but don't say yes till you've thought it over tomorrow."

"All right, Barbi. Barbi, are you angry at me?"

"Not violently."

After Monique had changed back to her own dress, she and Barbi

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THE ENCHANTED

joined Steve and Tay at the large table in the ballroom. The other members of the party were dancing. Steve, as he rose to his feet, greeted Monique's return with a solemn wink, signifying approval.

Tay smiled at her and led her away to dance. "Never since the world began," he said.

"There must be more to the sentence than that."

"The rest might bore you. It's a hymn to your beauty and grace. Monique, dear, I never saw anything so—"

"Please don't go on. Everybody is staring at us."

"Let them."

"But I'll turn pink and look like a silly schoolgirl."

"You'll look as you always do, like a calm and lovely princess accepting the homage due her."

No one was going to have to write his speeches if he became politically active, she thought. Quite naturally and without effort, the stuffiest of phrases leaped to his mind. She looked up at him and laughed delightedly.

EVERYBODY really was staring at her, and several people spoke to her. There were charming words of praise and a mixed bag of snide remarks and sincere respect for Tay, who had let no one outbid him. She was the belle of the ball. Indisputably, undeniably, she was that.

"I can't help but wish that you were still wearing the model dress. It would be spectacular for waiting," Tay said.

"No doubt it would be, but I had no right to keep it on."

"Why not? To whom do you think it belongs?"

"It belongs to you."

"No. The gown is yours, Monique."

She stared at him in cold, blank amazement. "Tay, I cannot have heard correctly."

"Surely it must have occurred to you that I had a purpose in purchasing the gown."

"Your purpose, as I saw it, was to help the organisation."

"What did you think I would do with the gown?"

"I did not concern myself with something that was so completely none of my business." She was looking over his shoulder as she spoke. She could see Barbara sitting at the table. Oh, if Barbara could only hear her! Still, the promise had not been made in perpetuity. Tomorrow would come, and preparation must be made for it. She looked up into Tay's eyes and spoke softly now. "I'm afraid I've sounded scolding when you meant only to be kind."

"It was a delicate matter, and I botched it badly."

She smiled at him, but she was without hope. If he would only mention the gown again she could turn playful and give him reason to suppose that coaxing might win her over.

"I would not mind so much," he said, "if only I had a picture of the way you looked when you walked into the spotlight. If only—"

She fluttered, horror stricken and wounded, in his arms. "That's right! There were no pictures! Where were the photographers?" Now March would never know how she had looked on the night when she had been belle of the ball.

"Mrs. MacLeod never permits photographers at any of the circle affairs," Tay said.

"Why, that's the meanest ruling I ever heard."

"Oh come, now. Don't be in a bad temper with little old Mrs. MacLeod."

She said, "Let's get off this crowded floor. I want some champagne."

Finally, under a dove-color sky, Tay drove Monique home. She wondered what time it was. Daytime, of course, but — Daytime? Had her promise to Barbara expired, then? Oh, but Barbara would never forgive her. Better to keep her promise than have Barbara be cross and reproachful.

"Will you have dinner with me tonight?" Tay asked.

"Tay, I'm sorry. I can't do it."

"Why not?"

"I have something else to do."

"Do you want to do it?"

"Yes. Very much."

"Then there is no point in asking you to plead a headache, is there?" Tay asked.

"No, there isn't."

He offered a smile now, the thin-lipped one, the claim he made to good humor when something had nettled him. "How is it, Monique, that despite all my efforts, I never become anything more than just one of the men you know? I can't help wondering that I have not made myself important to you."

"You have, Tay. Of course you have."

"No. There isn't the thing between us that would create a willingness in you to cancel a date in order to be with me."

She yawned. "Oh, Tay, at this hour!"

He tightened his mouth. "Will you have dinner with me tomorrow night?"

"Which night is tomorrow night? The one that's coming or the one that will be along later?"

"I'll telephone you. You really are sleepy, aren't you?"

She went to her room, dropped her clothes on a chair, and got into bed. And suddenly she was wide-awake and trembling. Had she really

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LULUBELLE



(Illustration of Gougane Barra, County Cork, and Ardmore Round Tower, County Waterford.)



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HOW TO MAKE A SUNSHINE ICE CREAM CAKE

2 tsp. gelatine, 1 cup cold water, 1 cup boiling water, 6 oz. SUNSHINE Full Cream Powdered Milk, 4 oz. sugar, 1 x 8 oz. can of NESTLÉ'S Reduced Cream, 2 tsp. lemon juice, 3 oz. glace cherries, strawberry, chocolate and vanilla flavouring, 1 x 7" sponge layer.

METHOD: Turn refrigerator control to maximum. Allow gelatine to swell in cold water. Add boiling water, stirring until gelatine has dissolved. Whisk in Sunshine, sugar, lemon juice and Reduced Cream. Freeze until consistency of thick cream. Beat in chilled bowl until thick and double in volume. Divide into three. Add strawberry flavouring and cherries to first. Chocolate flavouring to second and vanilla to third. Line deep 7" cake tin with foil. Make a collar around tin. Halve sponge. Place alternate layers of ice cream and cake in tin. Freeze. Just before serving, remove collar, lift out by overlapping edges of foil. Top with cream.

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Christmas cakes and puddings



THE WONDERFUL FOODS OF CHRISTMAS (above): Back row, from left — Rich Christmas Pudding, Rich Fruit Cake, and Summer Christmas Pudding; front row — Royal Fruit Cake and Special Fruit Cake. The magnificent Christmas cake at right is decked with holly and fir cones; see decoration directions below picture.

● Now is the time to get busy on your Christmas cake and pudding to give them a chance to mellow.

CHRISTMAS CAKES . . .

RICH fruit cake improves with keeping — the flavor develops and the cake will cut more smoothly.

To start with you need a good recipe with a sound balance of ingredients.

Some variations in choice of ingredients will not matter very much, but variation in quantities can make or mar the end result.



PREPARATION OF FRUIT

Fruit must be clean and dry; wash 2 or 3 days beforehand, spread on flat tray, dry thoroughly in slow oven. Be sure fruit is not damp; if damp it will make the cake heavy.

Packaged fruits are pre-cleaned, but if coated with sugar washing is necessary. Treat crystallised cherries in same way. Chop peel and raisins if too large.

Soaking fruit overnight in spirits in covered container will enrich flavor. If using spices, mix with fruit and spirits to release the full spice flavor.

PREPARATION OF TINS

Stand tin on 1 layer of white and 3 layers brown paper; mark round, then cut out circle the size of tin.

Continued overleaf

Recipes from our Leila
Howard Test Kitchen



Festive decorations for the cake

COVER a 12in.-diameter board with silver paper. Cut two 10in. circles from doubled thin cardboard.

Buy approximately 3 yards green plastic lace ribbon (at gift-wrapping counters). Pull draw-thread at each end until ribbon fits around cardboard circles. Insert lace ribbon between outer edges of cardboard, covering draw-thread line. Staple or tack into place.

Paste under side of bottom circle and place on silver paper on cake board. Cover with wax paper. Stand 8in. cake in centre of cardboard circle. Brush with sugar syrup or egg-white. Cover with almond paste; allow to dry thoroughly.

Make up 2lb. quantity of fondant and color pale green. Cover the cake with about $\frac{1}{4}$ of this fondant. Reserve remainder and any small pieces left after covering cake. Cut away wax paper.

Glaze cardboard surrounding cake; cut strips of reserved fondant to fit and place round base of cake, covering cardboard. Pinch a clipper-work design edge. Using No. 8 shell tube, pipe edge round base of cake with pale green royal icing.

Approximately half an inch above this shelf, secure a length of narrow silver ribbon. Decorate lower edge of ribbon with lace pieces which have been previously

pipled on to waxed paper with green royal icing and No. 1 writing tube. Pipe greeting on to cake with No. 1 writing tube and green royal icing.

Roll remaining pale green fondant into two rope-like shapes. Twist together and lay round rim of cake, securing with a little sugar syrup or egg-white.

Place holly leaves and fir cones in position, covering fondant ropes well and trailing a few leaves over side of cake. Finish with a spray of looped silver ribbon and red cachous.

Fir cones: Mould piece of modelling fondant into a shape exactly like a strawberry. Stand on waxed paper to dry. Secure the piece of fondant to a thin skewer. Using a small No. 20 petal tube and green royal icing, with few drops brown food coloring added, pipe rows of petals covering fondant shape.

Remove by piercing skewer through wax paper and pulling through, leaving cone behind. Dry completely, then insert wooden cocktail stick in hole.

Holly leaves: Roll out modelling fondant, tinted deeper green than cake, very thinly. Cut out shapes with a savory cutter in shape of six-pointed star. Press sides gently toward each other until shape resembles a holly leaf. With back of knife mark in veins. Lay leaves over handle of wooden spoon to dry.



CAKES...continued

For sides, fold double thicknesses of white and brown paper about 2in. higher than the depth of tin and long enough to go round inside of tin and overlap about 1in. Using scissors, snip in a sloping direction about 1in. deep along folded edges of paper.

Put strip inside tin with snipped margin lying flat all round bottom; overlap ends so sides of tin are completely covered. Lining should stand up about 1in. above rim of tin.

Put rounds of white and brown paper in bottom of tin over snipped margin.

Brush all over inside lightly with melted shortening to give thin, even coating. (This is not necessary for rich fruit cake.)

If lining a square tin, pay special attention to corners. Lay white and

brown papers in oblong strips cross-wise in tin to give good lining.

Spoon cake mixture into centre of tin, spread out batter to corners.

Knock base of filled tin firmly on flat surface to remove air pockets and help settle mixture. Make sure batter is level before putting cake in oven.

QUANTITIES OF MIXTURE

One-pound mixture means 1lb. butter and 1lb. sugar (all other ingredients in proportion). Fill 1lb. mixture into 10in. or 11in. square or round tin.

Half-pound mixture (half a lb. mixture): Fill into 8in. or 9in. square or round tin.

Quarter-pound mixture (half a ½lb. mixture): Fill into 6in. or 7in. square or round tin.

PREPARATION OF MIXTURE

1. Wash and dry fruit beforehand.

Christmas cakes...

2. Line tin, weigh and measure all ingredients.

3. Cream butter and sugar with mixer, wooden spoon, or hand (for large quantities). Essences and fruit rinds will give more lasting flavor if creamed with the butter and sugar.

4. Add caramel or parisian essence for dark cake, 1 teaspoon to ½lb. mixture.

5. Break eggs one at a time into cup, not directly into creamed mixture; beat well after each.

6. Sift dry ingredients 2 or 3 times to ensure even mixing; use plain, not self-raising, flour (rich mixtures need very little rising).

7. Add fruit and sifted dry ingredients alternately to creamed mixture, add liquid last.

8. Do not increase quantity of liquid specified; mixture is stiffer than for plain cake but not dry; consistency will be correct if ingredients are measured accurately.

9. Spoon mixture into tin, pressing from centre to sides and corners; tin should not be less than half and not more than three-quarters full.

10. Do not hollow centre, but level cake by banging tin few times on table to settle any air-bubbles.

TO BAKE CAKES

Bake rich fruit cakes in slow oven. Do not open oven door for at least 1 hour. To prevent excessive browning of large, slow-cooking cakes, cover with double thickness of brown paper for last hour.

Set shallow pan of water in bottom of oven to keep cakes moist during long baking.

Baking time will vary according to size and richness. Times given below are approximate only:

- 1lb. mixture in 10in. or 11in. tin, 5½ to 6 hours.
- ½lb. mixture in 8in. or 9in. tin, 3½ to 4 hours.
- ¼lb. mixture in 6in. or 7in. tin, 2 to 2½ hours.

STORAGE

Allow 24 hours for thorough cooling before storing rich fruit cakes. Cool in tin, remove when quite cold. Remove brown paper, leave white paper on, fold down over top. Wrap in clean white paper or foil, then in clean towel.

TRADITIONAL CHRISTMAS CAKE

Half pound butter, ½lb. brown sugar, 1 dessertspoon grated orange rind, 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind, 1 tablespoon orange marmalade (or plum jam), 1 teaspoon parisian essence, 4 eggs, 2½lb. mixed fruits (or ½lb. currants, ½lb. dates or glace fruits, 1lb. sultanas, ½lb. raisins, ½lb. shredded peel), ½lb. glace cherries, 1oz. chopped blanched almonds or walnuts, 2½ cups plain flour, 1 teaspoon spice, ½ teaspoon nutmeg, ½ teaspoon bicarbonate of soda, ¼ teaspoon salt, 4 tablespoons rum, brandy, or sherry.

Cream butter and sugar with fruit rinds, add marmalade and parisian essence, mix well. Add unbeaten eggs one at a time, beating well after each. Fold in prepared fruit and nuts alternately with sifted dry ingredients and, lastly, rum, brandy, or sherry. Fill into 8in. or 9in. square or round tin lined as directed. Bake in slow oven 3½ to 4 hours. Test centre of cake before removing from oven; it should be firm to touch and fine skewer should emerge clean. Allow to cool in tin, store as directed.

RICH FRUIT CAKE

Twelve ounces butter or substitute, 12oz. sugar, 12oz. plain flour, 8 eggs, 1 teaspoon salt, 1lb. raisins, 1lb. sultanas, ½lb. currants, 6oz. mixed peel, 6oz. glace cherries, 6oz. walnuts, 2oz. angelica, ¼ cup sherry.

Chop fruits and nuts. Cream butter or substitute with sugar until light and fluffy, add eggs one at a time, beating well after each addition. Sift flour and salt, fold into the creamed mixture with the fruits, nuts, and sherry. Turn mixture into 10in. round or square tin lined with 1 sheet brown paper and 2 sheets white paper. Bake in slow oven 5 to 6 hours. Cool in tin.

SPECIAL FRUIT CAKE

Two eggs, ½ cup firmly packed brown sugar, 1 teaspoon vanilla, 1 tablespoon rum, 3oz. soft butter or substitute, 2oz. plain flour, ½ teaspoon baking powder, ½ teaspoon salt, 12oz. glace cherries, 8oz. candied pineapple, 8oz. brazil nuts, 10oz. dates, ¼ cup brandy.

Beat eggs until light and fluffy, add sugar, vanilla, rum, and butter; continue beating until well blended. Sift flour with baking powder and salt. Add to creamed mixture with fruits and nuts. Mix well. Pour into greased and lined 9 x 5in. loaf tin. Bake in slow oven 1 to 1½ hours or until cooked. Remove from oven and, while still hot, pour brandy over. Cool in tin on wire rack.

Vegetables are so down to earth but so heavenly with Butter!



Turn vegetables into an epicure's delight by using care, imagination and Butter! Butter brings out flavour, adds so much to eating enjoyment. When you add Butter to vegetables, you are adding concentrated food value, too, for Butter is naturally rich in energy and vitamins. There are many ways of using Butter in or on vegetables—try these ideas...



TOMATO KEBABS...

Skewer small tomatoes, brush with melted butter. Grill lightly, brushing again with butter when turning.

CORN-ON-THE-COB...

Serve cooked corn with butter pats, or brush with melted butter and paprika and grill.

CARROT GLAZE...

Cook, drain young carrots. Add salt, pepper, 1 teaspoon chopped mint. Add a knob of Butter and 1 dessertspoon brown sugar. Reheat until sugar melts, coats carrots.



ITALIAN GREEN BEANS...

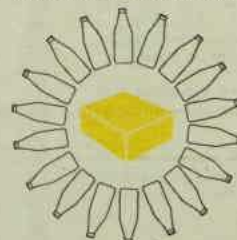
Toss cooked beans in melted butter and lemon juice. Sprinkle with grated cheese.

Butter-cook vegetables—

Melt butter in pan, add washed, shredded cabbage, spinach or silver beet, salt, pepper. Cover, shake over low heat until just tender (water on vegetables is usually enough).



IT TAKES THE CREAM FROM 18 PINTS OF MILK TO MAKE ONE POUND OF BUTTER!



Inserted in the interests of better nutrition by the Australian Dairy Produce Board.

... and puddings

ROYAL FRUIT CAKE

Ten ounces currants, 10oz. sultanas, 6oz. raisins, 10oz. dates, 12oz. mixed peel, 6oz. glace cherries, 8oz. candied pineapple, 2-3rd cup sherry or brandy, 2 teaspoons cinnamon, 1 teaspoon nutmeg, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon ground ginger, 8oz. butter or substitute, $\frac{1}{4}$ cups firmly packed brown sugar, 1 teaspoon salt, 6 eggs, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup golden syrup, 2 cups strawberry jam, 3 cups plain flour, 4oz. chopped blanched almonds, 4oz. chopped walnuts.

Chop fruits and nuts and place in a large bowl with the sherry or brandy, allow to stand for 24 hours. Cream butter and sugar until light and fluffy, add eggs one at a time, beating well after each addition. Add strawberry jam and golden syrup, mix well. Sift flour, salt, and spices together and add alternately with the fruits to the creamed mixture. Mix thoroughly until well blended. Spoon mixture into a 10in. square cake tin lined with 1 sheet brown paper, 2 sheets white paper. Bake in slow oven: $\frac{1}{4}$ to 5 hours.

PUDDINGS

For best results make puddings at least 2 to 3 weeks before use. They can be either steamed or boiled.

STEAMED

Fill pudding mixture into basin covered with greased paper and a pudding cloth or into a steaming basin with a lid, then steam in a saucepan with boiling water coming halfway up sides of basin.

Grease basin thoroughly before adding mixture and fill not more than three-quarters and not less than half full. Tie paper and cloth securely with string, making firm loop so basin can be lifted easily from saucepan.

Choose saucepan with tightly fitting lid; keep water boiling gently but steadily to maintain steady flow of steam. Replenish when necessary with more boiling water.

BOILED

Pudding mixture is tied into a specially prepared pudding cloth and boiled for required time.

To prepare cloth, dip in boiling water, wring out tightly, and rub flour in quickly to seal.

Place mixture in centre of cloth. Gather cloth round mixture and tie tightly with string, leaving a little room for swelling. Knot opposite corners over top for easy handling.

Plunge pudding into large quantity of boiling water in tightly lidded pan; boil gently but steadily for required time; replenish with boiling water when necessary.

CAUSES OF MOULD

Puddings become mouldy due to action of bacteria present in air. Growth of mould can be due to any of the following:

Fruit not thoroughly dry; mixture too moist (it should be stiff); insufficient cooking; insufficient spirits in mixture; incorrect storage.

Note: Puddings cooked in basin are less likely to develop mould. If pudding does go mouldy it is still edible. Cut off mould and reheat.

STORAGE

Boiled: When cold, re-wrap in clean dry cloth, hang in cool, dry, airy place (or place in refrigerator) until day of serving, then cook further $\frac{1}{4}$ to 2 hours and serve hot.

Steamed: When cold, re-cover top with fresh greased paper or foil and clean dry cloth. Store in cool, airy place (or in refrigerator); cook further 1 to 2 hours before serving.

TRADITIONAL PUDDING

Half pound butter (or $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. butter and $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. finely shredded suet), $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. brown sugar, 1 teaspoon each grated orange rind and lemon rind, 4 large or 5 small eggs, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. sultanas, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. raisins, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. currants, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. shredded peel, 2oz. chopped figs, 1 small grated apple, 6oz. soft breadcrumbs, 2 cups plain flour, 1 teaspoon spice, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon each nutmeg, bicarbonate of soda, salt, washed trinkets or coins, 4 tablespoons brandy or rum.

Cream butter with sugar and fruit rinds, add suet if used. Add eggs one at a time, mix well. Add

fruit, peel, figs, and apple. Fold in breadcrumbs, sifted dry ingredients, washed trinkets or coins, and lastly brandy.

Mix thoroughly to stiff but not dry mixture; stand $\frac{1}{4}$ to $\frac{1}{2}$ hour. Steam in greased pudding-basin $\frac{3}{4}$ hours or boil in floured cloth 5 hours. Cool, store as directed. On day of serving steam 1 to 2 hours longer or boil further $\frac{1}{4}$ to 2 hours.

RICH CHRISTMAS PUDDING

One pound seeded raisins, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. sultanas, 4oz. currants, 4oz. dates, 6oz. mixed peel, 4oz. glace cherries, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup brandy or sherry, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. butter or substitute, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. brown sugar, 10

eggs, 3 carrots (finely grated), 1 teaspoon mixed spice, 2 tablespoons treacle, 4oz. chopped almonds, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. stale white breadcrumbs, 4oz. plain flour, 2 teaspoons salt.

Chop fruit and place in basin with brandy or sherry and spice. Stand overnight. Next day, cream butter and sugar until light and fluffy, add eggs one at a time, beating well after each. Add fruits, carrots, treacle, almonds, breadcrumbs, sifted flour, and salt. Mix well. Fill into 1 greased 6-pint pudding basin or $\frac{1}{2}$ fill 2 smaller greased pudding basins. Cover with 1 sheet greaseproof paper, then aluminium foil. Place in large saucepan or boiler, with boiling water coming halfway up sides of pudding basin. Steam 7 hours for large pudding, 5 hours for smaller puddings on first day. Cool and store in cool place until required. Re-steam 2 hours

for large pudding, $\frac{1}{4}$ hours for smaller on the day of serving.

SUMMER CHRISTMAS PUDDING

One tablespoon gelatine, 3 cups water, 3 tablespoons cocoa, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon vanilla, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. chopped almonds, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. chopped peel, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup raisins, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup chopped dates and dried figs, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup currants, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup chopped crystallised ginger, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sherry, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar.

Place water and cocoa blended together in saucepan; bring to boiling point, add all remaining ingredients except gelatine, and boil 5 minutes. Dissolve gelatine in $\frac{1}{2}$ cup hot water, add to mixture, stirring all well together. Pour into a lightly oiled mould; chill thoroughly. To serve, turn out, decorate with whipped cream; or serve with a rich custard or ice-cream.



So good we could export it to Italy!

Twirly Kia-ora spaghetti with real Italian restaurant-style meat sauce!

But we don't have to export it. Kia-ora has plenty of happy customers right here in Australia—people who like their spaghetti just as it's served in fine Italian restaurants.

And you know how that is. Firm, twirly spaghetti with long strands you can really roll round a fork. And tangy sauce

loaded with juicy ground beef, skillfully spiced and with just a whisper (sh-shhh...) of garlic.

Serve up Italian-style Kia-ora spaghetti with a sprinkling of your favourite Romano or Parmesan cheese and—Mama Mia!—you'll practically speak the language!



"Kia-ora" is a registered Trade Mark.

been dazzling in the spotlight? Or had she paraded like a cheap mannequin? Was it strange that Mrs. MacLeod had sent no word of approbation? What was she going to do about Tay? Was it dangerous to take a sleeping pill after so much champagne? What were the things people did to get to sleep?

March would be surprised, but he wouldn't mind if she threw herself down at his side right now. She would say that she couldn't sleep, and he would be very sympathetic. She looked out the window. The sky was too bright. Crossing the garden, she would be observed by anyone who happened to be awake?

She reached for the sleeping pills and swallowed two of them swiftly. She took a tranquilliser, as well, and closed her eyes against the yellowing morning. If the trembling would just stop. And the cold. Oh, dear,

Continued from page 51

she was so cold. What had she done to displease Mrs. MacLeod? Would she be asked to resign?

Lina came in answer to her ring. It was three-thirty that afternoon, and what to eat was a perplexing question. Cornflakes? Salad? Finger sandwiches?

"Get me a cup of coffee, Lina, and then I'll decide what to eat."

"Yes, ma'am. Ma'am, there are things here for you. Flowers, a letter delivered by messenger, and an object in a lovely satin envelope, which I suppose to be a gown." She set the flowers on the dressing table and handed the letter to Monique, then turned back toward the hall-

way and plucked the gown from Theodore's extended arm.

Monique glanced at the flowers with disfavor. A thrifty dish of blooms. Her eyes lingered more lovingly on the satin dress cover. She would get to that after a while. But first she would read the letter.

"Monique dearest, "This gown is for you, I mean that in the most uncomplicated sense. As lamps are for lighting, as telephones are for talking, as wine is for drinking, this gown is for you. To reject it would be to squander its only reason for existing. Please be kind and welcome it to your wardrobe.

"Fondly, "Tay."

THE ENCHANTED

From beneath her eyelashes, she threw another glance toward the gown. "Has Mrs. Wheeler called?"

"No, ma'am."

"She will. I'm still asleep. You tell her that. I'm going out in a little while, too. I won't be home for dinner. Hand me the card from the flowers, please."

Lina detached the card. "For our lovely sister, with admiration and affection. Cora MacLeod and Board Members."

Monique squealed delightedly. Lina was astonished. She had seen better flowers on a poor man's grave.

"It's a pleasant message, ma'am?"

"Just about the pleasantest, Lina."

"I am so happy, ma'am. You will perhaps say now what it is you would like to eat."

Monique spoke with her eyes still fixed on the florist's card. "Toast and marmalade and more coffee."

The moment Lina left the room, she ran to the satin dress cover, pulled at the zipper, and tenderly carried the gown to the bed and spread it out. She stood looking at it as it lay with the sun blazing on it. She looked long and hard, and then it came to her that it had lost its validity. Why had she wanted to own it? It could not be worn again. It was a showpiece and had no earthly use aside from being photographed for a fashion magazine or auctioned at a charity ball.

She replaced the gown inside its cover and wrote a note as she ate her toast.

"Dear Tay:

"As I told you last evening, I know you mean to be kind. Please do not consider me unappreciative or priggish, but I cannot possibly accept this costly gown. I know my views are old-fashioned, but I am afraid they must prevail. And I beg of you, let this be the last word on the subject.

"Monique."

March was waiting on the usual corner. He was carrying three packages. He slid into the seat beside her and settled himself and his purchases. "Hello, sweetheart."

"March, what have you got there?"

"Well, this one won't interest you. It's a birthday present for my nephew."

"What are the other things?"

"Oh, they're goodies, I think. We wanted to be alone, so I bought a bottle of iced champagne. We'll drive to a deserted place and guzzle."

"What's in the other bag?"

"Champagne glasses, naturally. They're not crystal, but they're very clean. I bought them in the liquor store, and the fellow there washed them for me. How was the ball?"

"Sensational. I have so much to tell you. Is there time at a red light for us to change seats?"

"There has to be. You don't know where we're going."

THE champagne, she noted, was a popular but good import. They sat close together and kissed and drank their wine, and at last she moved away from him. She told him of her triumph in the spotlight and of the marvellous dress she had refused.

"How did you bring yourself to refuse it?"

"Why, March, I couldn't accept such a gift from him."

March leaned forward to examine a misty streak on the windshield.

"You'll tell me the truth later, won't you, sweetheart?"

She nodded. "March, I want to tell you something. I almost went to your room around six o'clock this morning."

"What restrained you?"

"I might have been seen. The sky was a real bright bright. I needed to talk to you. Last night made me so tense. I think I appeared serene, but my stomach was sick and— You know, March, I'm not really conditioned for hoopla. The only reason I can take all this commotion is because I have you. When the faking is over I come home and you give me the strength to fly again."

He turned to her and gently kissed her.

"Oh, March, I love you so." She clung to him, and suddenly she was weeping.

He drove away from the dark clearing, giving his full attention to the narrow road.

"Oh, how cute," Monique said. "It's a flight of teenyweeny stairs. Here's another flight. And just look at the railings and the flags and the bell and everything."

It was a full minute before her remarks penetrated his consciousness. "What are you talking about?" He threw a glance in her direction. "Oh, sweetheart, you weren't supposed to open that."

She was sitting with her lap full

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Bring the flavour right out of its shell with ETA mayonnaise



No Summer fish dish is complete without ETA Mayonnaise

This bright new label makes ETA Mayonnaise as easy to see as it is to use. The new wide-mouth jar invites you to spoon its subtle, blended flavour straight on to salad; the embossed graduations actually help you measure out exactly enough ETA Mayonnaise to make an endless variety of delicious dressings and rich nourishing sauces for all kinds of dishes. Try this week's recipe then create others of your own, but be sure to use smooth ETA Mayonnaise for perfect results.

This week's recipe suggestion from ETA

SEAFOOD SALAD (Serves four to six.)

1 cup ETA Mayonnaise.
1 cup Small Shell Macaroni.
3 lb. Prawns.
1 tablespoon Lemon Juice. 1 cup diced Celery,
1 cup diced Cucumber.
*Note: 1 cup Lobster, Crabmeat, Salmon or Tuna may be used in place of Prawns.

METHOD: Cook Macaroni in salted water, drain and cool. Shell, de-vein prawns, sprinkle with lemon juice. Combine all ingredients, folding gently. Chill. Serve with crisp salad greens and tomato wedges.

THE ENCHANTED

Continued from page 56

of tiny plastic shapes. "What is all this, March?"

"It's a model of a Mississippi riverboat."

"But it's in pieces."

"Yes. It has to be assembled. That's for my nephew to do."

"Do you think your nephew will notice that the box has been opened?"

"Not if you put everything back and don't spill the paints or—"

"Look, there's a teeny-weeny pot-bellied stove. I hope he'll paint it gold."

"Teeny-weeny pot-bellied stoves get painted black. Sweetheart, do me a favor. Pick up all those pieces and put them back in the box."

"You're mad at me."

"I'm not mad at you, but the thing has to have all its parts."

During dinner at the Italian restaurant they talked about going to a movie. March had checked the paper and reported what was playing: but Monique responded listlessly. "Do you know what I really want to do, March?"

"No, sweetheart. What do you want to do?"

"I want to go to your room and build that Mississippi riverboat. I want to put those little flights of stairs in place and see the smoke-stacks all proud and tall. Could we do that?"

"Yes, we could do that," he said. "I'll buy my nephew another kit."

"Get him another kind. Do they have other kinds? I think the riverboat should be just for us."

WHEN the plastic pieces were spread on the table in March's room they were more fascinating than Monique had imagined. "Oh, here's the anchor. Look. Isn't it darling? What's this? What is it for? March, there isn't enough gold paint. Can you figure out the directions? And what are all these little wafers for?"

"They'll make up the paddle wheels. Easy does it, sweetheart. Now, first of all, the deck has to be painted."

Monique smiled contentedly at March and said, "This is wonderful. It makes me feel as though I were really building a boat."

"Oh, now, where's that stove?" March said. "It's on the floor of the car, I'll bet. I'll take a run downstairs and look."

Her eyes clouded. "You just like to think of me as careless, don't you?"

"No, I don't, honey. And even if we've lost the stove, it doesn't really—"

"But we haven't lost it." She walked over to where she had thrown her purse, snapped open the clasp, and handed him the tiny pot-bellied stove. "There!" she said. "You see?"

"Yes," he said. "I see."

She went back to the table and stood looking at the boat. "I don't like all the cabin windows being bare."

He placed his arm around her. "Actually, I think they must have had curtains on the original. I don't think it's breaking faith if we dabble in interior decorating."

"But how can we make curtains for all those teeny-weeny windows?"

"I'll show you how next time we go boatbuilding."

"Will you?" She laid her head back against his shoulder. "Oh, March, I love you so. What a shining, comfortable, sweet world it is when we're together."

"What color do you want the cabin curtains to be?"

"Dark green. March, kiss me. I have so much to tell you."

And in the darkness she talked to him about the dress. "I wanted it, March, till this morning. Then I didn't want it at all, but I sent it back pretending that it was my elegant manners that forced me to refuse it. I did the right thing, but for the wrong reasons. Do you see what I mean?"

"I see what you mean."

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — November 17, 1965

Tasty steak recipe wins prize of £5

● A steak dish with rich, piquant flavor wins this week's main prize.

CONSOLATION prize of £1 is awarded for a delicious biscuit recipe.

MATCHSTICK STEAK

One pound good grilling steak (or fillet), 6 to 8 dried apricots, gherkins, butter or substitute to saute.

Piquant Sauce: $\frac{1}{2}$ pint boiling water, 4 tablespoons vinegar, 1 teaspoon ground ginger, soy sauce to taste, 1 tablespoon tomato paste, 1 tablespoon cornflour.

Cut meat into small strips. Cut apricots to form a spiral, taking

care to keep in one piece (with scissors), re-coil, and soak in jar with gherkins. Leave 3 or 4 hours.

Make piquant sauce: Mix cornflour, ginger, soy sauce, tomato paste with vinegar, add boiling water, bring to boil, and thicken.

Saute steak in butter for three or four minutes until browned; add the sauce, cook a further two minutes. Serve garnished with the apricots and sliced gherkins.

First prize of £5 to Mrs. D. Kitching, 7 Kintail Road, Applecross, W.A.

SURPRISE SQUARES

Four ounces butter or substitute, 2oz. castor sugar, 1 teaspoon cocoa, 2oz. coconut, 4oz. self-raising flour.

Icing: Two teaspoons cocoa, 6 tablespoons icing sugar, 1 teaspoon butter or substitute, 2 tablespoons milk, 4 tablespoons apricot jam.

Cream together butter and castor sugar. Sift 1 teaspoon cocoa with self-raising flour, add coconut. Gradually work into creamed mixture, knead well. Press into

greased swiss-roll tin. Bake in moderately hot oven approx. 20 to 25 minutes.

Heat together cocoa, icing sugar, butter, and milk to make the chocolate icing.

When biscuit is cooked, cover with a thin layer of apricot jam while still hot. Spread quickly with warm chocolate icing. Cut into squares when quite cold.

Consolation prize of £1 to Mrs. S. Moss, Crimea Road, Eastwood, N.S.W.

CHOCOLATE RECIPE IDEA FROM CADBURY'S

CHOCOLATE STRAWBERRY PUFFS



Fun to bake... fun to eat!

PUFF CASES: 4 ozs. plain flour, $\frac{1}{2}$ pint water, 3 small eggs, 2 ozs. shortening, pinch salt.

METHOD: Bring shortening, water and salt to the boil. Remove from the heat and stir in the flour until smooth. Cook over a low heat until mixture leaves the sides of the pan. Allow the mixture to become quite cold before adding the eggs, which have been previously beaten. Add the eggs gradually, beating well after each addition. Place dessertspoonsful of the mixture, spaced well apart, on a greased tray. Bake in a hot oven 400° or Regulo 5 Gas—450° Electric for approximately 40 minutes. Do not open the oven during the first 15 minutes. Remove from the oven and cut off the tops with a pair of scissors. Cool. Fill the puffs with sweet-

ened whipped cream and strawberries. Coat with the following chocolate icing.

CHOCOLATE ICING: 1 dessertspoon Cadbury's Bournville Cocoa, 4 tablespoons water, 6-8 ozs. icing sugar, knob of butter, 1 teaspoon vanilla essence.

METHOD: Blend the cocoa and water in a saucepan. Cook over a gentle heat until it thickens. Add the butter. Allow to cool. When cold add the vanilla essence and sufficient icing sugar to make a thick dropping consistency.

N.B. When strawberries are not in season, canned or other fresh fruits may be used, e.g. pineapple, bananas, cherries, peaches, etc.



Cadbury's Bournville Cocoa gives your baking that summer-rich flavour so essential to recipes like Chocolate Strawberry Puffs. Finely ground from first quality beans, Bournville Cocoa mixes quickly and thoroughly with every other ingredient. The result is a depth of colour, a true chocolaty richness you simply cannot achieve in any other way. Try it and see... starting with this recipe.

PUT THAT 'PERSONAL TOUCH' INTO ALL YOUR COOKING WITH

CADBURY'S BOURNVILLE COCOA



Page 57

Here they come...

DRI-GLO TOWELS

for summer



Anywhere the fun is, you'll find mad,
glad, dashing, flashing Dri-Glo towels!
Pick yours now from the smash
summer collection at stores
right through Australia and New Zealand.

SHORELINE SWIMSUITS designed by rose marie reid

Dri-Glo

Look for the Dri-Glo
label

DRI-GLO TOWELS

more to choose from, happiest to own!

COLLECTORS' CORNER

● Our expert, Mr. Stanley Lipscombe, answers readers' queries about their antiques.



● German clock.

I WOULD like some information about a china hand-painted clock (above) which stands 17in. high. On the back of the clock is this signature—Royal F.M. 1755, Bonn, Germany. The clockwork is made in New York, U.S.A., by the Ansonia Clock Company.—J. Wachtel, Northbridge, N.S.W.

Your German pottery clock with an American Ansonia clock mechanism was made about 1900 to 1910.

★ ★ ★
I HAVE a pair of candlesticks (below) which belonged to my husband's grandmother. The markings on the back are "J.B. & S., E.P. B.M. 414."

Could you tell me when and where they were made and by whom?—Mrs. J. Whitfield, Binger, N.S.W.

Your candlesticks were made at James Dixon's, Sheffield, about 1875-85, and are electroplate britannia metal. They were made to hold a glass storm globe.



● Candlesticks.

CAN you give me information about a pair of vases and also a jar I have?

The jar, brown earthenware, stands ten inches high and is inscribed "Taddy & Co., Manufacturers of Tobacco, Snuff and Cigars, Minorities, London."

I would be most interested to hear anything that would give me a clue as to the age of this jar.

The vases stand eight and a half inches high, narrow near the top with small loop handles on each side. They are marked "Made in England, L. & Sons, Ltd., Harley, England."—Mrs. V. L. Nathalia.

Your brown earthenware jar was made during the last quarter of the 19th century.

The pair of Staffordshire vases were made by Lancaster & Sons (Ltd.) Dresden Works, Harley. The factory opened about 1900. Since 1944 the pottery has operated as Lancaster and Sandland Ltd.

The mark which occurs on your vases was first used by Lancasters in 1906. Judging from your description I feel that your examples date about 1910.

AN elderly relative has passed down this vase (photo at right). It is said to have been brought out from England in the early days and is of great value. It has been suggested that it is possibly a Rockingham. The coloring of the vase is brighter than the picture—a bright green and vivid roses. The gold handles are, I believe, covered with gold leaf. On the base is the number 107 and the letters P. and A. I would like to have it insured, but do not know its true value or origin.—Mrs. J. V. Yates, Launceston, Tas.

This attractive porcelain vase, with its richly painted floral panel on a green ground with scroll-handles embellished with leaves and brightly gilded, dates about 1835 to 1845. While Brameld's Rockingham works produced similar vases, I feel that your vase was produced by some other factory. The Coalport and Davenport potteries also made similar wares. The only reference I can recall of the use of P. & A. as a potter's mark is that of Poutney and Allies of Bristol pottery, Templebacks, Bristol, 1816 to 1835.



● Porcelain vase.



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Male Robber Colors by CUTEX

A727

"Then tell me why I'm always walking around behaving well enough to please even people like Mrs. MacLeod, while inside I'm nothing but confusion and fear and contradictions."

"We're all pretty much that way, sweetheart."

"March, can we talk about the little pot-bellied stove?"

"Why not?"

"I loved it. I couldn't part with it. I was going to keep it in a velvet-lined ring box; but then you acted as though I'd been careless, and I was so anxious for you to see I hadn't lost it that I forgot I shouldn't have really had it in my purse."

"Do you want to keep it in the ring box instead of installing it in the boat?"

"No, I couldn't do that. March,

Continued from page 57

are you going to be busy tomorrow afternoon?"

"Why?"

"I was thinking—The paint and the glue would be all dry by then. I've got a lunch date with Dovie, but I'll say I have a headache."

"How could you come up here in the daytime?"

"I have to. I have to work on the boat, and I can't do it in the evening. I have a dinner date with Tay. I couldn't break that. He'd come running over to watch me take aspirin."

"All right," he said. "I'll be here." She peered at him in the darkness.

"I thought you'd have a dozen arguments."

THE ENCHANTED

"Why should I argue?" he asked.

"In the past, you argued. Every time I wanted to skip a dinner party or a luncheon, you acted just like Barbara. Now, all of a sudden, you're going to let me be with you when I want to be, and I don't understand it at all. I'm astonished and glad, and I love you and the riverboat, and I'll meet you here at — let me see — I'll be having breakfast around eleven—"

It was exactly eleven when she rang for her tray. She said, "Lina, will you please call Mrs. Cantwell for me? Tell her I can't have lunch, that I'm suffering with one of those dreadful migraines."

Lina looked at her with worried eyes. "True, ma'am?"

"Of course not. I feel marvellous. This is white-lie day. I have the most compelling urge to take a long walk all by myself. Have you walked around here at all? Do you know a pleasant road?"

"No. I am sorry, ma'am. I prefer to be driven, but I have seen beautiful prospects of tall palms, and there are splendid gardens, I am told."

"Really? In which direction?" "You must turn left, ma'am, as you depart from the house."

Monique turned left as she departed from the house. She walked two blocks, turned left again, and found the road that would lead her to a point directly behind her garage. Amazing how frightening

noon could be. Not a person in sight. And now she saw that this was not truly a road but a service alley. She broke into a run. She was crying when she rushed up the stairs and threw herself into March's arms. "The alley! It was dreadful! You have no idea."

He said, "You're here now. You're safe. Think of something pleasant or funny. Do you want to hear how busy I've been? This was laundry morning and—"

"It was what?"

"The day I visit the robot that does my washing. Afterward, I bought a new kit for my nephew. It's a battleship. He'll like that. Then I picked up some lunch for you and me."

She stepped back out of his arms, so that she could look at him. "What kind of lunch?"

He had bought sandwiches. Small, elegant sandwiches. Watercress, cream cheese with chopped walnuts, egg salad. There were half a dozen jewel-like bits of pastry and a carton of coffee, which he poured into tall glasses. From the bathroom, he brought a sack of ice cubes.

She looked at him with shining eyes. "It looks beautiful."

AFTER lunch, they worked on the boat. Monique sang as she painted a red carpet on the main staircase. March carefully studied the rigging. Occasionally they looked up to smile at each other as they worked.

"You know," Monique said, as she wiped a spot of glue from the gilt railing, "I think this is the happiest I have ever been."

March gazed at her for a long moment. Then he asked her, "Do you know what is making you happy?"

"Of course. You and the riverboat and the cozy feeling of being here. And I'm stuffed with nice little sandwiches that didn't have any meat or wet, dirty-looking lettuce."

"Yes," he said. "You're surrounded by love, and the sandwiches are part of it."

"Sandwiches are a part of love?" she asked.

He nodded gravely. "Sandwiches are a part of love." He leaned across the table and took the paintbrush from her hand. He laid it on the turpentine jar and looked at her searchingly. "I love you. Did you ever hear me say that before?"

"Maybe not in those very romantic words, but I knew it."

"Always? It wasn't always so."

"Oh, I think it was, March." She reached comfortably for the paintbrush, but he took it from her again. She felt suddenly cold and apprehensive. The gaiety of the afternoon was threatened. How serious he looked.

"Monique, there are things we must talk about, things we've been evading. Many times, we've been close to where we stand at this moment, but I was never fully convinced that it was right. Now I'm sure, sweetheart. But I know you were speaking the truth when you said you were happy. I looked at you and saw your face as bright and carefree as a little girl's. I'm good for you, Monique. I know I am."

Perhaps if she didn't listen, he would stop talking, and none of it would be real at all if she didn't think about it.

"Darling, there may be a rough moment coming up for both of us, but we have to face it. We have to talk about Taylor Kingman. Consciously or otherwise, you have followed a course of action that must bring a proposal of marriage from him. Probably tonight."

Frantically, she searched for reasons this could not be true. She found none. But she would remember to wear black. Tay could be superstitious. He might not care to propose to a woman dressed for widowhood.

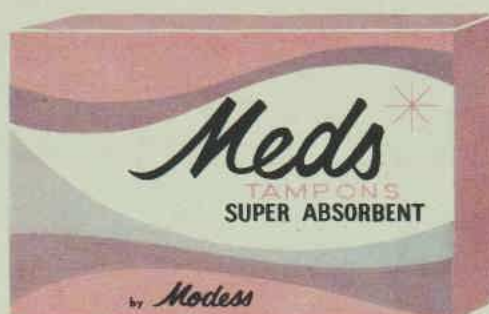
"His proposal is long overdue, sweetheart. It will be no accident if you receive two within a few hours. I wanted you to listen to me before you listened to him, and things have just seemed to work out. I mean, your wanting to be with me this afternoon. I never intended this to happen, Monique. I tried not to

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THE ENCHANTED

disturb the pattern of your life. I insisted that you keep your dates and fortify your position so solidly that when I walked away, I'd have done no harm. But things changed. Once I loved you, it was not sufficient to try only to do you no harm."

She said, "March, this is all so distressing. Please, why do we have to talk about it?"

"Because someone else is going to ask you to marry him. Are you in love with Taylor Kingman?"

"What nonsense, March."

"Let me say it another way. Do you see him as someone with whom you could spend for ever? Do you find him congenial and kind and thoroughly likable?"

"Don't be silly. He's none of those things."

"Then let's consider what he is. He's rich and important, and he has reason to think that you'd like to be Mrs. Taylor Kingman. Now, would you?"

"Of course not. He happened to me the way this house happened to me. The way Theodore and Lina happened. I didn't arrange for any of it."

"I know. And you could become Kingman's wife without arranging for that, either, sweetheart. Are you going to marry him?"

"I don't want to, March. I don't want to." She felt herself trembling. March had betrayed her. He had taught her how to face Mrs. MacLeod, how to enjoy the Halloween party, how to cope with entertaining a Senator, how to forget that she was frightened, how to take him her doubts and failures. And now, when she needed him most, he had disqualified himself. He had become the problem.

"Monique, I asked you to marry me, but you haven't answered."

HOW could he speak of marriage? People lived together when they married. Where could she and March live? In this room? In the house the Fitzpatricks had provided? He would accept nothing that easy. On the money he earned at those pitiful little jobs, he would take her to live in an apartment that had ants and roaches and creaking floors.

Her voice came as a wail to her ears. "How can I answer? March, I love you. But—" She paused. This was the path to hysteria. There was no one to help her now. She must sustain a quiet, calm reasonableness. When she spoke again, her voice was low and under control. "I would be very glad to have everything continue as it is. Please remember I am not attempting to change the details of our relationship. In my opinion, no improvement is needed."

He was staring at her now as though she had said something quite foolish. "Monique, everything cannot continue as it is. Kingman wants to marry you, and you will have to know what it is that you want to do. I hope you are remembering what you said a little while ago. You said, 'I think this is the happiest I have ever been.'"

She said, "March, I couldn't live in a bad neighborhood. People in bad neighborhoods behave repulsively."

"I'm not going to ask you to live in a blighted area. I can't promise money or glamor, but I can take care of you. I can—"

"How can you take care of me, March? How? How?"

"I can do something besides park automobiles, Monique. I was teaching when I decided that I had to write the novel. It's nearly finished now, and I'll go back to teaching. I simply took a year off to—"

"You're a schoolteacher, March?"

"Yes. I taught in a college in the Midwest for two years. It's very nice back there, Monique. We would have a small house, and we would have each other."

She saw the small house. There was snow on the roof, and the windows sparkled in the winter sun-

light. She saw herself, red-cheeked and glowing, come out of the cold and walk into a kitchen that smelled of gingerbread. "Prepare some hot buttered rum, will you, please?" she would say to Lina. Monique moved the riverboat aside, so that she might lay her head on the table and weep.

And after a time, March took her in his arms, kissing her wet face until the weeping ceased. "Come with me, sweetheart. Please trust me."

"I don't know how to get rid of orange peels," she said. "And I am afraid of kitchen utensils."

"I understand the thousands of things you are not conditioned to do. I promise that I will never let

you be frightened or bewildered."

"Oh, March, what can I say? What can I say?"

There had been a time when she could have said what she was thinking; but that time was gone. She was thinking that she had been in love before, that she had loved Alan Fitzpatrick with every bit of her heart, so she knew the truth about love. She knew that a lost love could be forgotten, but a woman would never forget what it had been like to have fine servants.

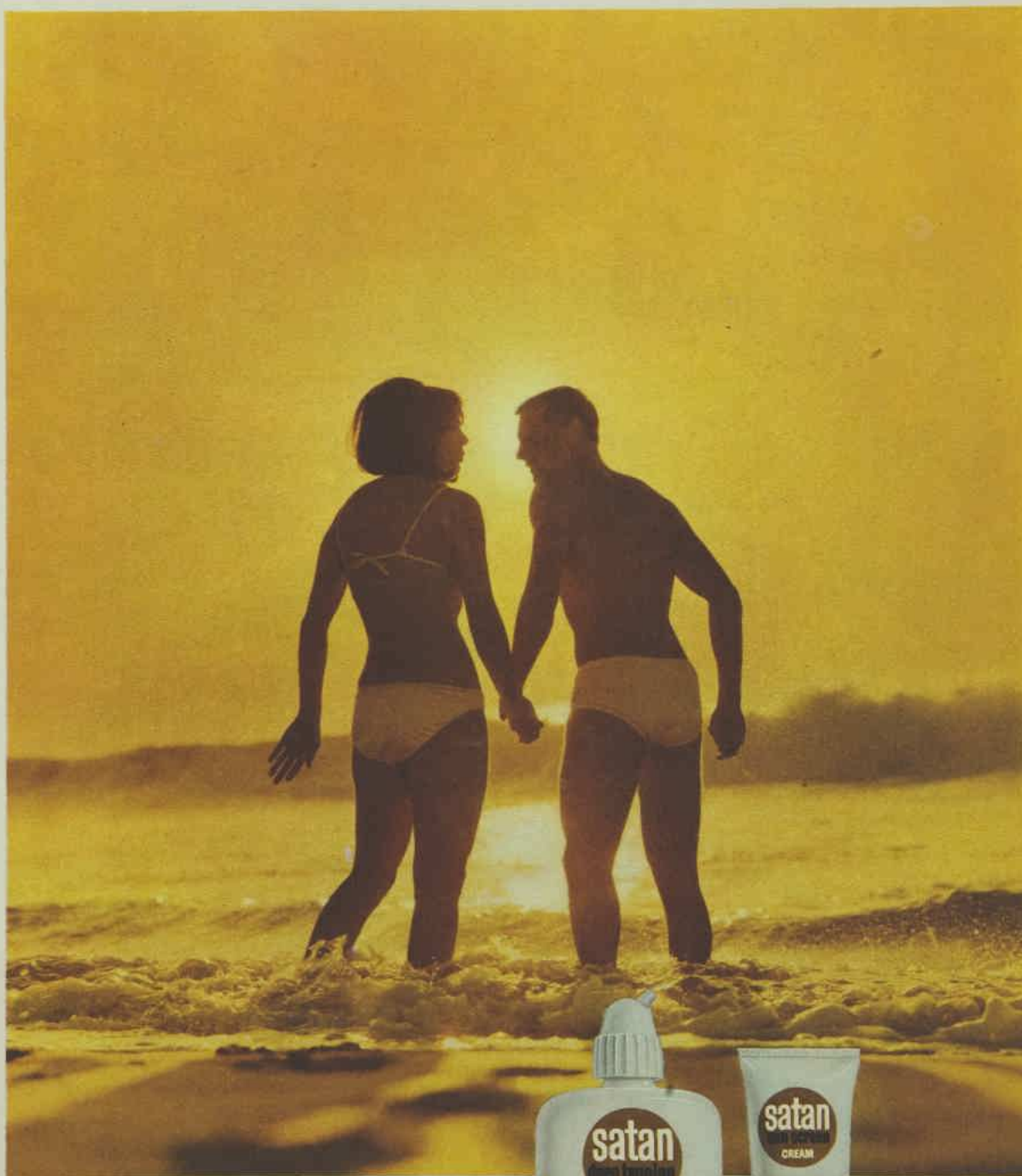
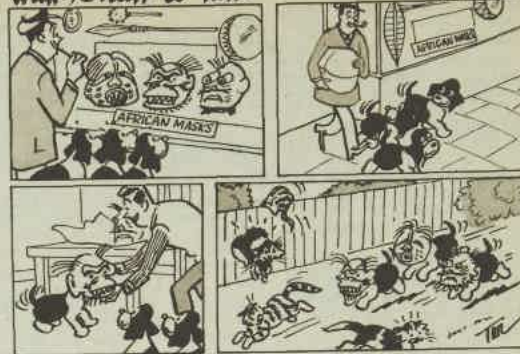
"I ask you to think of life with me, Monique. Think of it very seriously, remembering that I care about everything that troubles you."

To page 62

FOR THE CHILDREN

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by TIM



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To marry me would be to live without pressures, without demands. Monique, if you will marry me, I will keep you safe, and I will build you a world full of small sandwiches and riverboats."

Oh, why had he said that? He was breaking her heart. She thought of the small house that had snow on its roof. Inside, there would be laughter and love, if only she knew how to live in a small house that had snow on its roof. She was crying again. And it had been such a happy afternoon till she had made the mistake of saying so. She had lost paradise merely by speaking its name.

"Monique, I know you are not willing to make decisions; but after just this one, if it's in my favor I promise that never again will a decision be forced on you."

"I'm so bewildered, March. So

Continued from page 61

shaken." She reached for his hand. He was still March, though he had created the agonising crisis. Still March, more sympathetic, more necessary to her than anyone she had ever known.

They walked quietly down the steps and out into the sunlight. With March beside her, the alley appeared less frightening.

Then he walked slowly back up the alley, and she heard herself sobbing, and she ran across the wide lawns all the way to her house.

She threw herself on her bed and wept, now, because there had been no parting kiss. Why hadn't he said that his novel was sure to be a tremendous success? It need not have been true. But it would have

given her something to go on. She could have pictured herself and March soaring blissfully through life with him writing wonderful books. Instead, he had been brutal. He had told her straight out that they would live miserably while he resigned himself to the ennui of schoolteaching.

She wept again, remembering that he had offered to keep her safe and to build a world of small sandwiches and riverboats. And she thought that she should hesitate no longer. She should go to him now and surrender herself into his keeping; but he was probably not in his room, and besides, it was time to start dressing. Tay was always punctual.

THE ENCHANTED

They began the evening at the Champagne Bar, moved on to a rooftop dining-room, and then to a small, dim cave, where, for an enormous cover charge, one could hear an ugly little woman sing gloomily of ill-starred love in her native country, Brazil.

"Do you think that she is really talented?" Tay asked.

Monique shrugged. "She doesn't have to be. Her press agent is."

"That comforts me somewhat. I'm always annoyed with myself when I'm bored by what turns out to be superb artistry."

Monique said, "The fact that I don't consider her Brazil's contribution to the immortals doesn't prove anything."

"Oh, yes, it does. I intend to rely on you completely for my opinions on such things. Tell me, for instance, who is the greatest in this singer's field?"

"No one has inherited Edith Piaf's mantle." I can't be wrong with that answer, she said to herself. But why, in heaven's name, do I want to be right?

"Tell me some other greats in other fields," Tay said.

She smiled and sipped champagne. "I'll make a list for you."

"I would particularly like information on authors," he said.

"Authors? Of which classification? The popular greats or the eternal greats?" She had recently learned there was a difference.

"You had better start me out with the eternal. You can skip Shakespeare. I know about him."

"Shakespeare," she said airily, "is a popular."

"Shakespeare is indeed a popular," Tay said, "an eternal popular, which gives him a claim to greatness no one else can match. Though I am halfway convinced that, granted a normal life-span, Marlowe might have challenged him. Do you agree, Monique?"

She said, "Nonsense," and wondered who Marlowe was. She felt sudden alarm. He had been wooing her in his own peculiar way, presenting himself as a barbarian who grievously needed a civilising influence. She knew, as he helped her into her coat, that the evening was not finished.

As they drove toward her house she could feel the familiar pounding of her heart and the nervous fluttering in her stomach.

"Do you happen to have any champagne on ice?" Tay asked.

She admitted that she had.

"Would you be kind enough to invite me to have a drink with you?"

She felt panic rising within her as they walked into the house. He would force her to make a decision. Nothing was more terrible than a decision. Would he permit her to refuse him? Or would he destroy her with argument?

She directed him toward the kitchen, and while he opened the champagne, she hastened to her room, swallowed a tranquilliser, and was back in time to set out the glasses.

Tay raised his glass. "To you, dearest."

He seated himself beside her and took her hand.

"Nervous business, isn't it?" he asked her.

"What?"

"Oh, this matter of speaking the all-important words. I think I'll just make it very simple, if you don't mind." He sipped quickly at the champagne.

"Monique, I want very much to marry you. You knew that was what I was going to say, didn't you?"

She nodded.

"I'd — I'd have to think about it, Tay."

"Since you have chosen to ponder the wisdom of marrying me, I should like to leave some facts for your deliberation. First of all, my financial position is very secure."

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RIVETS



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THE ENCHANTED

Continued from page 62

I have been fortunate in my inheritance and indefatigable in my practice of law. I have every reason to believe that the future holds great promise for me."

She detested his self-satisfaction. She mocked it with a smile as thin as his own. "Of course, you will become President."

"I'm thirty-four," he replied. "Would you be disappointed if I began as a Congressman?"

She said, "I may vote for you."

He decided to laugh. "If we went to Washington, we wouldn't have to live on a Congressman's salary."

She saw herself, wrapped in sable, being assisted by her uniformed chauffeur into a large black limousine. How wonderful to be on her way to dinner at the British Embassy! What a sensation she would create! But what would she talk about to the ladies and gentlemen at the dinner? Would the history of the island of Saint Thomas be of interest to them? She looked at Tay and trembled. She must remember that she didn't even like him and that she would be frightened of the British Ambassador. "I'm simply amazed," she said, "that you've overlooked something rather serious. I'm a divorced woman."

HE nodded. "Yes, I talked that over with the Senator. It isn't necessarily a mortal blow. You see, yours was a clean divorce. Neither you nor I broke up Alan Fitzpatrick's marriage. Your reputation is flawless, and so is mine." He kissed her hand and held it against his cheek. "Let us talk of something delightful. Would you like to honeymoon in Paris?"

"Honeymoon discussions are quite premature, Tay."

"Oh, dearest, I want you so much. Think of the life we'd have together. We'd have a house here and, if things work out, another in the East. You could select them and buy anything you wanted for them."

"My head aches," she said plaintively. Her trembling was out of control now. She drew away from him and thought of the clothes she would need as the wife of such an ambitious man. He was speaking of a great big spotlight in which she would walk for ever. Gowns by the designer of "Ce Soir" could be part of such a life. She would move through the world so gracefully, so confidently, and from all sides there would be ripples of admiration. The exquisite Mrs. Taylor Kingman.

He rose from the divan. "I'll call you tomorrow," he said. "Take care of the headache." He spoke as though the headache were a private joke between them.

She walked with him to the door and kissed him. He looked at her with complacent possessiveness and strolled to his car.

She watched till he had disappeared; then she stepped back into the living-room. A moth had fluttered through the open door, and there was danger that the soft, eerie wings would brush against her. "Go away," she cried. "Go away."

But the moth circled the lamp crazily, darted straight for the blazing bulb, and suddenly lay limp on the table. She could not stay even a moment in the house, where the moth lay dazed or dead. She could not change to a dark robe, but must run in her pale yellow dress through the gardens to the garage.

March was lying motionless on his bed, with his hands clasped beneath his head. She closed his door and leaned against it and wept because everything in the world was twisted and had the smell of nightmare.

She was wearing a yellow dinner dress, and March was not at his typewriter, and there was a flying thing in the house, and if she found no strength here in this room, it was not to be found anywhere.

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HOUSEHOLD HINTS

● Each of these helpful cooking, sewing, and cleaning hints sent in by readers wins a £1/1/- prize.

After making a garment, put left-over pieces of material in the pattern envelope. This saves time when looking for material for patches. — Mrs. D. Koutsouvelis, 95 Third Ave., Mount Lawley, W.A.

When cleaning out drawers and cupboards, store rubbish in an old nylon stocking. You will be surprised at the amount it will hold and how little space it takes up in the dustbin. — Mrs. H. W. Aspinall, "Windy," Gundagai, N.S.W.

Mushroom griddle cakes are a tasty accompaniment to serve with a grill: Make a batter with 4oz. plain flour, 1 egg, ¼ pint milk, and pinch salt. Add 2 rounded tablespoons mushroom soup powder, leave to stand for about 10 minutes, then cook dessertspoon measures of mixture on greased hotplate. — Mrs. E. R. Seekamp, Box 194, Berri, S.A.

Before hanging out curtains to dry, put them back on the curtain rods and suspend these from string on the clothes line. The curtains will dry more quickly and will hang better. — Mrs. V. Walker, 10 White St., Euroa, Vic.

For convenient refrigerator storage, my husband made plate-glass lids for my ice-cream trays. Now I can stack frozen foods on top of them to save space. — Mrs. G. Scott, 29 Florence St., Brighton East, Vic.

When children, particularly toddlers, wear the knees and seats out of otherwise good overalls, patch them with the vinyl plastic used to upholster chairs. Either black or a bright color looks smart when cut into squares and hand sewn or machined with large stitches over the hole. — Mrs. E. Worsoe, 10/40 Blues Point Rd., McMahon's Point, N.S.W.

To keep the inside of your silver teapot free of stains, mix together equal quantities of plain flour, baking powder, and vinegar (about 1 tablespoon of each is sufficient). Paint over inside of teapot, leave overnight, and rinse away the next day. — Mrs. Robert Weston, 17 Buckingham St., St. John's Wood, Qld.

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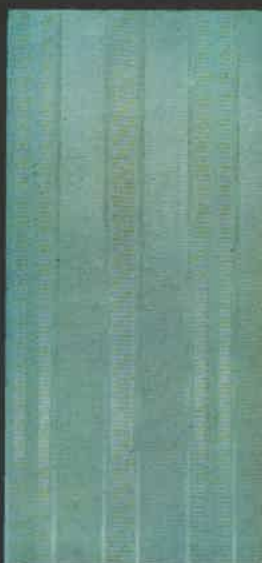
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THE ENCHANTED

"Hello, sweetheart," March said tonelessly.

"You're not working," she said reproachfully.

"Did you really think I could work tonight?"

She rushed to him and threw herself down beside him. "I need help, March. I need help badly. Taylor Kingman, asked me to marry him."

"What did you say to him?"

"I said I would think about it. I wanted to say no, but I couldn't say it. That's why I need you. Please, please give me a word that will make it easy to say no."

He took her in his arms, and she could feel the strong beat of his heart and see the sadness in his eyes; but he was silent.

"March, talk to me. I have never needed you as I need you now. I don't like Tay. He's cold and mean, but he speaks of things that muddle my senses, and, March, you must forget that you love me. You must be only my loyal, true friend, for I have no one but you. Tell me what to do."

He said, "You must not marry a man who is cold and mean."

"That is the only thing you can say to me?"

"No, but in the end that would be the essence of it all."

"I know what you're thinking. You're thinking that I am dazzled by money and an important marriage, that all I want is a life in Washington full of beautiful clothes. That isn't so. I don't care for these things in themselves; but a person doesn't find life so scary if she's sure she's wearing the right clothes and has fine servants and all that. I need to feel wonderful, March, because I'm not really wonderful at all. Nobody wanted to marry me until Alan came along. Why does Taylor Kingman want me?"

"Sweetheart, when he saw you, he knew what he'd been waiting for. You appear to him to possess the sparkle and style he wants in or out of Washington. Do you think you'd like that?" he asked quietly. "Are you ready for large-scale, really important entertaining?"

"Why, of course. You should have seen the guest house at Charlotte Amalie during the height of the season. I had all that to handle, and if I do say so, it was handled elegantly."

His gaze drifted away from her and settled on the riverboat, which sat forgotten and unfinished on the table. "Months ago," he said, "you walked into this room and asked me to listen to you. I listened, and I've been listening ever since. Sweetheart, you listen now to the things you told me. Listen as carefully as I did. In the guest house at Charlotte Amalie, the accountant — a Mr. Curran — informed Theodore and Lina when guests checked in or out. He also attended to all complaints, purchases, and, of course, guarded the

exclusivity of the clientele and handled payroll and expenses, including yours and Alan's. Jewel planned the menus. The servants took orders from Theodore. Theodore took orders from Tom Fitzpatrick. Alan ran the sports and diversion department and played that he was Mr. Curran's boss. What did you do, Monique? At meal-times, you sat among the guests, a little frightened of them, taking refuge in looking haughty and remote.

"You have never hired a servant in your life. Your brother balances your cheque-book. Your sister-in-law tells you when it's time to give a dinner. Ron Gorham arranged every detail of your Halloween party. You have never carried the responsibility of anything."

She said, "These are all trivial items. Is there a point in mentioning any of them?"

"Yes. The point is that Taylor Kingman is going to expect a great deal of you. You see, he thinks you're capable of staffing a mansion with marvellous servants and of knowing exactly how to give the right commands. Monique, my love, he thinks you understand the magnificent, imaginative minutiae of splendid houses, when all you really understand is clothes and the way to make your own little self altogether irresistible."

She sobbed and threw herself into his arms. "March, I came for help. Don't send me away without it."

HE held her close and buried his face in her fragrant, tousled hair. "Will you believe me if I say I'm trying to help you?"

"I always believe you, March, but I'm so terrified and confused."

"I know, sweetheart."

"I forgot to tell you something else that's upset me terribly. There's a great big moth in the house."

"I'll get him. Don't worry."

She closed her eyes and lay quietly in her yellow dinner dress on the narrow bed.

"March, who was Marlowe?"

"Marlowe?"

"Yes. He wrote a little like Shakespeare, I guess."

"Oh, that Marlowe. Christopher Marlowe. Well, there's a group of people convinced that Marlowe lived longer than is generally supposed and that he wrote many of the plays credited to Shakespeare."

"March, do you believe that?"

"No."

"Neither do I," she said. "That's a good girl."

She sighed. "I wish this were like so many nights we've had together. March, I wish we could make love and talk about the little troubles that you drove away without half trying."

"Have you given any thought to marrying me?"

"No. It hurts to think about it. I just want to love you without decisions or anything horrid like that. What can I do to have peace and calm and—"

"Begin by refusing Kingman. Get him out of your life. Then you and I can drift for a while and see if things don't arrange themselves quite naturally."

She moved her head tentatively from side to side on the pillow. "March, I'm going to tell you the truth. It's terrible, but I'll say it just the same. If I send Tay away, I will regret it when he is gone."

"I know. And when I have gone, you will regret that, too."

"Oh, don't go. Never go. I couldn't stand it."

He said, "And that, too, is the truth. There'd be times when you'd regret having married me, but never so much or so bitterly as you'd regret having married him."

"I know, but—" She looked at him with something new and distrustful in her eyes.

He smiled wanly. "Come on. I'll walk you across the garden."

"But you have not helped me."

"I will. I'll get the moth out of your house."

"March, you know the help I need, the kind I looked to you to give me."

"Sweetheart, I can only ask you to believe that Taylor Kingman would bring you nothing that you really want in life. I beg you to refuse him. I would say the same words if I had not the slightest chance of having you for myself. And that is the truth, Monique, I swear it."

"I believe you, March. I believe you."

"Please do this. If it is impossible for you to say no to him, at least do not say yes. I think that a moment will come when you will find it quite easy to say no."

They held hands as they walked through the darkness, but they did not speak. They were careful to make no sound with the door. They slipped into the room, and she glanced toward the table where the moth lay, then averted her eyes. March swiftly stepped out into the garden and back again.

"Don't leave me. Let me lie on your shoulder and talk to you."

But he was not there in the morning when Lina tapped on Monique's door and walked in. "Mr. Kingman is calling," she said, and stooped to plug in the phone.

Monique picked up the phone. "Tay? What's the matter?"

He laughed. "Don't snap at me, and I hope you're not angry at poor Lina. I knew she wouldn't waken you unless I told her it was urgent."

There was no point in answering. She was busy scanning the surfaces of bureau and bed tables. Suppose March had forgotten that ugly drugstore watch he had taken to wearing? Thanks to Tay, Lina had really caught her off guard.

"Actually, dearest, I wanted to make sure you were planning to have dinner with me."

To page 68



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Combine diced chicken, celery, shallots, capers, salt and lemon juice. Cover and chill for 1 hour. Just before serving add the oranges (save a few for garnish), pineapple and almonds. Combine mayonnaise and lemon rind, mix in carefully so as not to break fruit. Spoon into a bowl with greens. Garnish with reserved oranges. Serves 8

IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY

By RUD



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HEADLINES ON HAIR CARE

By Anne Bryant,
Hair Beauty Consultant

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FAMILY AFFAIRS:

How to help your child pass exams

**Often it's the parents who fail...
and there's a lesson for them to learn**

- The time of the year is here again when parents of high-school children begin to grow concerned about their prospects in the coming examinations.

WITH the changing nature of our educational systems, and the increased competition for the many scholarships and bursaries available, exams have become an even greater challenge to students and parents than they were in the past.

A few years ago, any assistance to a pupil consisted of well-intentioned (though often misguided) attempts by parents to help with homework. Quite often the teacher found himself correcting father's solutions to quadratic equations.

However, with the complexity of the new study program in maths, science, and other subjects, the parent is often hopelessly lost when trying to help his child.

Interested parents can be of invaluable assistance to their children around examination time, but it's even more important to give encouragement throughout

the year, as in this way the anxious fears associated with exam time will be banished.

Parents who have failed this year should work harder at this subject next year.

Just what CAN parents do with their limited resources of time and energy, you ask?

Firstly, take the important subject of English, a subject in which students need a pass to matriculate to almost any university.

Begin by reading your child's text-books. This need not be a chore, and you will more than likely find much more in "Macbeth," "David Copperfield," and "Kipps" than when compelled to read them in your adolescence.

The reading of these texts is just a beginning. The greatest benefit will come from using them as discussion points for stimulating dinner-table conversation.

While your child is explaining to you some aspect of the novelist's technique, he is fixing his own ideas more firmly, and exercising his powers of expression.

Television is sometimes said to be a menace of the 20th century sent to distract the student and worry the parent. Why not make use of it as an education?

Even the worst American soap-opera has some value if it is appraised properly.

And there are, of course,

when a friend gave me old newspapers she found while renewing linoleum.

In these papers were graphic accounts of some of the major campaigns of World War II, together with advertisements which included not only the price of the garment but also the number of clothing coupons needed for purchase.

These newspapers proved ideal in bringing to life for Form IV history students the days their parents probably remember very well.

READERS' STORIES
(The schoolteacher and the housewife who wrote the two stories on this page wish to remain anonymous.)

many stimulating and subtle productions.

Discuss with your child various aspects of the dramatic qualities of the shows.

Help him to appreciate the dramatist's use of dialogue, atmosphere, the building up of tension, any form of propaganda or moralising indulged in characterisation (or lack of it in many cases), and to compare what is obviously good drama with the cheaper variety.

A supply of newspapers and periodicals in the home can be more important than all the encyclopedias.

Even outdated ones can be valuable as I recently found

Reading and talking about newspaper articles can provide an ideal link with the past. It can help in social studies, history, and geography. Accounts of the negro riots in Los Angeles can lead a student to consider the nature of America's tremendous social problem, for instance. And there are countless other examples.

Children often find difficulty in relating what they learn in the subject of commerce to everyday experience. Here the parent can assist greatly a child's understanding.

Take him into your confidence and let him talk

about family financial interests, seeing for himself the intricacies of insurance, hire purchase, and various forms of banking and postage, etc.

Then the student will not only have a greater understanding of these aspects of commerce but he may supply useful ideas on coping with the family budget.

As examination time comes around parents should supervise in a small way the manner in which their children study.

Constant re-reading of notes and textbooks is quite often not the best way to study. Written summaries of topics are often necessary for consolidation of facts.

Parents can assist materially in helping the student draw up a study timetable and insisting that he keep to it whenever possible.

Revision periods should be adequately spaced with frequent breaks of at least ten minutes between subjects.

Above all, offer encouragement without undue interference and pressure, and be prepared now to forgo social gatherings at home which distract the student.

Have confidence in your child's ability, do not express fears for his success, and make certain he gets adequate sleep and relaxation.

It sounds like a full-time job, doesn't it? But you may be assured the rewards are well worth it.



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Is she selfish?

- I consider myself to be an average housewife. I have a husband and three young children. I knit and sew for the children and myself as well as cooking and cleaning, etc. But still this does not give me complete mental satisfaction.

THIS I think is why I developed a burning desire to be a writer, and with this thought in mind I completed an aptitude test and was accepted as a guaranteed student for a correspondence course in journalism.

When I discussed with my husband the possibility of taking the course, I found to my dismay that he considered it all nonsense. He refused to discuss it in any detail, saying: "We have better things to do with our money. It's far from an essential and I don't approve."

I felt I had a right to take the course because I don't smoke, and the Women's Weekly is the only magazine I buy. All the others I read are passed on by my sister when she has finished with them.

Also, we never go visiting or to the theatre. My husband drives a country bus and we live in an isolated area, so I am on my own every day.

By taking the correspondence course I feel I would benefit greatly. It would give me an absorbing interest away from

the never-ending napkin-washing, etc. It would satisfy my creative urge and ultimately would relieve our financial difficulties.

I've now made an arrangement with my sister to do all her ironing (she has her own successful business and is always busy), and in return she will pay my monthly fees for the course.

This decision has caused disharmony in our home. My husband is resentful of my plans.

He claims I am being selfish, thinking only of my own wishes, and forgetting the clothes, household linen, and other items this money would buy each month.

I can't understand my husband's attitude, particularly as I've tried to explain that the benefits for everyone, including the children, would certainly be greater than the small sum involved in taking the course.

Am I selfish in wanting to fulfil my ambitions? Is it selfish to want to be a more contented, more interesting person, which is what taking this course would make me?



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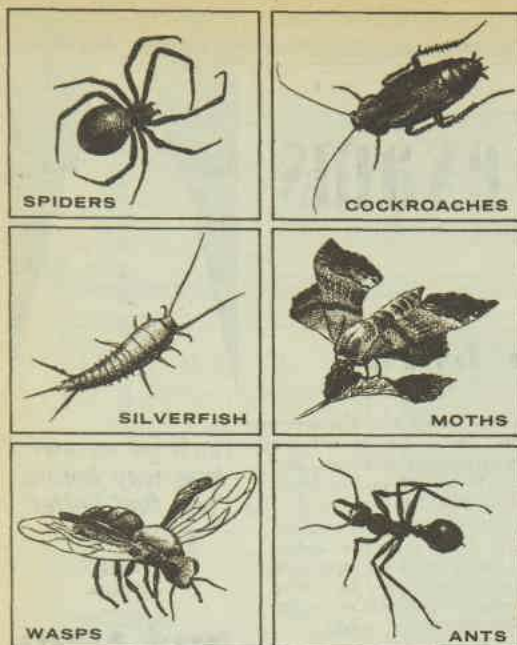
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THE ENCHANTED

Continued from page 65

"I'm terribly sorry, Tay. I'm going to dinner with Ron Gorham. And, if you don't mind, I'll have another hour's sleep. Perhaps you'd like to call later."

He did not call. She went to lunch with Dovic and explored a few shops with her afterward. It was almost four-thirty when she returned home. There was no message that he had called. Had he decided that nothing but an apologetic communication from her could possibly renew his interest? How marvellous if all she need do was withhold an apology.

She dressed for Ron very carefully. Only it was not Ron who arrived at seven-thirty. It was Tay.

"Dearest, you didn't really think I'd let Ron ruin my evening. We had a drink together, and I asked a favor of him. I asked him to get lost—and he did."

"Well, I'm not going to dinner with you."

"There isn't a bit of logic in such a stand, Monique." He grinned. "Let's sit down and talk sensibly. I left last night because you wanted me to, but there was still a lot that I wanted to say."

They sat side by side on the divan. "I love you, Monique. Perhaps that is all I really have to say. I want to be with you in all the wonderful hours of life, and I want to buy beautiful things for my beautiful girl. I made a start today."

A DARK blue cube of velvet sprang into his hand. There was a faint clicking sound, and Monique, awed and silent, stared into the hypnotic dazzle of a large square diamond. There was a sudden dryness in her throat. She sat motionless, thrilled by the heavenly fire that leaped from the blue velvet box. She knew that the woman who would wear this jewel would wear a shield against fear and doubt. Poise and strength lived in the flaming heart of this incredible, sparkling treasure.

He had been speaking, but she did not know what he had said. She tried to listen. He was saying something about a simple ceremony and going to Paris for their honeymoon and if she did not like the diamond, she could exchange it tomorrow. It was inconceivable that this breathtaking loveliness could be treated as mere merchandise. She reached protectively toward the diamond, and somehow, suddenly it was on her finger, and Tay was kissing her.

Surely there was no way to tell March of what had happened. To hurt him would be the most terrible thing that she could do. She remembered the sadness in his eyes, and she knew she could not bear to see it again. And when she remembered that she had lain on his shoulder for the last time, she began to cry, and Tay said it was an emotional moment for them both. Then he kissed her again, and she went away to repair her make-up.

She swallowed some aspirin and a tranquilliser and, as an additional safeguard, took another pill, the original purpose of which she had forgotten. She sat beside Tay in his car, and she felt numb.

She was mildly surprised when they drew up at the Wheelers' house. She went inside with Tay, and there were embraces and champagne. Barbara kissed Tay. Steve shook Tay's hand, and the three of them were as

misty-eyed and as foolishly good-natured as though it were Christmas.

"I told you I wasn't sure we'd be here," Tay laughed. "But if she had refused my ring, I'd have come along for a stiff consolation drink."

Then Tay and Monique were alone in the car again.

Monique shook her head. Could she write it all in a letter to March? Wouldn't it be easier for them both that way? Or should she do absolutely nothing? Spare him. Keep it a secret. Let Theodore one morning mention, as news of the day, that she had married Mr. Kingman and flown away to Paris.

She didn't eat much dinner, but she drank a lot of champagne, and she watched the lights of the restaurant shimmering in her diamond. She knew it was true that she wore magic on her finger, for she felt clever and capable of conversing brilliantly.

When Tay left her that night, she stood alone in her living-room looking through the patio doors and out across the gardens. March would be expecting her, but she would not go to him. She cried, gazing toward the room where March would wait and wait. She looked at her diamond; but it had no power to ease his loneliness. Perhaps he would guess what had happened. Then would he cry?

She took three sleeping pills that night and fell asleep thinking that March might not feel at all sad if he knew she had a talisman against terror.

Mr. Kingman had already called when she awakened, also Mrs. Wheeler and Mr. Gorham. She studied Lina's face. There was no indication that she knew anything. She phoned Tay as soon as Lina had brought breakfast. "You didn't tell Lina our plans, did you?"

"No, but I was tempted to."

"Don't do it, because it would be dreadfully discourteous of me to let them know before I've told Jewel and Tom."

"Yes, I suppose so. Why don't you phone the Fitzpatrick and tell them right now?"

"I may do that."

"And, dearest, settle on a wedding date today, will you? Everything is at a standstill until you do."

When the conversation finished she got out of bed and discovered that she was not feeling very well. She was shivering, and there was a trace of headache. She took aspirin and a tranquilliser and thought about the decisions she must make. Then she sat down and surrendered to the headache. And after a while, she cried.

"Ma'am, Mrs. Wheeler is here." Lina stood looking at her, as Monique lay huddled in the chair by the fireplace.

It took Barbara only a minute to decide on Monique's wedding day and even less than that to settle the matter of where the wedding would take place. "At my house, of course. Come on, get dressed. Let's go to the jeweller's and look at rings, so he can tell Tay what you want."

She selected a wedding ring. She shopped for a wedding dress. She went to Barbara's, and they planned how the living-room should be arranged for the ceremony. She laughed a great deal; but the trembling did not cease, and even after innumerable martinis, she was still tearing at her nails.

Tay telephoned and invited the Wheelers to dinner.

To page 71

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—November 17, 1965

AT HOME

with Margaret Sydney

● *Students at Purdue University in Indiana have found a new use for the university's few-million-bucks'-worth of computer — surely one of the most socially sensible uses it could be put to in its spare time. They organised a dance for 1800 students, and left to the computer the job of pairing them off into partners.*

EACH of the students answered 27 questions on their family backgrounds, their ages, heights, personal interests and characteristics, and the sort of dancing they liked best.

The information was then fed into a computer programmed to sort them out into well-matched couples.

I can't think of any better way of mixing students and ensuring a successful evening with a touch of novelty about it.

Universities everywhere have got so huge now that students tend to go round in their own ever-diminishing circles.

The circles diminish when people fail a year and drop out, or when they marry, or even when they get engaged and start saving some of the money they used to spend on entertainment.

Because of the sheer size of the student body, people seem to plod on with the same group, never expanding it and seldom even managing to fill the gaps left by people who drop out.

Fifty years ago, when the universities were small, everybody must have known everybody in every year and every faculty. Even 20 or 30 years ago people must have known all the students of all the faculties in their own year, as well as a fair percentage of people in other years.

Now they get to know a small group of their own year and their own faculty, and they can get right through to graduation without ever having heard the name or noticed the face of someone who's spent three or four years listening to the same lectures and sitting for the same exams.

This can't be helped, I suppose (except perhaps by using a computer occasionally to stir things up a bit), but it makes dating dull and difficult.

It's sad that boys have become such sticklers . . .

THE awful modern custom of sticking with your partner throughout the evening at a dance or a party makes it even more difficult.

Parties used to be places where the young met lots of new people. Now they're places where you dance with the person you went with, talk to half a dozen or a dozen who belong to the same group, and ignore all the rest except to say "sorry" if you bump into them on the dance floor or pour a cup of coffee over them at suppertime.

Di and Kay have always assured me that this stick-to-the-one-you-came-with convention is imposed by the boys and isn't popular with girls.

I expect they're right, since the boys are the ones with the privilege of choosing dancing partners, and if they don't choose to range about a bit, mixing is impossible.

But what, I wonder, had happened to the fine old spirit of the chase that once made them determined to scrape acquaintance and get a dance with the attractive stranger on the far side of the room?

It seems sad and dull to think of a whole

generation of boys preferring security to this very moderate degree of adventure.

Anyway, for those who might like to follow the Purdue lead, the students there decided next day that this was the most successful dance they'd been to at the university.

Apparently the computer did a first-class job of mixing people according to interests, temperament, and height (always an important consideration for tall girls and short boys) and led to all sorts of meetings that would never have happened in the normal course of events.

It must have been comforting for the shy, too, to have the assurance of this almost infallible electronic device that they were paired off with someone with whom they had lots in common and plenty to talk about.

A "chain-dating" scheme to cure lonely hearts!

I REMEMBER reading a few months ago about another bright idea two New York girls had had for dealing with the dating problem.

Two girls, both office workers who shared a flat, went out to dinner one night with two young men who worked in advertising.

During the course of the evening each of them mentioned single friends whom they knew were home alone that night. They decided they'd meet again a fortnight later at the same restaurant, but each of the men would get his present date another date with a different single man. The girls would do the same thing—find another unattached girl to partner her present escort at the next meeting.

That made a party of eight, each one of them on a blind date, but a blind date that had been rather carefully organised for them, with attention paid to finding someone for them whom the finder thought they'd like.

Out of the second very successful meeting grew Chain-Dating Inc. By the sixth meeting there were 150 members of the group (and it's still growing), and a lot of rather lonely people have made a lot of friends.

I think this is a bright idea that could well be copied by any young people who'd like to meet new friends of their own sort, but don't know how to set about it.

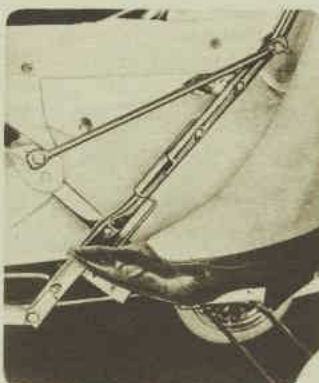
This has become a problem for quite a lot of the young. I wonder why? Perhaps it's because, in the name of so-called freedom, they're left pretty much alone to organise their own social life.

In older times, when there was much more organised entertainment in homes, fond Mamas and Papas launched them and entertained for them and bullied them into developing party manners and making light conversation, and generally saw to it that they were introduced to a wide variety of "suitable" young men and women of their own sort.

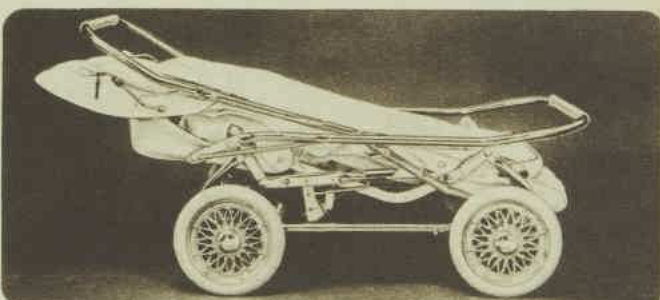
The young are certainly freer now, but sometimes it turns out to be nothing more than freedom to retire behind their own shynesses and feelings of insufficiency.



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THE ENCHANTED

Continued from page 68

Then Monique spoke to him and gave him the wedding date. He reminded her to call the Fitzpatricks and said they must go next day for their marriage licence. Her stomach was suddenly sick. The people at the licence bureau would be unpleasant because she had forgotten where her divorce decree was. And this matter of calling the Fitzpatricks — Once they had heard her news, what reason could she give for keeping it from Theodore and Lina?

She went home, put on her dark green dress, and took a tranquilliser. The Wheelers and Tay arrived and dinner was very exciting.

She was the centre of conversation and attention, and her pounding heart and her sick stomach were symptoms of ecstasy now. She couldn't eat a thing, but there was sustenance in the glances that even strangers turned on her. And beneath the table edge she was tearing her handkerchief to pieces.

THERE was a last drink at the Champagne Bar. And when Steve and Barbara had gone, dreariness set in. There would be nothing now but Tay's goodnight kiss and a view of the patio and the dark gardens and the knowledge that beyond them March was waiting for her.

When she had kissed Tay and waved him out of sight, she stood in the living-room, testing her willpower. To what number could she count before walking to the patio door to brood over the path that led to March? She thought she would move to Barbara's tomorrow and stay there till she was no longer Monique Fitzpatrick. She looked across the gardens and cried a little, then went to her room.

March stood up as she entered. He had been sitting in the chair by the fireplace, and he walked toward her, the sorrow in his eyes as deep as she had feared. "I broke the latch on the patio door," he said.

"That's all right." She sat down suddenly on the bed. "March, I was thinking of you. I wanted to go to you, but it's all so difficult to explain, so complicated."

"You've told Kingman you will marry him?" he asked.

She nodded miserably. She was conscious of March's eyes on her and on the diamond.

She cried and clung to him and tried to drive the sorrow from his eyes. "People get over being in love, March. Honestly, they do. You'll meet someone else and she'll be wonderful, and you'll be happy again."

"But what of you? What of you, Monique?" he said. "I'll think of you often, March, and I'll remember how you held me when I was afraid. I'll always think of you very tenderly and, March, you must be glad for me. I'm going to have the things I need. You know, the things that will make me confident and strong."

"Oh, Monique, my love. My poor Monique." He held her tearstained face between his hands and looked at her pityingly.

"March, I'm going to have a house that will overlook the entire city, and I'll feel so secure and important, and in the mornings I'll walk about giving orders to the servants. At last I'm going to feel wonderful and sure. March! You said you never cried!"

He closed his eyes and she watched the tears stream from them, and she sought wildly

for words that would make him so happy for her that he could not possibly feel sorrow.

"March, I'll be so certain of myself, so absolutely certain. I'll always know exactly what to talk about, because I'll be wearing the kind of clothes that make a woman feel poised and marvellous."

His hands moved from her cheeks and rested lightly on her throat.

"March, don't cry. Try to take happiness from the thought that I'll never be afraid of anything again."

He had remembered that she had to finish a sentence, that she felt uncomfortable and restless if it were left incomplete. He had let her finish.

Now he placed her gently on her pillow and went back to sit in the chair by the fireplace.

The room was green. It was a small room and it had a small barred window. To this room March Perrin had been brought to see his visitor. Stiffly, March lowered his body to one of the two chairs and looked at a man with whom he had sat for conversation, for an occasional drink, and for holiday dinners. The man was staring at March's battered face, at his arm supported by a sling, at the unnatural position in which he held his shoulders.

"How did you know to come, Gil?" March asked.

"The gardener. When he drove up to the house he saw the police, so he notified my uncle. Now do you want to say who worked you over?"

"Mrs. Fitzpatrick's butler." "Couldn't you stop him?" March said nothing.

Gil Duval lit a cigarette. "No, of course you couldn't stop him. You were totally ineffective because you were in a daze. You didn't realise what you had done or who the butler was or why he was beating you. Isn't that the truth?"

"Listen, Gil, I stayed in the bedroom because to leave it would suggest that I was trying to run. I waited there till I thought the butler and his wife were awake. Just after eight-thirty, I walked into the kitchen. The butler and his wife were there and I told them. Lina rushed to the bedroom and when Theodore knew that what I had said was true, he —"

"You didn't fight back?" Gil asked him.

With effort March brought his broken arm to rest on the table. "No. You see, Gil, Theodore had always prided himself on being the trusted protector of all that the elder Fitzpatricks cherished. It's easy to imagine how he felt. I know you don't think I should have defended myself against his right and natural fury."

"This isn't the time for one of our philosophical discussions, my friend, and I'm not really interested in Theodore. However, he and his wife would have to testify that you didn't try to defend yourself. That could be important. It's so basic for a man to strike back that your non-resistance would indicate a trancelike condition. For the moment, let us accept that there was a period of time in which you moved without any knowledge or understanding of your actions or the actions of others."

March closed his swollen eyes and sat in silence.

"Were you getting money from her, March?"

March sighed and opened his eyes. "You know I was taking odd jobs." He studied the cast on his arm. "Gil, when my father died he had nothing to leave me except his

To page 72

AS I READ THE STARS

By ELSA MURRAY:
week starting Nov. 10

ARIES
MAR. 21-APR. 20
* Lucky number this week, 6.
* Gambling colors, green, white.
* Lucky days, Sat., Tuesday.

TAURUS
APR. 21-MAY 20
* Lucky number this week, 8.
* Gambling colors, red, yellow.
* Lucky days, Fri., Sunday.

GEMINI
MAY 21-JUNE 21
* Lucky number this week, 2.
* Gambling colors, orange, red.
* Lucky days, Wed., Saturday.

CANCER
JUNE 22-JULY 22
* Lucky number this week, 4.
* Gambling colors, rose, lilac.
* Lucky days, Thurs., Tuesday.

LEO
JULY 23-AUG. 22
* Lucky number this week, 1.
* Gambling colors, blue, grey.
* Lucky days, Sat., Tuesday.

VIRGO
AUG. 23-SEPT. 22
* Lucky number this week, 3.
* Gambling colors, blue, grey.
* Lucky days, Fri., Saturday.

* The week offers a mixed bag — treat it as adverse. There's intrigue and backstairs activity regarding friends. Treat new friends cautiously — better, don't try to make any.

* Mainly a hindering, muddled, and in spots dangerous week. Someone could snipe at your image — particularly careerwise. Beware of weekend accidents. In fact, apply caution all round.

* It's a busy week — plenty of change of pace that should appeal to your love of variety. However, it's mostly adverse. Be more than your usual sceptical self. Caution at weekend.

* Over-trusting and romantic Cancer folk are advised to get their hunches working overtime. There could be lots of deception and underground activity, with an upsetting sabash.

* All to do with marriage is liable to tricky and peculiar influences. Any new partnership could turn out disappointingly unreliable. The 14th is especially adverse, romance-wise.

* You could need all your celebrated sangfroid in an emergency. Take care that your usually precise judgment does not get snarled up and lead to trouble on the 14th.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a feature of interest only, without accepting any responsibility whatever for the statements contained in it.]

LIBRA
SEPT. 23-OCT. 22
* Lucky number this week, 3.
* Gambling colors, black, white.
* Lucky days, Wed., Saturday.

SCORPIO
OCT. 23-NOV. 22
* Lucky number this week, 7.
* Gambling colors, black, gold.
* Lucky days, Sat., Sunday.

SAGITTARIUS
NOV. 23-DEC. 21
* Lucky number this week, 9.
* Gambling colors, brown, red.
* Lucky days, Wed., Monday.

CAPRICORN
DEC. 22-JAN. 20
* Lucky number this week, 6.
* Gambling colors, red, lilac.
* Lucky days, Sat., Monday.

AQUARIUS
JAN. 21-FEB. 19
* Lucky number this week, 2.
* Gambling colors, green, navy.
* Lucky days, Thurs., Sunday.

PISCES
FEB. 20-MAR. 20
* Lucky number this week, 4.
* Gambling colors, pink, white.
* Lucky days, Sunday, Tuesday.

* A lot of discordant events could happen to upset and muddle your judgment, especially on the 13th. Be careful travelling and finance-wise. Take no risks of any kind.

* You hit top-billing and receive special treatment from the stars, especially if born 16th-19th Nov. Your flair for delving beneath the surface could stand you in good stead.

* All is not what it seems in love and marriage. Cupid is in a muddled and edgy mood. Besides, you could be overly impulsive. Next week is much better, so take heart.

* Try to avoid getting involved in any real estate deal and shelve contracts and signing important writings concerning home and family until next week. Things may be brighter then.

* If you have any jet-age ideas, plan to put them off until next week. There's a lot of delay — hidden and otherwise — and loss through sheer bad luck is indicated.

* Plenty could happen to you and you could find that hard work somehow does not reap the reward that it ought. Stick to routine, and watch out for muddle and mental smog, 12th.



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THE ENCHANTED

Continued from page 71

watch. Last week I sold it." "What did you do with the money?"

"I bought a bottle of champagne and glasses from which to drink it. I bought a riverboat model and — and some very small sandwiches. Oh, Gil, let it go."

"Did she just get tired of you, March?"

"No. She didn't get tired of me."

"Then what about the diamond she was wearing? Kingman's diamond?"

"She didn't get tired of me, Gil." Laboriously March shifted his position. "Is that what your uncle is going to think? That a woman tired of me, and I just made up my mind that no other man was going to have her?"

"I'm not concerned with what my uncle is going to think. I'm pondering the reaction of a good, hot criminal lawyer. For pity's sake, March, give me something to take to him."

"There's nothing to take, Gil. Just forget the good, hot criminal lawyer."

"That was a pretty unfortunate description I used, wasn't it? Well, steel yourself. This is going to be a real circus. A splash from coast to coast, with one kennel of sob sisters weeping over how Mrs. Fitzpatrick trusted you and another kennel weeping over how you trusted Mrs. Fitzpatrick."

MARCH'S mouth twisted. He looked away from Gil.

"There will be a trial, and because you're a clean-cut fellow who sold his father's watch to entertain a spoiled glamor girl, there probably will be leniency."

"Gil, don't join the sob sisters, please. Don't be so sure you know exactly what kind of person Mrs. Fitzpatrick was."

Gil dropped his glance to conceal a sudden spark of satisfaction. The oldest, simplest trick in the bag could loosen the tongue of a lunkhead or of a man who had taught English literature. Sting him. Imply that he had ruined his life for a worthless woman and the words came fast enough. "Oh, I can't be too wrong about her, March. It's natural to assume that she was a typical luxury-loving product of her class, raised to feed on strawberries, sugar, and cream. How was she different from other women of her background?"

"She was different in a very specific way," March said.

"She was more beautiful?"

"She was indescribable," he said. "And she was very sick."

"What do you mean by that?"

"I don't have the proper terminology at my fingertips. She was out of her mind."

Gil said, "This was the diagnosis of a medical man?"

"No."

"I see. This is your personal judgment."

"My personal judgment, yes."

"You just concluded that because she was so sweet and wonderful, only mental illness could account for her ever being unfair or unkind."

March said, "You're not obliged to believe anything I say, but don't be clever and devious. No one knew her as well as I did. I'm telling you she was sick, and the only purpose I have in saying so is to correct the trashy image you have of her."

"But it's a pretty strange thing, March. You see, what occurs to me is that Taylor Kingman is a sharp customer. I should think he would have observed straws in her hair."

"He would have observed the straws very soon, Gil. Very soon, indeed, because whatever soundness of mind she had, whatever stability, would not have survived a year with Kingman. Do you think he would have guarded her and loved her and sacrificed himself for her? You know what would have become of Monique? She'd have been sent away to a small room in a highly recommended, very costly sanatorium, where they'd have kept her locked safely out of her prominent husband's life. She'd have died slowly. She'd have died horribly of misery and terror. You don't know how she was, Gil. You just don't know."

For a long moment, Gil Duval said nothing. Human experience had never ceased to fascinate and appall him. And he was not at all the lawyer, but only a man transfixed with wonder when he stared at March and said to him, "So that's why you did it."

And March stared back at Gil Duval, his face ashen-white and contorted by a sudden spasm of agony. "Before heaven, Gil, in the name of everything that's holy, I swear to you, I think that's why I did it."

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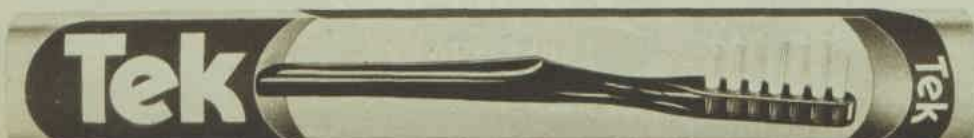
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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — November 17, 1965

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Joe Jenkins put down his cloths and looked over his shoulder, thinking that perhaps Miss Meredith was staring at some wreck on the sea; or at some formation of the long white clouds which crossed the blue of the summer sky. But there was nothing behind him, only children at play on the sands and a man repairing a deckchair.

Joe touched the brim of his hat. The shadow of the movement made Miss Meredith jump a little. He said, "Beg pardon, Miss Meredith, have I said or done something wrong? You are feeling all right?"

Miss Meredith nodded, "I'm all right, Joe; I'm jealous that's all."

"Of the new shop, Miss Meredith?"

"Yes, Joe."

"They'll do you no harm, miss, as I said, you have the class trade."

"There's less class in the world nowadays than there used to be, Joe. But I don't want to talk philosophy to

Continued from page 29

you. I just want you to do me a favor. Will you?"

"Yes, Miss Meredith."

"I want you to drop a lighted match through their grille."

Joe reached out then, and with his large and soiled hand gently covered the mouth of the prim, gentle little lady who had suddenly become very terrible.

"No, oh, no, Miss Meredith. This isn't you talking to me this May morning. It's the devil, that's who it is."

He took his hand down then, half afraid that she might scream that he was touching her. But she only smiled.

"I think I need my holiday now, Joe, instead of at the end of the season."

Like a priest to a small child Joe replied with a mock seriousness, "You take your time off now, Miss Meredith. Go away for a fortnight and shut up the shop and forget

all about it. The rush hasn't started yet and you can take another holiday in October as usual —"

Joe paused and then picked up his bucket and cloths — "hark at me, giving advice to you, Miss Meredith."

"It's wise advice, Joe, I shall take it."

The next day "Miss Meredith's" was not opened at nine in the morning. People who came to call or who passed by saw a small notice, handwritten, in the window:

"This establishment will be closed for fourteen days."

No one knew where Miss Meredith had gone. She had not been taken by taxi to the station. There would have been anxiety about her, had not Joe been able to say, with some authority, that Miss Meredith had told him she was taking a fortnight's holiday.

With the warm days at

the end of May dust began to gather on the ledges of the golden shopfront of the little establishment. And the windows became opaque with sand and dew. But Joe called to polish the plateglass and to take away the dust.

And sometimes, as he worked there, he would look up toward the new shop to see what trade they were doing. He noted with some satisfaction that only a few people went in, and those that did came out with only small packages.

As he worked on the golden woodwork and the shining plateglass, Joe hoped that Miss Meredith would come back happy and refreshed; that her touch of jealousy would have gone from her; that she would understand how there was room in a world for the cheap and the tasteful, for the garish and the lovely.

It was on a Tuesday that

Miss Meredith was due to return. At ten that morning Joe went along to the shop to greet her.

When twenty yards away he knew that indeed Miss Meredith was back, for the display in the window had been already changed from the day before.

The centrepiece of the window was a green and white dress. It was the most lovely dress he had ever seen. At the side of it was a painting of a white polar bear on an iceberg floating in a green sea. And hanging from two white ropes from the ceiling was a round piece of cardboard fashioned to the likeness of a great green eye. It puzzled Joe and he looked at it in wonder.

Then a voice called from inside the shop "Joe, Joe, come in."

He could see at once that Miss Meredith was gay, was happy. She almost danced round the counter.

"I'm back, Joe, look at me."

"You look very well after your holiday, Miss Meredith."

"Yes, don't I? I'm going to take two holidays in future. One at the start of the season and the other at the end. Tell me, Joe, do you like my window this morning?"

"Why, yes, I think it is awfully smart, Miss Meredith. I like the dress and that old bear, but I can't make out that eye hanging from the ceiling, though the green and white fit the scheme."

"Ah—" Miss Meredith chuckled and then went on, "— ah, that's our secret. It's a sort of memorial to the thing which I got out of my system this holiday."

He thought she was going odd again and she must have seen the worry on his face for she hastened to speak again. "The green-eyed goddess of jealousy, you've heard of her, Joe?"

He understood then. "You were jealous, Miss Meredith, but you aren't any more?"

She nodded gaily. "Thank you, Joe. During my holiday I thought things over and decided not to be a small-minded fool. I've triumphed over my hatred."

A customer came in then and Joe turned to go. But he had one last important question to ask. "But you haven't told me where you went for your holiday and who you saw, Miss Meredith?"

"I had some good advice from someone, Joe."

"He or she must have had your interests at heart, Miss Meredith. Quite a strong character, too, to make you put up that old green eye of jealousy as a decoration to match those smart clothes."

Joe noticed the customer looking at him curiously and was afraid that his rough overalls and familiar questions might do harm. He went out to the street, but Miss Meredith followed and spoke to him.

"I'll let you into a secret, Joe, but you mustn't tell anyone."

"I shall safely keep it, Miss Meredith."

"Well, Joe, I didn't go anywhere really from here. I was living over the shop, painting pictures, and just looking inside myself, at the other Miss Meredith."

"You had the best teacher."

"Yes, Joe, I found out the truth about myself and as a memento I painted one afternoon that great green eye which you see in the window. Its color matches the dress and the sea by the polar bear very nicely. Everyone will think it part of the scheme, but you will know differently."

In wonder he looked into her grey, happy eyes. Then Joe and Miss Meredith smiled at one another and both watched a great white herring gull coming in from the sea.

Miss Meredith pointed to the great bird in its perfect shape against the blue sky and said, "To be of the world, yet above it."

He understood fully her realisation of natural grace, for ambition and envy were to him, also, only memories.

(c) Cledwyn Hughes, 1965.

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STEP 2: New Gamophen Skin Cream, regularly applied after washing with Gamophen Soap, gives prolonged protection. Gamophen Skin Cream is non-greasy, rubs right into the pores, leaves a long-lasting barrier against bacteria.



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*Letter available from our files.

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Postage and dispatch 6/- extra on all garments.

NOTE: If ordering by mail, send to address given on page 72. Fashion Frocks may be inspected or obtained at Fashion House, 344/6 Sussex Street, Sydney, from 9 a.m. to 5 p.m. on weekdays. They are available for six weeks after publication. No C.O.D. orders accepted.

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rich, dark, fruity
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vegetable shortening

How to make the
CHRISTMAS CANDLE CAKE
and its sugary-smooth
SNOW DRIFT FROSTING

8 oz. Copha shortening
1 1/2 cups lightly filled (8 oz.)
brown sugar, 4 eggs
1 lev. tblesp. honey golden syrup
2 cups (8 oz.) plain flour
1 cup (2 oz.) self-raising flour
1 level teaspoon mixed spice
1 level teaspoon cinnamon
1/2 level teaspoon salt
1 cooking apple, grated
2 oz. chop. walnuts or almonds
1 lb. raisins, 1 lb. sultanas
1 lb. prunes/dates, 1 lb. mixed
peel, 1 lb. crystallised cherries
1 lb. cryst. pineapple/papaw
1 lb. dried apricots or figs
3 tablespoons sherry or rum
1 tablespoon orange juice, 1 level
dessertspoon grated orange rind
or 3 lbs. mixed fruit

METHOD: Prepare the fruit and place into a large basin with the nuts, grated apple and orange rind. Add the sherry or rum, orange juice and honey or golden syrup. Cover and allow to stand several hours before using. Place into a mixing bowl the brown sugar, eggs, sifted flours, salt, cinnamon and spice. Melt the Copha over gentle heat—it must only be lukewarm—and add to the ingredients in the basin. Beat with a rotary beater or at low speed on an electric mixer for 3 minutes. Add to the fruit mixture and mix thoroughly to combine. Place into a paper-lined cake tin 8" round or square and place blanched almonds on the top if liked. Bake in a barely moderate oven for 1 hour then with a slowly decreasing heat for 2-2 1/2 hours. Stand in the tin on a cake cooler until cool, remove from the tin, but leave paper around cake and store in an airtight tin until required.

SNOW DRIFT FROSTING

4 oz. Copha shortening
1 lb. icing sugar, 1-2 tbleps. milk
1/2 teaspoon vanilla lemon essence
crystallised cherries and angelica
or green jubes for decorating

METHOD: Sift the icing sugar into a basin. Melt the Copha over gentle heat—it should only be lukewarm—and add 1 table-spoon milk and the essence. Add to the icing sugar and mix until of a thick, creamy consistency. Sometimes it is necessary to add the extra milk, depending upon the heat of the Copha. Spread evenly on the cake and swirl with a fork. Decorate with cherries to form holly berries and cut pieces of angelica or green jubes for leaves. Tie with ribbon and finish with an attractive bow. Wrap in clear cellophane and attach your card for a Christmas gift.

Here's a little Xmas treat
from Copha:
WHITE XMAS FINGERS

2 cups rice bubbles
1 cup mixed fruit
1 cup desiccated coconut
1 cup icing sugar
1 cup powdered milk (dry mix)
vanilla essence to taste
8 oz. Copha shortening

METHOD: Place rice bubbles, mixed fruit, coconut, icing sugar, powdered milk and vanilla into a basin. Melt the Copha over gentle heat—it should only be lukewarm, not hot—pour on to ingredients in the basin and mix well. Press into a slab tin to set. Store in the refrigerator and cut into finger-length pieces.

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NOW THERE WAS TODAY

Continued from page 27

There had never been anything but candor between them and she had lowered her eyes to the exam paper for the junior students which he had written out in his neat, controlled hand. "Life goes on. Fortunately, in this job I have very little time for brooding. I solve one set of problems only to find myself facing a dozen others."

"And, fortunately, you thrive on it." He smiled, shaking his head. "You're like a highly trained racehorse. The higher the hurdle, the greater the challenge. You couldn't live any other way."

"Perhaps not," she said noncommittally. "I'm not the only one who fits the description, though, am I?"

"No," he admitted, and after a pause, "perhaps it's our salvation."

"In some ways, yes," she murmured, knowing that in the beginning their similarity had been their downfall. They had been so palpably alike that there had been an instant affinity between them when they had met, two isolated Canadians, in the anonymity of a large American city.

They had both been pursuing post-graduate training and for seven short months they had allowed themselves a rare companionship before they had parted, he to return to what had been and still was a good marriage, she to her career.

The sharply defined time limitation, the inevitability and finality of their parting had made it bearable. But to find themselves at the same hospital on a permanent basis had been so much less bearable that there were times when she was tempted to resign.

Glancing up from the examination paper, she said firmly, "You'll have to check this with Miss Sanford, anyway." But as his grey eyes continued to probe her face like sensitive instruments of diagnosis, she found herself protesting again. "Grant, I don't think we should renege even a little on our decision not to see each other."

"Neither do I. But this is so little, it's practically non-existent." His smile had been slightly sheepish as she rose and handed him back the paper. "All right, I confess to being human. I haven't glimpsed you for months and I had a perverse impulse to remind you that I exist as something more than a name on the staff roster."

"You needn't have bothered," she had said drily. "I haven't forgotten."

He had partly opened the door and then closed it again. "I see Mallory out there browbeating your secretary. What's his problem?"

"I expect he wants more staff."

"Well, watch it. He's a widower."

His grin was half-hearted and she had smiled faintly. "You are being human today. But so far, I hardly know the man. I suspect he'd

walk right by me if he met me out of uniform."

He shook his head ruefully. "He couldn't miss you, Julia."

She reached past him to open the door. "I'm sorry I couldn't be of more help, Dr. Hammond. I'll have Miss Sanford call you."

"That's fine, Miss Mathews. Thank you," he replied formally.

Restraining herself from watching him stride from the outer office, Julia turned with a bright mechanical smile to the thin man in the doctor's white coat who was pacing impatiently in front of her secretary's desk. When he was seated in her office, she forced herself doggedly to concentrate on what he was saying.

"Miss White said she couldn't get any satisfaction from you people, Miss Mathews. But I'm convinced she couldn't have made the situation clear."

"Every head nurse in the hospital wants more nurses, Dr. Mallory. We've had to rob everyone for the new wing."

"But it isn't just that we want them in the respiratory unit. It's that we have to have them! We're breathing for these people, Miss Mathews. Some of them we're keeping alive with tube feedings and intravenous therapy. They need intensive nursing care."

"We know that and we sympathise. Believe me, we'll give you all the relief we can as it becomes available."

SHANE MALLORY leaned forward, an Irish temper held visibly to the level of exasperation. "But relief nurses won't do! We have to train these girls on the job. They have to operate several different kinds of respirator. They have to be skilled in observing both patients and machines—in making emergency decisions."

Shaking his finger at her, he finished explosively, "And don't offer us nursing aides. We need nurses! They have to take blood, change tracheotomy tubes, pass gastric tubes. These patients need chest suction every half hour, blood pressures every half hour."

She had opened her mouth to reply when her phone rang. When she had answered it, she said, relieved, "I'm sorry, Dr. Mallory. That was the conference room. I'm afraid I'm late for a board meeting. But you have my promise that we'll do our best for you. Will that do for now?"

He had risen and was pacing again. "No, hang it all, it won't! I can see I haven't made my point. How long does this meeting last?"

"Until noon at least. And I'm booked up all afternoon."

Halting in his stride, he looked at her stubbornly. "I don't suppose you're free for dinner tonight?"

Julia's glance was amused. "You don't have to resort to bribery, Dr. Mallory."

"I'll resort to anything to get my patients the care they need," he replied grimly before his thin angular face relaxed in an apologetic smile. "I didn't mean to sound unflattering. But I can't afford the delay."

"I still won't be able to pull nurses out of thin air, Doctor."

"You can pull them from other floors," he stated flatly. "Will you have dinner with me?"

Mentally wearying before his persistence, Julia hesitated.

To page 79

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THE MOST EFFECTIVE WAY

Watering and mulching

By R. H. ANDERSON

- Long dry periods, especially when accompanied by restrictions on watering, are among the many problems that keep the home gardener busy.

THE real problem is that we usually grow a range of plants with very different water requirements.

Soft-leaved plants and those with roots close to the surface need plenty of moisture.

Hydrangeas, azaleas, and rhododendrons, for example, will not stand up to very dry conditions.

On the other hand there are many shrubs which, once established, have remarkable resistance to drought—the cotoneaster, abelia, oleander, spiraea, spartium, pyracantha, and ochna are some.

Callistemons, which under natural conditions grow in fairly moist soil, will survive and even flourish in dry conditions. We all know how tough most geraniums can be, but Pelargonium tomentosum, with its large

peppermint-scented leaves, needs an abundance of water during dry periods.

So the first step in combating water shortages is to classify the plants in the garden and concentrate on those that demand moisture.

Many areas, especially in the country, have little available water except natural rainfall, and others in more favored places are restricted at times to watering by hand for short periods only. To meet these difficulties, here are some suggestions:

In the first place, deep cultivation of the soil enables the water to get down to lower levels and encourages the development of a good root system.

Shallow soils and soils not well prepared are the biggest problems. Light cultivation of the surface soil is desirable but can be overdone, although it is always necessary after the soil has become impacted by rain or watering.

Gardening Book, vol. 2 — page 271

When planting, especially shrubs and trees, always leave a saucer-like depression around the plants, which concentrates the water where it is needed and allows it to get well down in the soil. In this saucer a mulch of compost or well-rotted manure is also desirable.

It is surprising how many people make the mistake of heaping the soil up in a little hill around the plant, perhaps because it looks tidy.

Once the plant is well established, the roots will be forging farther out, and one authority on dry-country gardening recommends making rings around the plants, 3in or 4in. deep and 6in. wide and at a distance of at least 18in. from the base.

In these rings, holes are made 4in. to 6in. in diameter, as deep as possible and about 2ft. apart. These holes are filled with pebbles or coarse gravel, enabling water to get well down and reducing evaporation.

As the plants get larger, fresh rings are made farther away to encourage root growth.

Another way to conserve water and get it where you want it is to sink tins, the sides and bottoms of which have been perforated, into the ground and fill them with water.

Small drainage pipes can also be used.

USEFUL MULCHES

In my opinion, however, the most effective way to beat hot, dry weather is with mulches on the surface soil. These are most effective in conserving moisture, keeping the soil cool, and making better conditions for the plants in the top few inches of soil.

Evaporation is reduced, weed growth checked, and water more readily absorbed.

Gardening Book, vol. 2 — page 272

Cut out and paste in an exercise book

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Simply apply the rich Polycolor cream to your hair — add water then shampoo — Wow! Suddenly you're a new girl with shining, radiant hair that's unforgettable. Polycolor colors, conditions and cleans your hair as it shampoos. Because it's a cream there's no mess, no drip, no scalp stains. The color lasts 6-8 shampoos — a month or more; and will cover up to 25% grey. Choose your color now, from 20 wonderful natural and high fashion shades. Polycolor Cream Shampoo Pastel — 10/6 tube.

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NOW THERE WAS TODAY

then, realising that she was free for the evening and would inevitably use it to live over and over again the brief interview with Grant, she gave in reluctantly.

She had approached the evening without anticipation and with an undercurrent of annoyance at Dr. Mallory's determination in the face of the impossible. But to her surprise she found herself disarmed by the unexpected boyishness in his face.

"You know, this is very pleasant!" he exclaimed, looking around the quiet dining-room. "It's so long since I took a girl out to dinner that I'd forgotten how enjoyable it could be."

"Thank you," she murmured humbly. "It's so long since I've been called a girl that I'd forgotten how pleasant that could be."

"If you haven't been, it's because the dignity of your position discourages familiarity. You're obviously a very young woman for that job you're holding down. As my Irish grandmother would have said, 'Sure and you must be blessed with a wisdom beyond your years.'"

"I only wish I were. I seldom have trouble in assessing facts but I'm not always as good at assessing people."

He nodded. "The human element. That's what I want to get over to you about the respiratory unit. My wife died in an old tank respirator. She had multiple sclerosis. There was chest involvement and then pneumonia. She wouldn't accept her limitations, you know. She worked to help me through medicine and then she desperately wanted children. She wanted me to have them if . . . when . . ."

"How old are they?"

"Mary's four and Jimmy's six. But I didn't bring you here to burden you with my personal problems. I just want you to know why I'm being so stubborn. Those people in the respiratory unit aren't just charts to me. I know their panic, their agonising frustration, their dependency. I want to fight without letup for the ones we can save."

SENSING that his words ringed a stagnant pool of pain, she said helplessly, "I understand. But I don't know what else I can promise. We were pressed into opening the new wing by the public outcry for more beds. Now we have to staff it somehow."

"Have you thought of paying higher salaries?"

"Don't you think we'd like to?" Sparks flared briefly in Julia's eyes. "That meeting this morning was a row over our budget deficit."

"All right, all right!" He held up his hands in mock surrender. "I'll let up if you'll do one thing for me. Have you spent any time in our unit?"

"Not much, I'm afraid. I cover it in my rounds, of course."

"And that means a brief pause at the nursing station?"

"Frequently, yes. I have a thousand-bed hospital to get over, Dr. Mallory."

"Give me an hour," he said, pleading added to the challenge in his eyes. "Let me show you the patients there."

Biting her lip, Julia watched the waiter changing courses. "All right, I suppose I can do that. I can't help respecting your dedication, Doctor."

"I have a high respect for yours, too, Miss Mathews." He grinned, his spirits lifting with his partial victory. "Al-

though frankly, it puzzles me. I suppose I'd be away out of line if I asked how someone as attractive as you has escaped matrimony."

"Yes, you would be," she replied firmly, but as he looked crestfallen she relented with a wry smile. "Well, in the beginning I suppose I was too ambitious. Later, I discovered that the older, the more highly educated, the more successful a woman becomes, the more her choice narrows. The men who appeal to her, you see, have already married women who were willing to give up their careers for them."

He was shaking his head as he studied her face. "You're asking me to believe that your head has always ruled your heart. My ancestors have endowed me with a romantic turn of thought and looking at you I can't believe that you haven't been gloriously in love sometime in your life."

It took an effort to smile. It had been anything but glorious. It had been an endurance test fraught with secret anguish, a grim struggle between her disciplined mind and emotions too long repressed. "Haven't we all?" she said lightly and changed the subject. "But tell me about your children."

As he accepted the invitation eagerly, she noticed for

Mallory frequently in the next few days with the sincere wish that she could help him with his problems in the respiratory unit and arranged the hour he had requested early the next week.

He was waiting for her at the nursing station and as he led her from patient to patient, giving a personal background to each, she found that, persuasive as his plea had been before, it was overwhelming with his patients added. The living reality of people who were literally being kept alive by medical and nursing care was more convincing than a torrent of words.

"I'm grateful to you," she said humbly as he walked back to the elevator with her. "You've really taken me back to the bedside today. I'm too often forced to regard patients as figures on a financial report with nursing care translated into dollars and cents."

Turning as they reached the elevator, he said bluntly, "Miss Mathews, you can't tell me that there aren't places in this hospital where patients who aren't helpless are getting more care than they need. My patients not only need intensive bedside care. They need nursing on a high technical level — and it's obvious, surely, that they can't do without it."

THE BOYFRIEND



"Dogs are fine judges of character!"

the first time that his eyes were a dark blue. The fact that they darkened when he was intense about something had heightened the impression, she realised, as he turned to a discussion of the effect of their mother's death on the children.

"It's not that they remember her well. It's three years ago and they were very young. It's that they feel the vacuum. You don't realise how sustaining a mother's love is until it's gone. All the small, endless reassurances, the perpetual teaching . . . My housekeeper dresses and feeds them, but it's not the same."

"No, it wouldn't be." Her sympathy stirred, Julia forgot for the moment her own desire to avoid the too personal. "You should marry again while they're still young enough to make a good adjustment."

He stared thoughtfully at his salad. "I've thought of it, of course. But I'm not ready yet for emotional involvement, and I can't see myself marrying a girl without having some honest feeling for her. I haven't even wanted to face the problem. I'm afraid I've been burying myself in my work and in the children. It's been good for me to talk to you tonight."

It had been good for her, too, she thought later, grateful that her mind had been diverted from Grant Hammond. She thought of Shane

"I know," she sighed. "You've proved your point. I'll squeeze a few more nurses from somewhere even if we have to ask ambulatory patients all over the hospital to pick up their beds and walk. But tradition dies hard. People still expect hospitals to provide them with old-fashioned nursing care."

"Bless you!" he breathed fervently. When he had pressed the elevator button, he said diffidently, "Would you have dinner with me again soon? Say, at the weekend?"

"What am I to be bribed for this time?" she asked.

"No bribes. Just gratitude. Not only for this, but for the other night. It made me realise that it's time I rejoined the human race. You'd be doing a lonely man a great kindness."

He had an unconscious knack of appealing to her sympathy that simultaneously warned and disarmed her again so that she hesitated before she smiled with deliberate humor. "You could be talking to a lonely woman, Dr. Mallory. Have you considered the hazards?"

"If there are any, I'm sure I'll enjoy them." His smile was boyish and as the elevator disgorged passengers he said in an undertone, "Perhaps I'd better call you later."

His call that night proved to be the first of many. It wasn't long before he had slipped into the habit of

phoning her after the children were in bed at night and she found herself welcoming the distraction of his voice and his need to hear hers.

She allowed herself to see him several times a month, ignoring the hospital talk and the aspect it represented of the conflict between her personal and professional lives. Her real conflict didn't begin until the day when, with very little warning, he asked her to marry him.

They had played golf on a Sunday and then taken the children for a picnic out of the city. She had sensed an uneasiness in herself during the outing, realising that it had to do both with the insecurity of the children and the beginning of a new phase in her relationship with their father.

UNTIL then, although she and Shane Mallory had been on a first-name basis for several months, a thin barrier of professional reserve had remained between them. But even the old iron-clad, nurse-doctor tradition couldn't be expected to withstand the casual intimacy of cooking hot dogs over an open fire and playing tag with the children.

An impromptu ball game in which she had collapsed, laughing, on the grass after making a home run had finally demolished it completely.

"Showoff!" Grinning widely, he had taken her hands to help her up. "Where did you ever learn to knock such a mean fly ball?"

"I grew up with two brothers. Thanks to them, I'm loaded with hidden talents. I can even whistle through my teeth." As he began to laugh, she raised her eyebrows at him. "I can see you don't believe me. Do I have to demonstrate?"

"I do believe you. That's what's so funny. I can't get over you today. In that outfit you look as far removed from the efficient, composed Miss Mathews as any new graduate I know. I really feel as though I'm out with my girl. It's a wonderful feeling."

The relaxed companionship of the day had been a good feeling, she realised, taken off guard as he drew her quickly toward him and kissed her on the lips. The moment, in its lighthearted spontaneity, was sweetly nostalgic of earlier days of her youth, but when he would have prolonged it, she freed herself.

She made a deliberate effort that night to hold the status quo by refraining from inviting him in when he drove her back to the residence. But, characteristically, he refused to be sidetracked.

"Don't I get my cup of coffee tonight?" he asked, following her out of the car, and she saw that excuses would only provide a temporary reprieve before the new phase had to be faced.

He stood in the doorway of her kitchenette, watching her put the coffee on. "And you can cook, too," he marvelled. "The girl who has everything!"

Except a husband and children. The thought came poignantly, undermining her resolve as he rested his hands on her shoulders and said with a tentative smile, "Now to heck with hospital employees. They don't hide spies in your suite, do they?"

"No, but they sometimes come in without knocking," she murmured.

"So they'll see me kissing my girl," he declared with the determination she had learned to expect of him.

Annoyed with herself for lowering her defence, she prepared firmly to deal with the



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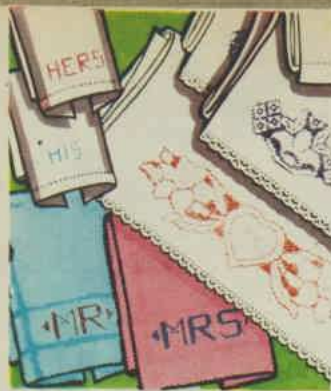


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Continued from page 79

situation when he had finally helped her to carry the coffee into the living-room. "Shane, we've been good friends for six months," she said slowly as she handed him his cup. "And it's been very pleasant for both of us. Don't you think we should think carefully before we change anything?"

He was looking at her steadily. "I don't have to think about it. I already know that I want you as more than a friend. To put it officially, Julia, I'd like you to marry me."

She set the coffeepot down carefully, staring at him. "You aren't serious," she said flatly.

"Yes. I am."

"Then surely you're acting im-

pulsively. We don't know each other that well! Shane, you told me you weren't ready for emotional involvement and I believed you."

"That was six months ago. Thanks to you, I'm more than ready now. You've been my bridge over the void, Julia."

She handed him the cream jug mechanically. "I might as well confess that you've helped me to bridge a . . . certain void in my life, too, and I'm very grateful. But that doesn't mean we're ready to marry each other."

Her admission had momentarily distracted him. "I've told you about my void," he said, reproachful and curious.

"Mine isn't the kind you talk

about," she replied drily, then sat looking at him helplessly. "Shane, I'm sure you are mistaking your reactions in this. You must be."

"Not a chance." His eyes shone blue with his quick grin. "I'm like a boy in the spring. On the days when I'm looking forward to a date with you, I have a hard time keeping my mind on my work. I've been wanting to court you for months, but until today I couldn't get past that darned title of yours."

She smiled, welcoming his return to humor. "Well, I'm very flattered. I'm just afraid the phase will pass. It has such a delightful ring of youth to it."

"Joke, if you like," he said sheepishly. "But beneath the spring fever I'm in dead earnest. I don't think I need to tell you how much I need you, Julia. Will you think about it?"

She met his eyes for a moment, shaken by her inability to produce an immediate answer. There were several avenues of withdrawal open to her, not the least of them being that of her heavy commitments at the Civic, but she found herself saying slowly, "Yes, I will. Unfortunately, our lives are more complicated than a boy's in the spring. But, yes, I'd really like to think about it."

RECIPE FOR THE HAPPY SOUND

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2 LET THE MILK POUR DOWN



3 LISTEN FOR THE HAPPY SOUND



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K40

To page 81

Shane needed someone to talk to and I enjoyed having a man around.

"Now it's resolved itself into something more fundamental. He needs a wife and I'm not getting any younger, Grant. Like any other woman, I want a husband, a home, children . . ."

"Do you want me to be honest?" "When have we ever been anything else?" she asked wearily.

"I don't say you'd be making a mistake in marrying Mallory. What I do say is that you'd be making a mistake if you persuade yourself that you're an average woman. You aren't like any other woman, Julia. You're a highly educated professional woman. You're also a complex and sophisticated individual."

"I think you'd find it hard—and perhaps impossible—to revert. There are plenty of other women who could keep Shane Mallory's house and mother his children. There are very few capable of doing your job."

He ran his hand through his close-cropped sandy hair in a gesture of restrained frustration. "It's not that I'm trying to dissuade you. It's that I'm anxious to see you make the right choice for you. I honestly don't think you could be happy unless you were using your capabilities to the full."

"You're assuming that I'd have to give up my job," she protested futilely. His words had reminded her that with only two years behind her at the Civic, she had just begun a massive program of reorganisation which, in all conscience, should not be handed over to anyone else. Even if she could find and prepare someone to take her place, she couldn't deny his unerring analysis of her.

Temperamentally, as he had said once before, she was geared like a highly trained racehorse and her professional identity was the pro-

Continued from page 80

glance, she fought against self-pity.

"I know." There was neither triumph nor relief in his face as he turned at the door. "I also know that some day the man and the circumstances are going to coincide. When they do, I'll have to sit back and watch it happen."

When he had gone she tried to find the least hurtful way of telling Shane. But there was no painless way and his thin face resumed its sombreness that night as she informed him of her decision.

"But discharging your commitments here won't take for ever!" he protested. "I can wait."

"That's just it, Shane. You can't. Mary and Jimmy need a mother now—while they can still make a

NOW THERE WAS TODAY

good adjustment," she said gently, and the logic of her own words forced on her the final realisation that she couldn't even hold him to her as a friend and companion.

She would have to free him firmly and decisively to look elsewhere for a mother for his children. Forcing herself to say it, she finished reluctantly. "In fact, in fairness to yourself and to them, I think we should stop seeing each other."

"Now that's going beyond all reason, Julia! I know we can find a way if we work on it together. Let's give ourselves a chance!"

"There is no way, Shane, none, certainly, that would be fair to the children. If you continue to see me,

you won't make the effort to see anyone else. I think you're right about your readiness for emotional involvement—but I just happened to be at hand. You'll find someone better if you give yourself a chance."

He continued to argue, but, when his arguments were finally exhausted, he sat in silence, his eyes brooding on the pattern of her rug. Raising them at last, he said, "There's someone else, isn't there?"

"Yes," she admitted reluctantly. "And no. No, in the sense that that part of my life is a dead-end. You and I would have formed our own bonds and built our own life together, anyway. It wouldn't have made any difference."

"Perhaps not," he murmured doubtfully, and she saw that her confession was making it easier for him to go.

Left alone, she prepared for bed, her mind shrouded in a depression that still permeated her thoughts the next morning. Now what? she asked herself ironically, as she faced her reflection in her bedroom mirror, knowing that the white black-banded cap, the immaculate uniform, the disciplined pseudo-serene face of the director of nursing provided the answer.

Now there was the way of life she had chosen more than once in the past with its challenge, its prestige, its stimulation—and its secret loneliness. Now there was today with its inescapable harvest of yesterday's decisions.

(Copyright)

FROM THE BIBLE

● And God said, Let us make man in our image, after our own likeness.

Genesis 1:26.

duct of years of specialised education and experience. To have it wither from disuse would be like losing a vital part of herself.

Rising abruptly, she went to stand at the window. "But this is 1965, Grant! Why can't I have both marriage and a career? I know directors of nursing who are managing it very well."

But she knew as she said it that marriage to Shane Mallory couldn't be combined with any career in the immediate future, let alone one as consuming as hers. His children needed a mother who could win their confidence and rebuild their security with her constant presence and day-by-day devotion. Anything less than total involvement would not do.

"Maybe you can," he said. "I can't presume to judge that."

"Why not? You've judged everything else very well." Swinging to face him, she gave in to a brief need to make him the target of her rebellion. "You've just made me realise that marrying Shane would be grossly unfair to both him and his children. You've assessed the situation extremely well."

"I'm sorry, Julia." He rose quickly. "I know I had no right to interfere. But I couldn't help it. I had to satisfy myself that you were considering all the aspects."

"Oh, I know," she sighed. "I'm being unfair. I had to face it sooner or later, I just haven't wanted to." Returning to her desk, she sank into her chair and, unable to offer him less than the whole truth, raised her eyes to his. "But I must tell you that if the circumstances had been right, I wouldn't have hesitated and I can't pretend that I'm not disappointed."

"I've reached the point where I'm ready to settle for second best, Grant. Perhaps I should have long ago. You have your home and family while I . . ." Lowering her



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MANDRAKE THE MAGICIAN

OPOLO parachutes from the
helicopter and disappears into
an ice crevice. Mandrake and
Lothar return to the ship, where
Mandrake suddenly sees a flash
of fire. NOW READ ON . . .



IT ALL HAPPENS IN A FLASH—
THE BLAZING SOLAR SKIMMER—



—A SMILE—A WAVE—A TOSSED SCROLL—



—AND THEY'RE GONE
—LIKE A FALLING
STAR—



A MESSAGE—
FROM OPOLO!



"WHEN I DROPPED INTO THE CREVICE—THE OBJECT
I SAW WAS MY SOLAR SKIMMER—AND IN IT,
MY BELOVED—ADRANA!"



"I BLASTED OUT OF THE
ICE—



"IN THE SUN'S WARMTH, MY
ADRANA AWOKE FROM HER
LONG SLEEP! ADRANA—ALIVE!"



"I TOLD HER OF THE ICE AGE—OF THE 600
CENTURIES THAT HAD PASSED—SHE FOUND
IT HARD TO BELIEVE!"



"SHE TOLD ME WHAT HAPPENED
ON THE ANCIENT DAY! NATAS
TRIED TO DECEIVE US!"



"SHE STRUCK DOWN NATAS—THEN
DRANK OF THE SAME BEAKER I HAD
TASTED—THE SLEEP LIQUID—



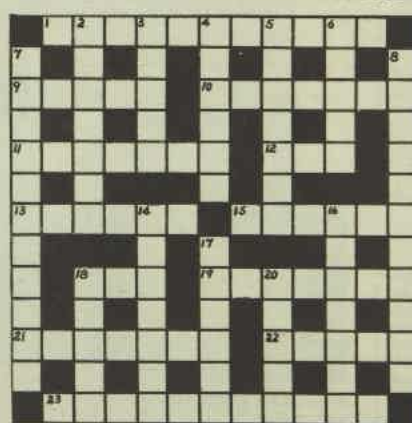
—AND TRIED TO PULL ME INSIDE
THE SKIMMER, HER STRENGTH FAILED—
SHE FELL ASLEEP—"



THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD

ACROSS

- Men pat liars in these legislative
bodies (11).
- Lines are laid down for them and they
can be smart (5).
- A toy neb could become a serious
weapon (7).
- One's rag (anagr., 7).
- Anger of a fire-eater (3).
- A barn, the inside of which was in a
hurry (6).
- Carve in relief with me and the boss
helping (6).
- Messenger's Oriental money (3).
- Make intemperate (7).
- Famous German aeroplane maker (7).
- Musical setting of Nicene Creed (5).
- Represent in
character a mate
in ropes (11).



Solution will be published next week.

DOWN

- State and river in the
U.S.A. (7).
- Fine, hard-twisted thread
ending in land surrounded
by water (5).
- A medical graduate with us
starts to waylay (6).
- Abode of the blessed in
classical Greece (7).
- Stretched tight (5).
- Robust grips for fortresses
(11).
- Was a safe distance for our
remote ancestors (6, 5).
- Not counterfeit (7).
- An Italian river turns you
before Lent, yet it is still
rich (7).
- Regards with utmost affec-
tion (6).
- Twang strings of guitar or
piano unskillfully (5).
- Cured back and sides of pig
(5).



Solution of last week's
crossword.

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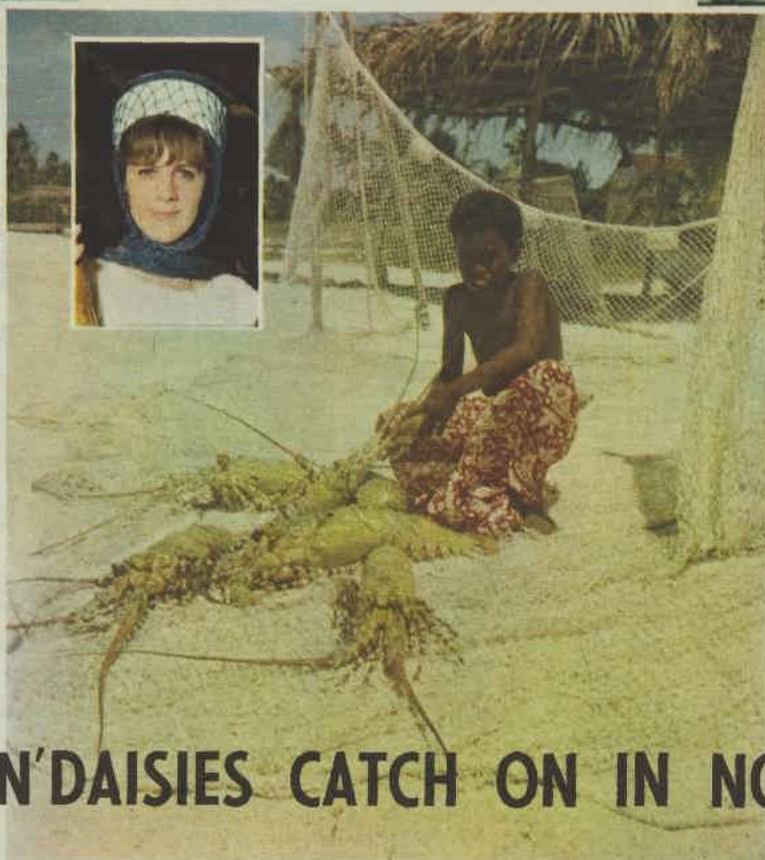
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Teenagers WEEKLY



DAISIES add a different touch to this dainty fishnet beach coat, above. Inset, above right, shows a sheik (and very chic!) hat, which is made of a length of net swathed over a pill-box.



PRETTY pop-over is ideal for a beach dress to show off your swimsuit. This shift was quite a job to make because it had to be fully lined with net to keep the fishnet in shape.

FISHNET'N'DAISIES CATCH ON IN NOUMEA

Story by KERRY YATES

Pictures by NOEL CALE, Noumea

● It was like a dream (or a nightmare!), especially when I bounced out in my 25/- fishnet evening dress — straight after four ORIGINAL Courreges creations . . .

IT was too late—and too far—to run home. There I was, right in the middle of a French fashion show, so sophisticated and stunning it could have been taking place in a famous Paris salon.

I was in Noumea, capital of New Caledonia, and was most surprised to be making my modelling debut (and grand finale, too!) while holidaying on the French island recently.

And even more unbelievable was that the "original creations" I presented were from the holiday wardrobe my mother had made me for the grand total of £3/15/6! It was my first trip abroad (even if it was just over 1000 miles away), and I'd wanted some really different clothes to take. I needed something fashionable, colorful, and inexpensive, and something ideal for a South Sea island atmosphere—so I chose fishnet.

The fishnet cost 25/-, and with the cotton used for the under-dresses, net for backing, and 50 daisies (6d. each) the 5-piece wardrobe (a two-way shift, beach coat, hat, and long evening dress) cost only £3/15/6.

Yet my clothes proved to be so popular on the fashion-conscious French island that I felt as if I'd taken a million-dollar wardrobe.

It began when Noel Cale was taking these pictures on the Isle of Pines (a holiday resort about 100 miles from Noumea) and a French fashion buyer staying on the island invited me to model my clothes in a fashion show in Noumea the following week.

It was such a casual invitation that I didn't give it much thought.

But when the "little parade" turned out to be a £3000 showing of fabulous French fashions, for which more than 200 people had gathered at one of the island's most exclusive beachfront restaurants, I was stunned.

Nine beautiful French girls (and *petite moi!*) modelled to the soft, romantic background music of a popular island band, and the grand parade ran for two hours.

I felt like Cinderella, especially when a crowd of photographers, television cameras, and even a famous Australian film unit greeted me at the end of the catwalk — ugh!

However, I was delighted to find the French girls were so impressed with my "originals," and I'm sure the fishnet-fever will soon catch on in Noumea.



FISHNET goes formal for this long yellow shift with a daisy-border hemline. The stole, worn around the shoulders or head, is just a length of plain fishnet.



SHIFT of sheer fishnet looks cute over a navy hipster skirt and tiny top. This outfit features 15 of the 50 daisies used for Kerry's colorful island wardrobe.

Summer Beauty



Mrs. M. Reynolds,
Beauty Skin Care
Consultant

THIS can be the most beautiful summer you've ever known. Use the sunny climate to give your skin the healthy sunlit glow of a beautiful complexion, lightly tanned to a satin-gold, but make sure it remains soft-complexioned, fresh and flawless. Here are some beauty suggestions that will help you to remain radiantly lovely throughout the summer and beyond.

A Beauty Tonic

GIVE your skin a delightful bloom to last through the driest and hottest of summers. Damp a cloth in ice-cold water, on which sprinkle some lemon Delph freshener, and smooth it over your face and neck. Feel how the skin responds to the toning and refreshing action. Now, to nourish and hold the bloom, smooth on your oil of Ulan and use it always under your make-up to protect against the weather and to give the skin that youthful, dewy look.

Outdoor Beauty

FUN in the sun can give your looks that extra little sparkle, but don't overdo it in the early stages and be especially careful when sunbathing. Sun can also be drastically harsh on your complexion, so be sure to protect your skin by smoothing on a film of oil of Ulan before going into the sunshine. This Ulan oil fulfils the function of protecting and nourishing the complexion against the drying effects which cause wrinkle dryness.

Lovely Shoulders

BEAUTIFUL shoulders are smooth, supple, and either have a gorgeous golden glow from the sun or else are classically, dazzling milk white. It is important that you care for them constantly, so any spots or blemishes should be treated by patting with lemon Delph freshener and then smoothed over with a film of oil of Ulan. This moist oil is isotonic balanced to nourish the skin so that your shoulders acquire a lovely velvet-textured bloom.

Smooth Elbows

LOVELY smooth elbows are truly a feminine asset and to keep them smooth and lovely use this simple beauty pack. Combine a teaspoon each of white sugar, lemon Delph freshener and oil of Ulan, and rub the mixture well into the elbows until the skin becomes pink and clean. Remove the pack with warm water, dry thoroughly and then smooth in a generous film of oil of Ulan to soften and promote a silky smooth surface.

The Bulletin



Have the exciting modern world at your finger-tips! See the news, views, cartoons and comment of Australia's only News Magazine.

JUST 2/- EVERY WEEK

Asian teens are just the same

HELLO, my name is Sylvia. I am a 15-year-old Chinese teenager in Singapore, and I have been reading T.W. since November, 1964. It is very interesting, and from reading the Letters section I think I have a picture of the Australian teenagers.

Teenagers in Singapore are not very different. We dress mainly like mods, and are very fashion-conscious. Often, we have teenage parties where we do the very latest dances. At the moment the latest dance craze here is the Clam, but the Shake is also very popular.

Lately our local pop groups have even made records. I suggest teenagers in Australia try to listen to discs by the Crescendos and the Quests. They are absolutely fabulous.

We have our own top pops chart, which consists of nine numbers. The Beatles' "Help!" is quickly rising to the top.

Most of us complete school at 16 and get into pre-university classes. But competition in education here is tough, and we are all very ambitious.—Sylvia Jackson, Raffles Park, Singapore.

Perfect boy

I THINK I have found the perfect boy. He's very good looking, wears nice clothes, and is definitely not a square. He is always good to me, always phones when he says he will, is punctual and hardly ever gets angry.

He notices when I have a new dress or my hair is different, and buys me presents when he can afford it. He saves all his money toward our future home and he is studying accountancy so he will be able to save more money for our life together. He studies very hard, yet he finds time to take me out and give me a good time.

He's not a loud-mouth, yet he keeps the conversation going and seems to know what to say to whoever we meet. I can go away and leave him without worrying. He will always be true.

No one is perfect, the saying goes, but I can't find any faults with him.—"Little Judy," Kingsgrove, N.S.W.

Raising money

HERE are a couple of further ways of raising money at school functions. Our school each year raises money for the Red Cross, all classes competing against each other to see who raises the most.

Some ideas are fashion parades, where boys as well as girls act as models, science demonstrations (which attract a lot of students), and portraits painted by students, who can bring out the sitter's character.—G. Carroll, Busselton, W.A.

Letters must be signed, and preference is given to writers who do not use a pen-name. Send them to Teenagers' Weekly, Box 7052, G.P.O., Sydney. We pay £1/1/- for each letter used.

BEATNIK



"Poor Harry. He keeps worrying about the cost of living."

Complacency

AMONG the Australians with whom I mix, the thing I find most evident is a complacent attitude. This, to me, is very annoying.

Once they get settled in whatever they do, they seem to sit back and relax, not caring about getting into a rut. They prefer to vegetate, rather than be committed.

This sort of attitude I consider could be a danger to Australia in the future with the world in the state it is. Australians could become complacent in their attitude toward the dangers surrounding them, and leave other active countries to solve their problems.

So please, readers, become more committed in the everyday things you are required to do and ward off this growing complacency.—C. Sharkey, Clayton, Vic.

Beware!

BEWARE! If you follow the recent recommendation of a reader and set about tracing your family tree, remember that Australia was originally a convict settlement. Some readers MUST be descended from convicts and not from earls.—V. L. Price, Ashgrove, Qld.

Incredible coat

AN English penfriend, who shortly intends to migrate to Australia, purchased in England a raincoat which its manufacturers claim is essential to migrants.

The lining of the coat is a map of Australia—designed, according to the manufacturers, to prevent the migrant from becoming lost. However, as Brisbane is shown as being on the N.S.W. side of the border, it may not achieve its objective.—D. Ridgley, Brisbane.

off pitying themselves for a moment they would realise that the fault is really within themselves.

They should learn to give, rather than to take all the time. Some of my friends and I found a way to help others by taking out a group of young orphans. Left to ourselves, we probably wouldn't have chosen the Zoo as a perfect afternoon's outing.

We finished the day tired and dirty, but with the feeling that we had given those children an outing they would remember for some time to come.

Perhaps some other teenagers could adopt a similar plan, forgetting for a while their trivial problems and bringing a little joy into the lives of children whose problems are not of their own making.—Alexa McLaughlin, Asquith, N.S.W.

Penfriends

HERE is an idea which has worked for my friends and myself:

We have found it easy to obtain penfriends in other countries by writing to the postmaster of the particular town or city in which we wanted a friend.

We asked him to help us, stated our ages, hobbies, and other pertinent details, and have always received a letter each.—"Emily," St. Lucia, Qld.

TALE OF LADY ROBIN LOVELY'S CHATTER

● I see that a U.S. scientist claims to have discovered a fascinating link between a girl's beauty and her talking habits.

IN a nutshell (which, I'm sure, is where many girls will say the scientist should be) his theory is that the prettier the girl is, the less she talks.

He bases his idea on a survey of college girls. Basically, he found that the pretty girl talks less because she doesn't have to make an effort to make her presence felt.

The scientist's findings have been hinted at in the past. Link up, for instance, the two expressions "Dumb blondes" and "gentlemen prefer blondes."

Clearly silence is Golden Girl. Even in fable the wicked stepmother, who yapped all the time into a mirror, was not as fair as Snow White, who only made small talk with seven little men.

When the scientist's theory becomes widely known it will be a handy weapon for blokes to use against girl carbashers.

A mention of the theory and a girl will worry about how she looks before she lips.

While on the subject of beauty and talking, I read that English lass Ann Sidney during her year-long reign as Miss World had only one marriage proposal.

And that was from an 83-year-old man.

"The fact is that young men do not propose to you when you're Miss World," Ann lamented.

"They think you are unapproachable."

So, while we learned earlier that a girl should clam up there's a message for young men here — that it Miss World's your oyster, you've got to come out of your shell.

—Robin Adair



● Note the shell pattern edging on this individual two-piece playsuit (left). Knit it now for summer holidays.



● Crochet beach top (right) for a favorite boyfriend in an attractive color to match his swim trunks.

Fun clothes for summer

● Unusual summer clothes are an absolute "must" if you want to dress as an individual. Girls, knit yourself a cute playsuit.

Cute playsuit

Materials: 9 (10) balls Patons Soft Touch Orlon yarn; 1 pair Nos. 10 and 12 knitting needles; Milwards Phantom crochet hook No. 8; 1 in. wide elastic.

Measurements: To fit 34 (36) in. bust; hips, 35 (37) in. (these are exact).

Tension: 13 sts. to 2 in. over 4 in.

BACK AND FRONT (alike)

Using No. 12 needles, cast on 112 (118) sts. and work in k 1, p 1 rib for 10 rows. Change to No. 10 needles and cont. in st-st. until work measures 6 (6½) in. from beg. To Shape Armholes: Cast off 5 sts. at beg. next 2 rows.

Next Row: K 2 tog., k 49 (52) sts., turn. Cont. on these sts. only, dec. 1 st. at armhole edge on every alt. row 7 times, at same time, dec. 1 st. at neck edge on every 4th row until 30 (31) sts. remain. Cont. without shaping until armhole measures 7 in., ending at side edge.

To Shape Shoulder: Cast off 10 (11) sts. at beg. of next row, and 10 sts. on foll. 2 alt. rows.

Return to rem. sts., rejoin yarn at neck edge and work to correspond with first side.

BRIEFS FRONT

Using No. 10 needles cast on 98 (104) sts. and work in st-st. for 10 rows. Cont. in st-st., inc. 1 st. each end

of next row and every 4th foll. row to 108 (114) sts. Cont. until work is 8 in.

To Shape Legs (right side facing): Cast off 18 (20) sts. at beg. of next 2 rows. Cont. in st-st., dec. 1 st. each end of every row to 28 (30) sts. Work 2 in. straight.

BRIEFS BACK

Cast on 98 (104) sts. and work in st-st. for 8 rows.

Next Row (right side): K 62 (68), turn, p 26 (32), turn. **Next Row:** K 38 (44), turn, p 50 (56), turn. **Next Row:** K 62 (68), turn, p 74 (80), turn. **Next Row:** K 86 (92), turn, p 98 (104), turn.

Cont. in st-st., inc. 1 st. each end of next row and every 4th foll. row to 108 (114) sts. Cont. until side edge measures same as front.

To Shape Legs (right side): Cast off 6 (8) sts. at beg. of next 2 rows. Dec. 1 st. each end of every row until 28 (30) sts. remain. Cast off.

Leg Facing: Join crutch seam. Right side facing, pick up and knit 122 sts. evenly round leg. Work 5 rows st. and cast off.

TO MAKE UP

Top: Join side and shoulder seams. Using crochet hook, work shell edge round neck and armhole edges.

Briefs: Join side seams. Turn down hem at top 1 in. wide and thread with elastic. Slip-stitch leg facing into position and thread elastic through. With crochet hook,

work a shell edge around all edges, beg. at inner hem edge. **Shell Edge—Foundation Row:** D.c. working into each st.

Next Row: * d.c. in next 2 d.c., miss 2 d.c. (1 tr., 1 ch.) 7 times, 1 tr. in next d.c., miss 2 d.c. Rep. from * to end. Fasten off.

It's so cool

CROCHET this masculine beach top.

Materials: 7 (8, 9) balls Patons Charm knitting and crochet yarn; Milwards Phantom crochet hooks Nos. 9, 10, and 11.

Measurements: To fit 38 (40, 42, 44) in. chest; length, 23½ in.; sleeve, 4 in.

Tension: 2 loops to 1 in.

Abbreviations: Ch., chain; d.c., double crochet; tr., treble; h.tr., half treble.

Using No. 11 hook, commence front with 110 (116, 122, 128) ch. Work h.tr. into 3rd ch., h.tr. into each ch. to end, 2 ch. turn. (108, 114, 120, 126 h.tr.)

Work 5 rows h.tr., turn with 6 ch. at end of last row. Change to No. 9 hook.

1st Pattern Row: 1 tr. into 3rd h.tr. of previous row, * 3 ch., miss 2 h.tr., 1 tr. into next h.tr., rep. from * to end, 5 ch. turn. (36, 38, 40, 42 loops.)

2nd Row: 1 tr. into centre of 1st loop, * 3 ch., 1 tr. into centre of next loop, rep. from * ending with 2 ch., 1 tr.

into 4th ch. of turning ch., 6 ch. turn. (35, 37, 39, 41 loops and 2 half loops.)

Rep. 2nd row 30 times. Make 23 ch. for sleeve at end of last row.

33rd Row: 1 tr. into 5th ch. from hook (3 ch., miss 2 ch., 1 tr. into next ch.) across ch. (6½ loops in sleeve), * 3 ch., 1 tr. into centre of next loop, rep. from * to end. Work 23 ch. at end of row.

34th Row: Work 24 (25, 26, 27) loops, turn, decrease ½ loop each row at neck edge 13 (13, 14, 14) times. 17½ (18½, 19, 20) loops.

Break yarn. Join yarn at centre front, leaving 1 loop free and work as other side, ending at neck edge.

Work 42 (42, 45, 45) ch. for back of neck and join to the remaining half of work. Cont. on these 49 (51, 53, 55) loops to match front.

NECK EDGING

Using No. 10 hook, right side facing, work 43 (43, 46, 46) d.c. into left side of neck, miss 1 d.c. at centre, 43 (43, 46, 46) d.c. into right side, 34 (34, 37, 37) d.c. across back of neck.

Work 4 rounds d.c., dec. 1 st. at centre front in every round. Fasten off.

TO MAKE UP

Press work on wrong side. With backstitch, sew up side and sleeve seams. Using No. 10 hook, work 3 rows of 65 (65, 70, 70) d.c. round edge of sleeves. Press seams.

BEST OF 3000

● Friends who teased Carolyn Simersall about her "crazy" beauty treatments may wish they'd followed her lead — when she flies off on an all-expenses paid holiday to Fiji early next year.

FOR Carolyn, 22, of Firlie, Adelaide, was recently presented the trip (plus £150 spending money!) as winner of a national beauty contest.

"So I guess all the time and effort I put into looking after my skin and putting on make-up wasn't wasted after all," she said. "Some of my friends used to say I went to too much trouble, but I think skin care is so important."

A sales representative for a leading pharmaceutical company, Carol was one of 3000 entrants in a cosmetic firm's "Natural Wonder" contest. She was one of the eight finalists for the last judging, which was based on make-up, grooming, personality, and poise.

Carol, with her cute up-turned nose, blue-black hair, and unusual eyes ("they're green with brown flecks"), has been offered many modelling jobs, but says she loves her job too much to ever take up full-time modelling.

Model course

After she left school, Carol did a 16-week modelling course ("Just to give a little confidence and poise to an awkward schoolgirl") and then she attended three cosmetic schools, which gave her qualifications for her present job, which includes demonstrating cosmetics.

It was at the beauty schools that Carolyn picked up so many make-up techniques, and after trying them all she thinks she has at last found what suits her face and complexion.

She wears only a light foundation and dusting of powder and plays up her

eyes with blue powdered eyeshadow and thick black eyeliner. And she always highlights her cheekbones with a powder rouge, starting at the inside cheekbones and extending to the hairline to give a flattering hollow effect.

Beauty tips

Carolyn gives these tips to teens...

● Clean your face with a moisturised cleanser and tone with an astringent morning and night.

● Remove all eye make-up with olive oil on cotton wool.

● When you've removed the make-up rub nourishing cream softly around the eyes to relax the tissues and prevent wrinkles and dryness. Apply the cream with the fingertips, moving in an imaginary figure eight. Start on the inside of the left eye and move along the top, circling under it gently. Move across the bridge of nose to inside of the right eye and complete the circle.

● Always drink a glass of warm water with a squeeze of lemon juice before breakfast. It helps to keep the skin clear and fresh.

● At least once a week rub moisturising lotion into your knees, ankles, and elbows, the parts of the body that tend to become dry and wrinkled.



CAROLYN SIMERSALL

PONYTAIL BY LEE HOLLEY



Louise
Hunter

Here's

your answer

• Although pen-names and initials are always used, letters will not be answered unless real name and address of sender is given as a guarantee of good faith. Private answers to problems cannot be given.

Comment upset her

"I WAS walking home with a girlfriend and she told me in confidence that another girl had told her that I wouldn't get a boy because I am too Italian-looking. This hurt me like nothing has ever hurt me, mainly because I agree with her. I'm not ashamed of what I am, but if it affects my relationship with my friends I can't help wanting not to look like I do. I don't think that I'm ugly, but I'm not good looking, either. I go out just as much as other girls, though I am rather shy. I know I might sound rather young to have a boy, but all my friends do, so why can't I? I have sent you a picture of myself so you can see for yourself." "Upset," S.A.

Even if you did look Italian I can't see that it would make any difference if a boy really liked you. Some of the most beautiful women in the world are Italian, as any traveller will tell you. You have some of their best features—thick, glossy hair, big brown eyes, and beautiful skin. I think you are very pretty. You don't look particularly Italian, but even if you did, wouldn't it be nicer to look like a pretty Italian than to look like a plain Australian? Ignore the girl and follow your own good sense.

Boyfriend hunting

"RECENTLY I moved from the country to work in the city and I was hoping to find a boyfriend. I have been told that I am

very attractive and have quite a good figure. My problem is that I am about 5ft. 7½in. tall and have a rather big build (just on ten stone). Do you think this is the reason for my inability to get a boyfriend? Is it unusual for a girl of my age not to have one? I am in several clubs, and I am not quite 17½ years old."

"Depressed," N.S.W.

I don't think your figure is the reason, and it is not unusual for girls of 17 not to have a boyfriend. The reason is probably that you go round with that "I've come to the big city to get a boyfriend!" look on your face and it scares them all half to death. Relax, diet, and exercise to lose a bit of weight, and start taking an interest in something apart from prospective boyfriends. They'll arrive when you least expect them.

Girlish gossip

"I AM only new in Australia, and I have a best friend. I occasionally go to her place for the day and her brother and I have grown very fond of each other. But we can't show this because once we were caught holding hands while watching TV, and my girlfriend starts passing rumors out at school about me and her brother. It always turns out that everyone thinks I am a little flirt and go after every boy I set my eyes on. Please do not tell me to give her up, because I like her a lot, and if I did I would probably lose the boy."

"Not a Flirt," N.S.W.

The others might tease you for a little while on the strength of your girlfriend's gossip—but they'll stop soon if you don't give them any fuel for their fire. Be quite natural and friendly, and don't seek out or avoid the boys. Ignore your girlfriend's silliness and continue your friendship with her brother if you want to.

Teacher trouble

"I AM a student sitting for my Leaving Certificate this year. Over the year I have found myself feeling more and more toward one of my teachers. I think he knows how I feel, and does not help me, as he certainly encourages my attitude toward him. At times I am unable to concentrate on my schoolwork and I feel depressed. Am I being foolish, or is this a natural reaction? What can I do?"

"Lovesick," N.S.W.

I think you are probably talking yourself into thinking that he encourages your attitude. I'm sure he is treating you just as he treats every other pupil and you are imagining that his teacherly interest is more personal. Even if that is not so, you just must pull yourself together, because your studies are more important than anything just now, and because you risk making a fool of yourself and an embarrassing situation for your teacher.

Writing love letters

"I AM 16 and would really like to have a certain girl as my girlfriend. How can I write to her, telling her that I love her? Will you tell me how to write to her so that she will like me? Would you please send me any book about how to write to a girl that I love, or to start making friends with her?"

"Anxious," New Guinea.

Don't write a love letter before you have known her for a long time. Begin by writing just as you would to a friend. Tell her about your life and things that happen where you live, and tell her about yourself. A book will not help you to write a love letter, but when the time comes, your heart will tell you what to say.



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TROPICAL CALYPSO
1 can NESTLÉ'S LIQUID ICE CREAM MIX
1 x 15 oz. can Golden Circle Pineapple Pieces (drain and reserve liquid)
1 tbsp. chopped mint
METHOD: Prepare Liquid Ice Cream Mix as directed. After final beating fold in pineapple and mint. Pour into freezer tray and freeze.

SAUCE
Pineapple syrup
¾ lev. tsp. cornflour
1 dsp. lemon juice
1 dsp. sherry (optional)
Sauce: Place syrup in small saucepan over low heat. Add cornflour blended with a little cold water, lemon juice and sherry. Bring to the boil. Simmer one minute. Serve hot or cold over ice cream.

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L.A. 10

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - November 17, 1965

BUTTERICK PATTERNS



3635.—Pretty A-line dress in bust sizes Sub-Teen 28, 29, 31, 33in. Young Junior, 30½, 31½, 33in. Teen, 30, 32, 34, 36in. Price 5/- includes postage.

3586.—The newest in lounge or sportswear—bell-bottom pants and semi-fitted, slightly A-line overblouse (also cut in tunic length). Sizes 31, 32, 34, 36, 38in. bust. Price 7/- includes postage.

3570.—Dress designed for the latest in giant slide fasteners. Low-waisted and semi-fitted, pockets also feature decorative slide fastener. Sizes 31, 32, 34, 36, 38in. bust. Price 6/6 includes postage.

3620.—Slightly A-line dress with deep V-neckline, contrast collar and dickey, and top-stitch trim. Sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44in. bust. Price 6/6 includes postage.

3621.—Attractive suit with unlined, semi-fitted jacket, slightly rolled collar with self tie, fake welt pockets, and slim skirt. Sizes 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46in. bust. Price 6/6 includes postage.

2680.—Cool, sleeveless, semi-fitted one-piece, with or without self-tie belt. Bust sizes: Young Junior, 30½, 31½, 33in. Teen, 30, 32, 34, 36in. Price 5/- includes postage.



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The Australian WOMEN'S WEEKLY presents

The HAPPY KNACK of SAVOIR FAIRE

(or knowing what
to do in tricky
social situations)

by

Amy Vanderbilt

"You should not have asked
'Are you wearing a wig?'"

The Australian Women's Weekly — November 17, 1965

SAVOIR FAIRE — Page 1



The author

AMY VANDERBILT, America's top authority on etiquette, is a member of the famous Vanderbilt family. Her great-grandfather, Oliver, was a first cousin of the millionaire railway magnate, Commodore Cornelius Vanderbilt, and she was born on Staten Island, New York, "where all good Vanderbilts are born and buried." Educated in her own country and in Europe, she was rigidly brought up to strict rules of etiquette. "I deeply resented the social training I received," she said recently. "When I grew up I realised that the rules of 'correct' social conduct had failed to keep pace with the times, and that forcing 19th-century

manners on children and busy women was doing more harm than good."

Her achievement in "modernising" etiquette was a natural outcome of her own starchy upbringing, plus her practical social experience as a businesswoman, wife, and mother of three in today's world. Her book, "Amy Vanderbilt's New Complete Book of Etiquette," is the guide used in American embassies abroad and foreign embassies and consulates in America. She also conducts a magazine column answering readers' questions on correct present-day behaviour, and it is from these writings that this booklet is compiled in question-and-answer form.

SKETCHES BY ASTRA

At the doctor's

"When I am at the doctor's and he enters and extends his hand, should I rise to shake hands or remain seated? Also, at the end of the visit should I rise and then shake hands if this is indicated?"

"I am 45, so sometimes the doctor is older, sometimes younger than I."

— Women do not rise to shake hands with a man unless he is head of State or Church, or your host when you are a guest in his house.

Frequently a doctor, having concluded a consultation, does rise to indicate that the consultation is at an end. It may be quite normal for you to rise then, as you will be leaving. Take his hand, of course, if he extends it or offer your own if he doesn't. But you may also just thank him and leave.

Exception: A woman job-seeker — unless she is very top-level indeed — should rise when her interviewer (male or female) enters the room, or if she is presented to, say, the head of the company who might be considered, in effect, "host" for the company she is visiting.

Ex-wives at funeral

"Recently a relative, twice divorced, passed away. At the funeral his two ex-wives sat with the family. I say neither wife should have done so, since he was divorced from them both. The children, yes, but the divorced wives, no. Am I correct? If not, what was the proper seating arrangement?"

— With divorce more common than it used to be, problems like this have become more frequent. The children of divorced parents should not be expected to attend their father's funeral without the emotional support of their mother. This is a time for putting aside bitterness.

The divorced wife who attends a funeral of her ex-husband, with or without her children, should sit with the family only if she is invited to do so. In some cases she may find it a little easier to sit in the second or third pew with her children. Even if she is very friendly (and this happens) with a subsequent ex-wife or a previous one, it is more tactful for these two not to sit together. There will be many in the congregation who could not possibly understand that two such women could have no animosity.

Who's speaking?

"Is it proper to ask who is ringing when answering one's home telephone?"

— Certainly. The person ringing up should always identify himself. If he doesn't, ask, "Who is speaking, please?" before giving any information. This avoids embarrassments.



Always interrupting . . .

"I have a neighbor who continually interrupts when a person is talking. She will ask a question, but before you answer she interrupts with something else. I have never completed a sentence in the time I have known her. How can a person handle a situation like this without being rude?"

— Your neighbor's compulsion may be a sign of mental illness. She really is not listening to anything you are saying. Be gentle and patient with her. You might occasionally interpose something like, "Julia, let me please finish what I was saying."

Many perfectly normal people have this very bad habit of interrupting not once but several times during the course of a conversation, of not really listening to what the other person is attempting to communicate. It is well for us all to examine our own habits in the matter.

Sometimes it is necessary to have heart-to-heart talks with members of our own family who might have this habit. If care is taken not to be harshly critical, they should not be offended.

TRICKY SITUATIONS IN EVERYDAY LIFE

"SHOULD such informal invitations as 'drop in and see us some time' be sincerely accepted or taken with a grain of salt?"

—Take them with a grain of salt. People should be explicit.

"When I telephone my recently married daughter, I suddenly find my son-in-law is on the extension phone. I find it embarrassing to be trying to talk to two people at once on the telephone and I feel the loss of intimacy I once had with my daughter. I love my son-in-law, but I get such an eerie feeling that he is eavesdropping on everything that I say. Yet I know my daughter tells him to pick up the phone and means the whole thing to be friendly."

"Am I unreasonable? How should I handle this situation?"

—You are not unreasonable. Just say pleasantly, "Betty, I would like to talk to you for a few minutes myself and then may I speak to John alone. I find this three-way conversation a little confusing."

"My daughter has met a young man from another city. They are making plans to get married in about two years and he would like her to meet his parents. We are wondering, when his parents extend an invitation for our daughter to meet them, should they include us as parents, or would it be proper for her to go to meet them for the first time by herself?"

"The young man will be working out of town and will not be at home. We feel we should accompany her."

—Let her go alone. They are not actually engaged and much can happen in two years. If you insist on going to this first meeting, it may seem to be rushing things. Keep a tactful distance.

A husband

"Not long ago my child and I received an invitation from my child's godmother to spend the day with her. She is single and lives with her widowed mother, a sister whose husband is in the Army, and a niece who is single. My husband feels insulted because he was not asked. I felt that because there were to be no other men there, she was correct. Is my husband justified in his feelings?"

—No, he isn't. Persuade him that he would have been terribly, terribly bored.

An olive

"Would you please instruct me on the proper way to remove an olive from a martini? When I had finished my drink, I reached into the glass with thumb and forefinger, picked it up, and placed it in my mouth—only to look up and see all eyebrows around me raised at my actions. If I made an error, I would certainly like to know what to do next time."

—The olive in a martini is usually "poured" from the cocktail glass into the mouth. But what you did is not a hanging matter.

"When one encounters 'The Hon.', either male or female, how do you handle the introduction? Do you say (in social circumstances), 'May I present The Honorable Desmond Jones' or just 'Mr. Jones,' 'The Honorable Mary Malcolm,' or just 'Miss Malcolm'?"

—The title Honorable is never used in speech. The eldest son of a viscount is spoken and referred to as, say, Mr. Collins, and his wife as Mrs. Collins.

"I have a friend who apologises for everything — the behaviour of her children, the appearance of her husband, the fact that her house needs new curtains, the way the meal has turned out. It is positively embarrassing."

—When people are not very secure socially, they tend to apologise.

But guests, who are themselves interested in making a good impression as guests, are not really interested in hearing all the details of how much better things could have been if everything had gone right for the hostess. A sound social rule is: "Do what you can manage, and relax." Let people accept you as you are.

● "Is it acceptable to name two children in the family the same name if the first child died as an infant? My husband and I would like to re-use the name."

—My feeling about this is purely personal—I know of no rule concerning it. I would prefer to have you use perhaps some variation of the name you gave the first baby; for example, Robert John instead of John Gordon. Or, even better, give him a totally different name and hope perhaps that a grandchild can bear the name of the lost baby.

It could be damaging psychologically to a child to think he was thought of merely as a replacement for a brother who had died. He needs his own entity, his own very special place in your hearts.

When a friend turns up in a wig

"DO you consider 'Is that a wig you have on?' a personal question?"

"The other day my husband and I went to a party, and a friend, who has very mousy hair, suddenly turned up looking gorgeous in what seemed to be a wig. I was just about to ask her when my husband told me not to, that she would be insulted, so I didn't say a thing—and neither did she."

"But what a change! I hardly knew her. What do you do in a case like this?"

—Always wait to let the wig-wearer tell you—and she usually does.

It is interesting what has happened to wigs. In your mother's day, if a woman wore a wig it was because her hair had thinned or was falling out and nobody ever thought of making any comment about it even when it was obviously false. The most conservative women wore what they called "transformations" or "switches." Everybody was expected to assume that it was their own hair.

Today wigs are headline news and have become part of many well-dressed women's wardrobes, especially those who lead any kind of a public life.



TRICKY SITUATIONS IN EVERYDAY LIFE

Continued from previous page

"I HAVE been dating a very nice man for several months. He is 27 and is a perfect gentleman in every respect except one—he never says thank you.

"I don't mind too much that he never thanks me for anything. I just try to overlook it, but on many occasions I have invited him to my home for dinner and I have noticed that he never says thank you to my mother for the lovely dinner which she always cooks.

"If we visit friends, he never bothers to say thank you to show his appreciation for a nice evening. I simply don't understand why he overlooks this one important point in good manners, and it upsets me to see him be so discourteous to my family and friends.

"Isn't there some way I can bring this to his attention?"

— Say something like this: "Will you be sure to thank my mother before you go? She always goes to such trouble."

When he is visiting friends with you, take him with you to your hostess as you leave and make your little speech in his hearing. Undoubtedly he has never had this important social training, but your own meticulousness about it should finally make an impression on him.

His lack of proper manners is a hindrance to him in business, whether or not he realises it. And you can make him realise without getting his back up.

"Recently I attended a ladies' luncheon and the new treasurer introduced her mother, whom she had brought along. Her mother did not stand when introduced, but smiled, bowed, and said very sweetly, 'Thank you.' Standing for her would have been difficult, for it was crowded. Some there felt that she should have stood up."

— It was not necessary for her to rise if rising was difficult, and she was not, as you say, an office-bearer.

"I have several friends who insist that it is proper for a widow to drop her husband's name after his death and call herself, say, 'Mrs. Mary Jones.' I disagree. Who is right?"

— Many have asked me this. The widow should use her husband's name — Mrs. John Smith, not Mrs. Mary Smith.



● "If a girl goes to a dance in a car driven by the boy's father, should she wait in the car until the boy gets out and opens the car door for her or should she just open it herself?"

— A girl should wait until the boy gets out of the car and goes around to open the door for her and help her get out. He should do this if he is driving or if one of his parents is driving.

The only exception would be if he could not park the car but had to let her off by just stopping in traffic. In this case he should apologise for not getting out and, reaching in front of her, should open the car door from the inside.

"A friend of mine is a widower whose friends invite him to dinner now and then, as we do. He accepts the hospitality freely, eats very well, takes a few drinks, and then says thank you. But it never occurs to him to bring along something as a token of his appreciation, such as a box of chocolates for the hostess or a bottle for the host.

"Do you think it is out of order to expect that a guest bring along something when he repeatedly accepts hospitality?"

— Yes, bachelors and widowers do have obligations to their hostesses, especially when they have been entertained frequently. The polite ones write thank-you notes and occasionally take a gift, if only to the children of the household. If they have no way of entertaining at home, they occasionally ask friends who have been particularly nice to them to a restaurant to dinner.

A man with a little imagination can always find a way to reciprocate.

Can he tend bar? Perhaps his friends would be delighted if he made this offer when they were having a big party. Does he get along with small children? Many harried parents would be grateful for a bachelor to take young ones off their hands — for instance, on a Sunday afternoon for a couple of hours. Is he handy around the house? He can offer his services as a repairman. Or maybe he is a good gardener — he can ask to be shown something he can do, like weeding or raking.

Even the most generous hosts in time drop the bachelors who are always on the taking end. And it serves them right.

"When a gentleman is escorting a lady across a street with the traffic lights in a busy city, is it proper for him to take her arm?"

— He should take her lightly by the elbow and guide her across.

"I consider it an invasion of my privacy for people to ask me, an adult, my age, unless there is some professional reason for this impertinent question. I find this invasion of privacy infuriating, and I am not particularly in the public eye."

— It is an invasion of privacy and one many prominent people have had to endure. It is particularly hard for a woman, who may look ten or more years younger than her chronological age, to be faced with the fact of her age every time she reads anything about herself.

Some prominent women grin and bear it, listing such vital statistics in "Who's Who." Others, like the late Helena Rubinstein, never give an inch. Her actual age was never published until her death — and a fascinating 94 years she had! The New York "Times" quoted Betty Pellett, who had just ended 18 years in the Colorado Legislature, as saying: "I never tell my age and try not to look it." It's a pretty good answer.

"I have some heirloom silver from my family that has the initial 'B' on each piece. I intended at first to add only knives, as the old ones were discolored, but now I have bought many more pieces of this new silver which I intend to use with the old.

"My problem is should I have these new pieces initialled 'B' as the others are, or should I use 'C', which is the initial of my married name? I want to do the right thing, as the silver is quite expensive."

— Have the new silver initialled "C" or, if you prefer, with a monogram or block letter arrangement of your first-name initial, your own family name, and your husband's initial. It is perfectly correct to combine old silver with different markings with modern silver. It is usual with heirloom silver to leave the original markings as they were.

"RECENTLY I moved to the city from a small town and joined a church for the first time in my life. One problem bothers me. After the services, what is the proper thing to say when shaking hands with the minister and his wife? Is it proper to say, 'Thank you'? I have heard this done."

—Just say, "Good morning," then, if there are not many people pressing forward, you may thank him for his inspiring sermon very briefly, as he will want to greet other members of the congregation. It is sufficient to say, "It was a beautiful service."

"This week I suffered two occurrences of the same embarrassing situation."

"One acquaintance had told me a fortnight earlier that she would take me to the dress rehearsal of a play she was in. She said she would pick me up, but would have to telephone to tell me the exact time. Came the day and no phone call and no picking me up. The day ended, the play opened, and nothing whatever was said."

"Another acquaintance asked me, this time a month in advance, if I would attend a meeting of her discussion group with her. She told me what book to read in order to be prepared and I bought the book and read it. She had also said she would telephone and tell me just when she would pick me up. Came the day and no call, and the matter has never been mentioned since."

"In both cases I went to the trouble to be ready and in both cases I didn't feel it was up to me to telephone and ask what was going on. What should I have done?"

—Sometimes women will throw out an invitation such as you have mentioned and then make no memorandum for themselves to follow up. They become enmeshed in their activities and just forget. Next time be ahead of them. Call well in advance to see if they have remembered that they were going to pick you up and so forth.

The Australian Women's Weekly—November 17, 1965

"When may women shake hands?"

—Women may shake hands any time they feel so moved. They should always, however, shake the hand of their hostess in greeting and farewell.

Upon introduction they usually do shake hands with other women unless such a procedure would be awkward because of seating or distance, and optionally they shake hands with men upon introduction. But they may also bow.

They do, however, shake hands with their hosts in greeting and farewell. And should a man, not remembering to wait until a woman made the first move, offer his hand in greeting, the woman, of course, takes it.

TRICKY SITUATIONS IN EVERYDAY LIFE

"I have just been appointed chairman of our annual school fete, which won't actually take place for some time, but which I must start planning now. Can you give me any suggestions that are a little unusual?"

—At one school I know they sent home notices asking parents to shop, while travelling, for small items to be placed on sale at the fete. They collected an amazing assortment of things from all over the world as well as from other States. These things should not be expensive and obviously, because of packing problems, will be small.

"I have an aunt who is a good ten years my senior and widowed. When her husband first died we were very sorry for her and took her along as odd-woman to dinner parties, to the theatre, bowling, and so forth."

"Now, after ten years, she expects continued attention of this kind. It has become very irksome to us and to our friends."

"When we are out together she expects my husband to wait on her hand and foot. When she is at our house it never occurs to her to help herself; she expects to be waited on. If we have a party she sulks when my husband dances with me and leaves her alone. And I feel miserable if he dances with somebody else, leaving me to keep her company."

"What shall we do? My husband is very easy-going and never wants to hurt anyone."

—It is very hard to go through life with self-respect without hurting someone at some time, even though trying to be kind as possible.

Protect your husband from his excessive good nature by not inviting your aunt in the first place.

Discuss the matter frankly with your friends, and if they want to invite her to parties to which you are going, let them do so on their own, suggesting that she bring an escort. In this way perhaps you can help her to reach out and find her own friends.

Your decisiveness can be the kindest thing for her. Of course, when you do occasionally take her out, your husband, as the escort of both of you, is responsible first for her comfort, then for yours, as she is your guest.

This is not a situation that one wishes to inflict indefinitely on even the best-natured husband.

How to address a clergyman

"Every time I listen to television I seem to hear at least one character addressing a clergyman as 'Reverend.' Yet 'Reverend' can never be a form of salutation."

—No, it can't. "Reverend" is an adjective. You may refer to "The Reverend Mr. Smith" or you may address a letter to "The Rev. John Smith." In direct address these gentlemen are, depending on the custom of the church and the clergyman's preference, "Father," "Mr. Smith," or, if he has a suitable degree, "Dr. Smith." Here is a little verse which has circulated for years, but no one seems to know who wrote it. Perhaps it will get the lesson across.

HI, REVEREND

Breathes there a priest with soul so dead,
Who never to his Lord hath said:
On bony knees I humbly bend,
Lord, stop men calling me Reverend!
And to his flock on Sunday morn,
Did all the faithful sternly warn:
O, call me Parson, call me Mike,
Call me Father if you like,
Call me Mister, call me friend,
A loving ear to all I lend.
But, O, my heart with woe you rend,
Whene'er you call me Reverend.



"I AM appalled by butter being served in big hunks or even in a block on a nicely set table. When I travel in Europe I am always so enchanted by the delightful curls and pats of butter one sees and which are so seldom encountered here — I suppose because of our general lack of help.

"I don't mind squares of butter if they are decorated with parsley. The appearance of food is very important. Don't you agree?"

—The appearance of food is very important. Too few care.

Many stores have gadgets that make a butter-curl. When the curls are kept in ice water you have an attractive way to serve butter.

Easiest of all, on an informal table, is a small crock of butter. Just pack a low, small, deep dish or crock with butter, decorate the top with a knife blade or the prongs of a fork, and sprinkle with parsley. Stick a small knife in the top for serving. This is much done in France.

"I am going to have several house guests for a weekend. Ordinarily we serve orange juice for breakfast, but I wonder if it is proper also to serve fresh fruit. I love cherries and would like to serve them either alone or in combination with other fresh fruits, if this is correct for breakfast."

—A bowl of fresh fruit is very attractive on the breakfast table, especially if it can be served on a bed of cracked ice. At this time of year you could combine cherries, apricots, fresh figs if you can find them, and plums.

A very attractive way to serve cherries at any meal is the way I've had them served to me in Madrid. If the table is small and there are two or three people, all of whom can reach the bowl, put the cherries in a glass bowl of ice water in which you have floated some cubes of ice. Place the bowl on a serving plate and let each guest take cherries with a serving spoon.

Another idea: Put a cherry with its stem in iced tea and other iced drinks while cherries are plentiful.

"How far away from the edge of a table should a placemat be placed?"

—Placemats should be lined up exactly with the edge of the table.

"If I invite two couples in for a few drinks of an evening (they are neighbors) and I serve savory dips, potato chips, pretzels, and the like, is it necessary to serve sandwiches and coffee and cake? They usually only stay an hour and a half or so."

—No.

"When we have dinner parties at home, using four small tables, my husband and I sit at separate tables. He also goes to other tables to chat with our guests. Is it proper for my husband and me to change places when dessert is served? Should we change places with two other guests at other tables at this time or should we just remain seated at our original tables? If we remain at our tables we visit the others when dessert is being served."

—I like to see the host and hostess in a situation like this stay at their own tables. Sometimes at such parties men are asked to change places, going to other tables. My own feeling is that this often creates some confusion. If people have been able to get together before the dinner for cocktails, and will have some time to mingle after dinner, I don't see very much advantage in moving during the meal.

● "I invited five couples for a holiday dinner and planned a pleasant evening of conversation. I was terribly disappointed when two of the couples sat down to play bridge. Don't you think that these four people showed very poor manners and were discourteous to the host and hostess?"

—They were certainly out of order. It is up to the hostess to suggest games if she wants them played at her party.

WHEN YOU WISH TO ENTERTAIN GUESTS AT HOME

"In your book of etiquette you say, 'After several people have been served, guests begin eating.' I would appreciate it if you would indicate how many you can mean by 'several.' There is much discussion on this, as many people think one must wait until the hostess has been served and picks up her knife, fork, or spoon."

—If there are as few as four or less people at the table, of course all wait until the hostess is served. But at a table with five or more, by the time the second or third has been served it is permissible for those who have been served to begin eating. Waiting until everyone at the table is served would mean that the food of the first guest is cold. The considerate hostess always says, "Please start eating," and this is especially true if she is serving from a buffet and there are many guests.

"How soon after you have moved into a new house or apartment may you give a housewarming?"

—It depends on your personality. Perfectionists will probably wait until the very last curtain is in place. Other more elastic people invite their friends in well before the unpacking is finished, or even invite them to help unpack (but this depends very much on one's friends).

"I am to give a buffet supper. Is it correct to have the individual tables set with silver and wine glasses, or is it better to have the guests pick up their silver at the buffet and to have the wine poured in the kitchen and passed? Do you have the first course served? We will have a waitress in for the evening."

—You may have your individual tables set with silver, napkins, and unfilled wine glasses. You may serve the wine at each table or, much simpler, provide a bottle of wine for each table. If it is white wine or rose it should be chilled — very lightly. If in summertime a red wine is being served, it, too, should be very lightly cooled. Technically, red wine should be served at room temperature, but if it is a hot night in this country that guide won't do.

It is much easier to have enough hors-d'oeuvre so that you can omit a first course. If you want to have one, say a cold soup, it may be in place when the guests sit down or it may be served in the living-room. The waitress will clear that course. You would then lead the guests to the buffet.

"I have several good friends who will extend hospitality and courtesies but who will not accept return favors, invitations, etc. Now what could be more frustrating! One will have accepted their parties and gifts in high humor and delight, and when the time comes to repay one meets with a refusal or a discouragement, and I feel affronted. It would seem such people like to have others under obligation to them. They like, in a sense, to feel superior."

—You are quite right. There is many a woman who shines as a hostess but who feels somehow uncomfortable as a guest and who will make all kinds of excuses to keep from accepting someone else's return invitation. This can make the situation very uncomfortable. The only way to cope with it is to say, pleasantly but firmly, "I am sorry; I can't come to you until you come to me first." Then set a date.

"Should guests help clear the table?"

— The hostess might accept the offer of one guest who knows her kitchen and knows her methods, but she should firmly discourage other guests from helping. If they all rise up like blackbirds from the table, the party falls apart.

"If you have no maid and no one to help for a party even on a part-time basis, how do you collect the plates — from which side? Is it permissible to have both husband and wife remove the plates to speed things up?"

— A party without help is necessarily informal. I never like to see the hostess doubling as a maid, that is, removing plates all from the left.

It is far preferable for the hostess to have a serving table or traymobile to her left and for her to ask her guests to pass their plates up to her. She then stacks them without scraping and removes them smoothly to the kitchen without a lot of jumping up.

I prefer not to have the husband help in this, as it is better that he stay at the table and help to entertain the guests. A friend who knows her way in your kitchen might be asked to help. The thing to avoid is letting everyone jump up "to help."

"How far should the salt and pepper shakers be allowed to empty before a refill? Should one keep them filled or half-filled, or does it matter?"

— Salt and pepper shakers should be kept full. Where individual salts and peppers are used, they should be freshly filled for each meal.

"I have a problem about what is to be taken off the table before serving dessert."

— Before the service of dessert, you first remove used serving dishes and platters, then the soiled dishes, and finally the condiments. If wine has been served and a different wine is to be served at dessert, at this time also change the wine glasses.

"My opinion has been asked concerning the propriety of using paper plates and plastic forks (in lieu of the usual china and silver) at a large wedding reception. Since times have changed, this is being done by some."

— It is done all the time, especially for service of the cake — and by people who can afford porcelain.

"When you are inviting more than one couple for dinner, is it correct to tell the guests other people are coming or to let it be a surprise?"

— It is only fair to guests to say whether or not it is a party. Also, if they are going to meet a number of strangers, fill them in a little. On the other hand, a guest should never ask her hostess who the other guests will be, especially if she has not yet accepted the invitation.

"I invited two friends to come over one evening. I served rather elaborate food and, after we were all seated at the table, one of the guests remarked that she could not eat anything I had prepared as she was on a very limiting diet."

"If she had mentioned this when we were making the arrangements I could have easily had something on hand for her. Instead, we spent a very uncomfortable time and didn't enjoy our own food."

— Your friend should certainly have told you, especially as they were the only guests. It is sometimes much easier for people on rigid diets to attend larger parties, served buffet style, where they usually can find something they are allowed.

I know some people who, before going to such a party, eat what they are allowed to eat at home and then just take small portions of other permitted foods after they get to the party. They don't discuss their problem but say something such as, "I had a very late lunch" or, "I had a snack just before we left home because I was so hungry and it took the edge off my appetite."

Usually people at a big party don't care whether you eat or not — or don't notice.

• "Is it proper to wear a long hostess gown (skirt and blouse) when giving a small, informal, seated dinner at which your female guests will wear short cocktail or dinner dresses?"

— Yes, the hostess may always wear a long hostess dress (or hostess pyjamas, culottes, or perhaps silk pants with matching coat). At an informal party, of course, she would not choose to wear a long formal evening gown.



"At a sit-down although not completely formal dinner, when the dessert is something that needs to be cut, such as cake or pie, is it correct to cut this and place it on plates in the kitchen or should it be cut at the table? If so, does the host or hostess serve the dessert at the table?"

— If all the guests are at one table, it is more dramatic for the hostess to serve the dessert from her place.

— If all the guests are at one table, it pie or portions the ice-cream and hands it to her left to the server, who then places the first portion in front of the lady guest of honor seated at the host's right. The next portion goes to the lady guest of honor at the host's left and so on around the table.

If there is no one to help, the hostess passes the first filled plate down to the lady guest of honor at her husband's right, asking her to keep it if she seems about to pass it on.

"Recently I gave a large reception for a very important woman, who, without proper reason, such as a late plane, arrived almost an hour late. Guests occasionally have multiple engagements the same late afternoon and early evening, and some who came to my party for this woman had to leave before she arrived."

— The guest of honor must always arrive before (a good half-hour is safest) a party in her honor, if it is humanly possible for her to do so. She certainly must not be late.

It is her responsibility to stand with the hostess and receive guests at a large party. Unless the guest of honor is a houseguest, no one leaves before she does, at least not without a good reason.

By the way, nobody ever bypasses the receiving line at such a reception or anywhere else where there is one. The guest of honor is prompt in writing a note of thanks to her hostess and a gift of some kind to the hostess is pleasant. Flowers timed to arrive early in the morning of the party are thoughtful.

"MY husband and I disagreed last season about how to dress when going to football matches. He wants me to wear my Sunday clothes — good coat, heels, etc. I thought sports clothes — sweater and skirt, leather jacket — would be more suitable."

—I agree with you, but perhaps next season you can strike a happy compromise. Some husbands don't like to see their wives in too-casual clothes.

You may not be the flat-heeled, tweedy type. Choose sports clothes that are pleasantly feminine. A plain pump with a medium heel might satisfy him and be comfortable for you. He may prefer to see you in a wool dress rather than in a sweater and skirt.

An attractive loose sports coat might be more attractive for you than a leather jacket. If you like leather, there are attractive suede sports coats that don't look as if you are going to take off on a motorcycle.

"Does the president of an organisation wear gloves and hat when presiding at a meeting? What about other officers who are seated with the president? What about women who are presenting reports at the meeting?"

—It is usual for a president to remove gloves before opening the meeting, as it is difficult to handle papers and cards when wearing gloves (although some women do leave them on when saying a few brief words). Hats are optional but usual for office-bearers in older groups — in smaller communities especially — and they all arrive wearing gloves, but don't necessarily present reports in them. Hats for the members are optional and much depends on the dress habits of the group and community.

"We have been invited to a semi-formal dance and I would like to know what is the proper dress for myself and my husband."

—For your husband: dark suit, white shirt, black shoes, conservative tie. For you: short cocktail dress or dinner suit, or "little black dress."

ANSWERS TO QUERIES ABOUT DRESS



● "I rarely wear a hat and feel that veils, or silk or velvet bows, are enough even for weddings, funerals, or church."

—You have the right idea. There are exciting birdcage veils that can be as expensive as the finest hat and can go anywhere a hat goes. Chanel has made the flat bow not only acceptable but chic.

Today, whether you wear a hat or a substitute for one in formal circumstances is a matter of personal choice.

"While attending a play with a friend, I happened to notice that the men ushers wore red buds backed with green fern on their lapels. I thought that the combination looked lovely against the black dinner jackets, and when I mentioned this to my friend she was astonished. She said that whenever men wear flowers on their lapels, the flowers should never be backed with any green."

—Your friend is right. Apropos of this, I saw a school play recently in which a "butler" and a "headwaiter" both sported carnations in their buttonholes, and red ones at that. This is also incorrect. A butler never wears a flower and neither does a headwaiter.

"Is it correct for a man to button his shirt at the collar and not wear a tie with a sports jacket?"

—This is a particularly unattractive thing to do unless the shirt is a knit or of other softly bulky material.

"After 6 p.m. I wear dark clothes (dark grey or black) with white shirts. When is it proper to wear a dark tie? When is it proper to wear light or white ties? Which of the two would be considered more formal when a dinner jacket is not required?"

—A dark, conservative tie is Ivy League dressing with a dark suit. On the other hand, sometimes you will see a black string tie with a light seersucker or even a white linen suit in the summer and it can look very handsome.

I know a number of conservative dressers who would not wear a very light tie with a dark suit. However, some like to affect the Continental style of the pale tie with a dark suit — sometimes so pale that it looks like no tie at all against a white shirt. Theatrical people often like this style of dressing.

My own preference is for a dark, conservative tie with a dark suit in the evening when a dinner jacket is not required.

"Is it correct for a man to wear a bow tie at a funeral?"

—Yes. The man who customarily wears a bow tie would naturally wear it to a funeral.

An interesting thing about bow ties is that they are usually worn by rather independent men, often by creative ones such as architects, doctors, writers, and so forth. You don't see them, for example, on rising young executives, to whom the black string tie or the "sincere" dark tie, white shirt, and dark suit are signs of careful conformity.

"Will you please tell us what you consider the proper gloves to be worn at a funeral? I have always thought black was right. My daughter attended her father-in-law's funeral and was surprised to find she was the only one wearing black gloves. Everybody was wearing white — even the widow."

—Usually if the widow and the women of the immediate family wear black to the funeral (which is quite usual), they wear black gloves. More and more people are discarding the idea of wearing black at funerals, however, and I remember noting that when Gary Cooper died his widow wore to the funeral a light dress with white collar and white gloves.

Often today the most bereaved wear ordinary church-going clothes, especially if they have no black in their wardrobes. As in the tropics white is also considered mourning, I really see no objection to the wearing of white gloves, even when dress and mourning veil are black.

"I keep noting that various world celebrities turn up as wedding guests in white clothes. For example, Lynda Bird Johnson wore a white silk ottoman coat with long sleeves over a matching sheath dress at the wedding of King Constantine of Greece. I thought white was the prerogative of the bride."

—Fashion changes and so does etiquette. In the tropics white is always correct for guests at weddings and always has been. I have seen a certain amount of white worn by style innovators to big city weddings within the past year.

● "I have just completed my school exams and I am job-hunting. Would you give me some good tips on appearance and so forth, including clothes? I am a boy aged 17."

—Regardless of the type of job you are seeking, your chances of landing it depend greatly on how well you present yourself and your qualifications.

The following recommendations should help:

1. After arranging for a personal interview, either through an employment agency or answering an advertisement, or by making the rounds of companies in your area, sit down and prepare your facts. Include such vital statistics as: date of birth, age, home address, telephone number, scholastic achievements, and a list of any previous job experiences in reverse chronological order — last job first.

2. Visit your barber shop the day before the interview and leave any haircut fads on the barber's floor. While there is no set way to wear your hair, if it comes down over the ears it is not indicative of an alert young businessman.

3. Your selection of clothes should stress conservatism, and sports clothes should be left at home. A dark suit is the safest bet. Avoid any extreme style.

4. Make sure you wear a hat, for in the business world this is one item of apparel that separates the men from the boys.

5. A white shirt is always right, but a solid-color or well-co-ordinated one is readily acceptable for a daytime interview. Executive-length hose are a sure tip-off that you're in the know when it comes to dressing for business. There should be no bare leg showing when your trousers hitch up as you sit before the interviewer. Take that few extra minutes to polish your shoes, and make sure they are not in need of repair.

6. After going to all this trouble, be sure you arrive on time for your interview. Being late will make your interviewer doubt your punctuality.

While it is not suggested that you sit back and relax after a successful job interview, remember that getting the job is the hardest job of all.

TIPS ABOUT TRAVELLING

"A FRIEND of mine flew to Europe. She received many going-away cards, most of which were 'bon voyage' cards. Was this correct?"

—"Bon voyage" means, in French, "good trip." The expression is not limited to ship travellers.

"What do you think of a white dinner jacket for city wear in the summer? It can be very hot and my husband and I will be travelling and have heavy social programs in the cities. He also has a tropical-weight black dinner jacket. Which would you prefer?"

—The black one.

"The relative of some friends of ours lives in England and has been most helpful to us in sending us tour brochures and arranging our accommodation while we will be in London. We sent money to cover phone calls, postage, and so forth, but we would like to take a small gift to this kind lady as a token of appreciation. What can you suggest? Space is limited, of course, as we are flying."

—People in the capitals of the world are very often imposed upon by visiting friends and relatives, so it is a very nice thing to take them out to dinner and the theatre at a convenient time. Such a treat might be appreciated very much by this woman who has been so kind to you, whereas it might be difficult for you to find just the right gift from this country that would please her.

"My husband and I are going to America and then, next May, on a Mediterranean cruise on a fashionable ship. I am wondering how formal these cruises are. Is it necessary for me to have a cocktail or evening dress for each night, or can I use a short-sleeved scoop-necked print, or a 'little black dress' type? Is a fur cape or stole necessary?"

"We are landing in France at the end of the cruise and will be travelling for some months on the Continent, so I don't want to fill my luggage with things I won't need there. Is it necessary for my husband to wear a dinner jacket each night?"

—This is fashionable cruising time, so travelling on a ship going in May to the Mediterranean would mean both cocktail and evening dresses, and a dinner jacket for your husband. Do not wear evening dress the first night out nor

the final night. When you have been on a shore excursion many people don't change at all for dinner or, if they do, they wear the kind of clothes you describe.

Resort wear is expected even when the weather doesn't always co-operate in the Mediterranean. You can always use that little black dress and the print on the Continent.

On the cruise ship, your stole will have lots of company, but whether or not you will want to take it around Europe for the following months is another matter. You won't want it for daytime use. You might want to send it and your evening clothes back home before you start your Continental journey.

Find a simple, elegant silk or wool coat or jacket for evening, easy to manage. Your husband can go anywhere on the Continent in the evening in a dark suit and would find his evening clothes a burden, unless you are very certain that you are going to be moving in circles where evening dress is essential. In Paris, black tie is required on Friday nights at Maxim's, but other nights a dark suit is usual.

"My husband and I are planning to spend two weeks in England during the English springtime next year. I am trying to plan a capsule wardrobe."

"I am considering either a lightweight wool or wool-knit suit which I could vary with blouses and sweaters. Will I have occasion to wear slacks while in the country? We plan to spend about half our time in London and divide the rest between Devon and Stratford."

—You will need more than the lightweight wool or wool-knit suit, as London in April and May (springtime) can be very cool, even cold. A raincoat is essential and, if you need a new one, remember that the British ones are among the finest in the world. A cashmere sweater under the suit jacket may feel very comfortable, too.

You can find the raincoat and beautiful cashmeres if you go shopping in Regent Street (London). Be sure to try them on, as the sizing may be different from ours. You will find there a scarf that is just the thing for your head in Devon and in Stratford, where your wool-knit suit or sweater and skirt is far more suitable than slacks.

Do take comfortable walking shoes, or buy them, too, in London.

It is very easy to get theatre tickets—and at reasonable prices—in your London hotel. The majority of theatre-goers are simply dressed, and street clothes are perfectly acceptable. A well-cut black or a jewel-colored wool dress with appropriate accessories should see you through.

"IS it the obligation of the bride's family to entertain out-of-town guests when they arrive three or four days prior to the wedding, or is it assumed that they will be on their own and not burden the bride's family at such a tense time?"

"Also, is it the bride's family's responsibility to pay for wedding pictures for the bridegroom's family?"

—Guests arriving so far in advance of the wedding should expect to be on their own, but the mother of the bride usually sees to it that the out-of-towners receive some invitations from relatives or friends, if possible.

It is usual for the bride's family to furnish bridal pictures to the bridegroom's family—one of the couple at least. Unless money is no consideration, they should not be expected to do more. The bridegroom's family should offer to pay for any additional pictures they may wish to have.

"I am to be married soon and will be given a large tea, including about 75 guests. The time will be from three to six or four to seven. Would it be correct for me to wear a floor-length dress? The one I have in mind is a sheath of peau de soie with very little detail. If this is acceptable, would it then be necessary for the several hostesses to wear long dresses?"

—I wouldn't like to see you wear a long dress. You and the hostesses should all wear short dresses.

"About a month ago my daughter ran off and got married. One of my friends says that my husband and I should give a reception for the newlyweds. Others say this is not at all necessary or expected."

—A reception is not necessary at all, but if you care to give one it would certainly indicate that you stand behind your daughter's choice.

Elopements nearly always cause speculation. Any gathering at which you could introduce her young husband to your friends would do, even a cocktail party.

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Question of cake

"Our son, an only child, is going to be married. Would it be in poor taste for me to make the wedding cake? I have baked and decorated one wedding cake, for a niece. It was a three-tiered cake comparable to any expensive bought ones. I had many compliments on it."

—I think it is a lovely idea. The bride should welcome it, but do get her permission before you go ahead with it.

● "My daughter will have three attendants in her bridal party and will ask several friends to help at the reception following the wedding. Is it appropriate to give the latter any kind of a remembrance and, if so, what? Can you suggest appropriate gifts for the three girls in the bridal party?"

—The bride need give gifts only to the attendants. She is careful to write a note of thanks to each of the other girls who helped. The maid-of-honor receives a gift similar to those of the bridesmaids, but a little more expensive.

Good jewellery of some kind is appropriate. A small, simple gold pin, a circlet of pearls, a sterling key ring, a bracelet charm, a sterling picture frame, sterling pill box — all are suitable.

A good dessert plate for each attendant, perhaps hand-painted, would be attractive, too, and could be used as a starter for a set, or alone as an ashtray or serving plate.

"The bridesmaids are buying their own dresses for my wedding. Will you please tell me who buys the shoes, gloves, and hats for the bridesmaids in these circumstances?"

—If the bridesmaids buy their dresses for the wedding (very usual these days), they also get their own shoes and head-dresses. It would be very nice for the bride to give them their gloves, either as her special bridal gift or in addition to some small commemorative gift, such as one of those listed in the item below.

"My daughter will be getting married soon and, although the bridegroom's mother and I haven't decided yet whether we will wear long gowns or street-length, my mother-in-law insists that she does not have to abide by what we decide. She says that if we decide on street-length she is still going to wear a long white gown."

—There are two other grandmothers who couldn't possibly wear long gowns, as they are nearly 75 years old. My mother-in-law is in her early 60s.

"Am I wrong in insisting that all grandmothers wear street-length dresses regardless of the fact that the bridegroom's mother and I may decide on either long or short dresses? My daughter feels that the two mothers are the ones who have to be pleased and that the three grandmothers should wear short dresses."

—You mothers must, of course, agree on the length, style, and color of the gowns you will wear. It is beyond your province to suggest what the grandmothers—who will come as guests—will wear.

I agree with you that the two grandmothers who will wear suitable street-length dresses will make the one who appears in the long white gown look very foolish. Why not let the two grandmothers work on the third and keep out of the matter yourself?

"My nephew is to be married in another city. The bride and bridegroom will come to the city where I live for the honeymoon and to meet his relatives."

"Will it be correct for the bride to wear her bridal gown and veil at a dinner reception being planned for them here?"

—She may wear the wedding gown at the reception but not the bridal veil, which should never be worn again by the bride after the wedding ceremony, although the dress may be worn.

WEDDINGS IN THE FAMILY



The Australian Women's Weekly—November 17, 1965

"Our son and daughter-in-law are celebrating their first wedding anniversary soon. Can you suggest a suitable, useful gift? Money is no object."

—The first wedding anniversary, as you know, is the tin wedding—probably because the average bride and groom have been showered with all kinds of gifts at the wedding and this first year just a token gift of some kind is usual. Anything elaborate would be imposing on friends and relatives.

In your case, as money is no object, I suggest money. Undoubtedly the young couple will need this very necessary commodity. To keep your gift from looking too prosaic, enclose it in a suitable gift card. Or send them flowers and put the cheque in with your card.

"My son, who has a job in a town more than 1000 miles away, has become engaged to a girl whose home is there, and the wedding will take place there in a few months. I work in an office and have very little time off, and I feel a hurried trip to the wedding will be so rushed that it will be unsatisfactory all round."

—On the other hand, since my son and his bride will be coming here on their honeymoon and will spend a few days with me before their return, I would prefer to remain at home to receive them on their arrival in a relaxed atmosphere. By starting my vacation about the time they expect to get here, I will have time to enjoy and get to know my daughter-in-law.

"Would it be incorrect, or give the impression I do not approve of my son's marriage, if I do not attend the wedding?"

—It is a real deprivation for a mother not to see her son married. I suggest that you go to the wedding, taking that time for your vacation if possible.

Go out frequently when your son and his bride are at your house. Honeymooners do not need to be entertained. They won't want to be tied down to regular dinner hours or to the plans you might want to make for them.

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● THE RINGS ON YOUR FINGERS

"Is it considered bad taste for a man of 60 to give an engagement ring to a lady of 55, whom he plans to marry?"

—On the contrary, it would be expected.

"My husband died about two years ago. Should I continue to wear my wedding ring?"

—Widows usually do continue to wear their rings. If you wish to remarry you can always say on meeting a man who looks interesting, "My late husband said . . ." or in some other way bring the conversation around to the fact that you are a widow!

"Should the bride and bridegroom buy their wedding rings (when he wishes to wear one) together, or does he buy both himself and she pay him later for his?"

—The bride and bridegroom should go together to select their wedding rings. The wise bridegroom, where this matters, visits the jeweller first and makes a selection of rings in the price range he can afford. The jeweller, at the appointed time, then shows the bride these rings and from these she selects one. At the same time they may decide on his ring if it is to be a double-ring ceremony. She pays for it, as it is her gift to him. The best selection is a plain gold band without decoration. This looks most masculine and never goes out of style.

"I have been a widow for nearly 20 years and had always worn my wedding band and diamond engagement ring until about a year ago, when I again became engaged to a very fine man and received a

beautiful diamond engagement ring. We were to be married, but three weeks before the date for our wedding my fiancé died suddenly. Now I am at a loss as to the correct use of my rings.

"I feel that I should wear my husband's rings as before. I would like very much also to wear the diamond ring, but want to do what is correct in the circumstances. I would like to use the nice things I have during my lifetime and have no thought of becoming interested in another man."

—Your problem is a very personal one. Actually, when you received the engagement ring from your fiancé who died, you should have put away the rings given to you by your late husband and worn only this ring. As you did not do this, and as you still bear the name of your late husband, perhaps the way to solve the problem is to continue to wear his rings as you always have and to wear the new ring on the other hand.

"My mother died about a year ago and recently my father said that I could have her engagement ring. I know I should not wear it on my third finger left hand, but I don't know quite what to do. Is it possible to wear it without having it reset? It is white gold, one-quarter-carat diamond with four oblong sapphires, one on each side. It is in the style of circa 1925."

—I assume that you are in your late teens or early twenties. I suggest that you wear the ring on the little finger of your left hand or on the little finger or third finger of your right hand. Keep it for dress occasions.

"I married a widower, and his daughter was only four at the time. She is now 21 and plans to be married soon. Her father (my late husband) died in 1961. Of course, she wants me to send the wedding invitations. Should they read 'my stepdaughter'? Neither of us likes that phrase, but if it is correct we will use it. The same problem comes up in the matter of the announcements and the newspaper notification of the wedding."

—It is not necessary to call her your stepdaughter. You may call her your daughter, as she has been that for so long, and everyone who knows about it will understand.

● "I will be attending an interstate wedding with my fiancé. My problem concerns the wedding gift. What is my responsibility in this matter? I have met the bridegroom only once and the bride not at all."

"Is it correct for my fiancé to buy the gift and sign both our names? Should I contribute to the cost of the gift? Should I buy a gift and take it to the wedding?"

—As you are engaged, you can join together in giving one gift. Write on a gift card, "With our best wishes, Barbara Anderson (and below that) Robert Green." Have the gift sent to the bride at her home before the wedding.

"I know it isn't correct to offer congratulations when a young lady becomes engaged. What does one say when observing a wedding anniversary?"

—You are right about avoiding the word "congratulations" in regard to an engaged girl, but the word may be used to her fiancé. The reason that the word "congratulations" is avoided for the girl is that it seems as if you are saying, "I never thought you'd make it!" An anniversary is a different matter and your congratulations can be warm and extended to them both.

Continued overleaf

SAVOIR FAIRE—Page 11

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"I AM 78 years old and my husband is 82. I want to plan for our Diamond Wedding Anniversary—60 years. We haven't anything very elaborate in mind, but a diamond wedding has never been celebrated in our town. Please let me know what your ideas are on the subject."

—It is not many couples who can celebrate their Diamond Wedding. You know, of course, that the gifts may be either diamonds (or diamond-like stones), or gold, which gives a little more leeway.

The simplest and one of the nicest ways to celebrate a wedding anniversary is to give an afternoon tea for all your friends and neighbors. Often Sunday afternoon is chosen, from four, say, until seven.

You could serve a punch, non-alcoholic if you wish, tea, coffee, small tea sandwiches (cut in diamond shapes, of course), little cakes, and your anniversary cake.

The cake could rest on its own table, preferably round and covered with a gold or a white cloth. You could have someone make swags of rhinestone trimming or swags of gold ribbon with rhinestones glued in the folds of the rosettes. It is quite usual to use paper napkins.

Your invitations may be engraved in gold, if you wish to be quite formal. An invitation to a wedding anniversary tea usually carries the date of the marriage and the date of the anniversary in this way:

1905. 1965

Mr. and Mrs. Henry David Murphy
request the pleasure of your company
on the

Sixtieth Anniversary of their marriage,
Sunday, December fifteenth,
from four until seven o'clock . . .

The name of your house, and the address, would follow.

Tea invitations of this kind carry no R.S.V.P., but polite people do respond to say if they are coming.

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WEDDINGS IN THE FAMILY

● "Is it right for people to go to such parties as wedding showers, anniversaries, etc., without a gift?"

—If you accept an invitation to a wedding shower, a gift is certainly expected. If you receive an invitation but do not go, a gift is optional. If the organisers of the anniversary party make it clear that gifts are expected, take one, if only a token one. If the party is simple, something like an anniversary open house, gifts are optional.

"On whose list, the bride's or the bridegroom's, are the groomsmen put for the wedding reception?"

—All members of the bridal party, including the groomsmen, are on the bride's family list.

"My fiancé and I are planning to be married at eleven in the morning. He is a widower and I am a widow, and we are both in our early fifties. Is it proper to send invitations to a small reception that will follow? What should I wear to the wedding?"

—For second marriages, engraved invitations are not sent, but you may write or phone friends asking them to attend the wedding and the reception.

A pastel dress with its own coat or jacket with a flowered hat might be very attractive in any color you enjoy, except black or red. For second marriages nowadays some brides are wearing white, so long as the dresses are not too bridal and are not worn with a veil.

A softly tailored silk, chiffon, or even organza suit or dress and coat with some kind of headpiece (a birdcage veil, a circlet of flowers if your hair is long and in a chignon, or a Chanel bow) might be just right.

"My granddaughter is being married. She lives with her father and grandparents. She has a mother but does not hear from her or see her, and she would not be interested in her daughter's wedding. The mother and father are divorced and the mother lives at a great distance.

"How should the wedding invitations be sent out?"

—The home in which your granddaughter lives is her grandparents'. She and her father live there, but her father does not maintain the home, I gather. I suggest that the grandparents issue the invitations.

If the home is the father's and the grandparents live with him, he should issue the invitations in his name alone.

Even though you think that the mother would not be interested, do her the courtesy of sending her an invitation to her own daughter's wedding. It is very worth while for your granddaughter's future peace of mind for her parents to make every effort to indicate some solidarity on this important day in her life. If there is some very serious reason why the mother should not be informed of her daughter's wedding and invited to it, that is another matter.

"I plan to wear a stole to my daughter's wedding. Should I remove it before going down the aisle? Should gloves be removed in the receiving line?"

—If you need the stole for warmth in the church, wear it to your seat. The wearing of a stole on a hot summer day for "show" is quite another thing.

Gloves should not be removed by those on the receiving line, and women going through the receiving line also keep their gloves on. Gloves are removed when refreshments are taken—at least the right glove for champagne or if one smokes, and both gloves when a meal is to be partaken.

"The daughter of a friend is getting married. I am close to the parents, but barely know the girl. I have received an invitation to the wedding and, in asking her mother what the girl wanted, was told that she would like an expensive type of table silver. The teaspoons alone are more than £3 apiece. I would like to give her silver, but I could not afford more than one teaspoon. I wonder if it would be insulting for her to receive such a gift from me?"

—With the current high price of sterling, I find that brides would certainly prefer to receive one nicely boxed teaspoon of the set that they have selected than a gift costing approximately the same but chosen more or less in despair from the "decorative objects" shelf. The silver will last the bride's lifetime and grow in value, the decorative object may not be her taste at all.

"We are planning to celebrate our 40th wedding anniversary soon. We are trying to get a club to which we belong to have the function there. We plan to make it a reception or cocktail party (please advise which). It will start about 8.30 p.m., and we will have music for dancing.

"Could you please give me some suggestions to make it a little different? I know the 50th is golden, but what is the 40th? We will serve hot and cold hors-d'oeuvre and drinks all evening. We are undecided whether to serve supper at midnight."

—The 40th anniversary is the ruby. I suggest that you have white or pink tablecloths with dark red flowers and swags of dark red material such as nylon or ribbon.

Instead of serving cocktails at 8.30, when presumably everyone will have had at least a light dinner, I suggest that you have a reception with punch, without hors-d'oeuvre. At midnight you could serve supper, working out a suitable menu that will suit your budget and your tastes.

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it in. We got that fish, but only

"HOW far in from the edge of a table for a luncheon or dinner should the cup and saucer be placed? Should the placing be to the right of the plate or to the right of the water or wine glass?"

—A cup and saucer is placed to the right of the plate so it lines up with the handle of the knife, not too close to the edge and about an inch from the knife itself.

"My wife read that food in excess of bite-size should not be taken into the mouth (except when a person is eating, say, corn on the cob). However, she believes this bite-size applies to breads, which you say should be cut or broken into manageable portions. Common sense tells me a roll easily broken into halves or thirds should be so broken, buttered if desired, and eaten, if it takes two, three, or four bites, instead of breaking or cutting it into bite sizes.

"This bite-size idea could be expanded to include a cocktail or savory biscuit and I would defy you or her to make a manageable bite-size without a mess."

—We are not at all in disagreement. A tiny biscuit could be popped whole into the mouth. It would be bite-size. Sometimes you get finger-rolls which are served sliced partly through, which you butter and break in halves. You could certainly pick up one of these small halves and eat it a bite at a time. It would make about two bites. Certainly, you pick up a whole stalk of celery and take it a bite at a time. You would not stuff it all into your mouth.

The point about a slice of bread is that you never butter it in its entirety, pick it up, and eat it a bite at a time. This is socially incorrect.

A child having an after-school snack might be allowed to do it, but in formal circumstances bread and rolls are broken, unless the rolls are so small that breaking them into bite-size would, as you say, make a mess.

PARTIES and MANNERS



• "I am a ten-year-old girl. I plan to have a party this summer. Should I invite boys my age as well as girls, or is that correct only for teenagers and grown-ups?"

—I am afraid that girls of ten are more interested in boys of ten than vice versa. I suggest an all-girl party now. When you are older boys will make better guests.

"Instead of ladling gravy over meat, may one do so over bread? With roast beef, for example, if one omits mashed potatoes and puts a slice of bread on the dinner plate, is it poor manners to eat roast beef, bread, and gravy? One of my sons loves bread and gravy, and his brother tells him that it is not correct to have it."

—Serving gravy over bread in this way is all right in the bosom of the family, but it isn't a very formal way to eat. Of course, if it is served this way, the bread is eaten with knife and fork.

Even under formal circumstances, if you have on your plate some gravy that you would like to eat (gravy that has been poured over the meat rather than over the potatoes), there is nothing wrong with taking a bit of bread, placing it in the gravy, impaling it with your fork, and eating it that way.

"My wife and I have a question on the correctness of lighting a cigarette at the dinner table. Could you please advise me as to when it is permissible — between courses, at the end of the main course, with or after dessert, etc.?"

—At a truly formal table there may not even be ashtrays on the table. It is acceptable to light up after the last course before the service of dessert.

It is very poor manners for anyone to come to the table smoking and to smoke throughout the meal. It is also an insult to the hostess. You should never, of course, simultaneously smoke and eat. Under the most formal of circumstances smoking is permitted if one drinks after-dinner coffee, either at the dinner table or away from it.

"While being a guest at a dinner in a hotel, I noticed that another guest left a tip for the waitress. Will you please tell me if this is the proper thing to do, or is it something the host and hostess attend to?"

—The guest was out of order. The host or hostess takes care of the tip when entertaining at a meal in a hotel.

"I am a boy, 16, about 2½ stone overweight. I don't like accepting invitations, because I can't dance—I don't think it is entirely because of my weight, but also because I am awkward. My mother talks to me about dieting, but the more she talks about it the angrier I get and the less I diet. Do you think learning to dance would help me enjoy parties?"

—Get to that dancing class. In aerodynamics, students are taught that technically the bumblebee cannot fly. Its wings are too small and its body too heavy and cumbersome, but the bumblebee doesn't know, so he flies, anyway.

If you want to lose weight—really want to—you will do so. Have a medical check-up to see if there is anything that can speed the process safely for you.

"What do you do with the wrapping or packet from a lump of sugar at a restaurant? Where do you put it — in the ashtray, on the saucer of your cup, or on the tablecloth?"

—You put it on the tablecloth. If you put it in your saucer, it might cause an accident with the cup. If you put it in the ashtray it might catch fire. Obviously, the tablecloth is the place.

"Are there any rules about wearing a fur stole? Do you wear it to your seat in a restaurant or leave it in the cloakroom?"

"I am giving a shower in a restaurant for a friend. Should I sit to her right or left? She will be at the head of the table."

—Wear your stole to your seat and drape it over the back of the chair. Some restaurants may not wish to "cloak" women's furs. You may need the stole for warmth.

You sit to your friend's left. In other words, you put her on your right, but it would be more usual for you to sit at the head of the table as the hostess.

THERE'S AN AWKWARD STAGE IN GROWING UP



"MY teenage daughter and my two teenage sons go up and down our stairs like elephants. The plaster comes loose in the stair wells and I have had to replace my carpeting twice in five years. Evidently there is no stress in the schools on the idea that ladies and gentlemen should walk softly, moderate their voices, and behave generally in a seemly fashion. What I get when I protest is, 'Oh, Mum, you're a square!' Can you help?"

— I have the same problem with my own teenagers. I remember that when I was that age if I went upstairs "like an elephant" I was made to go down and repeat the process like a lady.

At the moment you may have lost your authority in such things, but take heart. Things will improve. Teenagers do read etiquette material.

A reader of mine, noting that I collect old etiquette books, sent me a charming little English one published in 1866. Some of its rules are quaint, but others are just as valid today as they were then. For example:

"A well-bred woman will endeavor to acquire an elegant walk. She will hold herself erect without stiffness, and walk without a footfall being audible in the house. In the road or street she should also walk lightly. Do not turn out your feet too much in walking; it is as bad a fault as to turn them inwards, and causes a strange shaking of the ladies' garments which looks very vulgar. Short, rapid steps, long manly strides, or shaking the skirts are equally to be deprecated."

"Never look behind you in the street, nor about you so as to attract attention. Do not talk or laugh aloud out of doors; indeed, no lady ought to laugh so as to be heard in the street; she must preserve there a quiet manner, a smooth, graceful walk. . . . Two ladies may take each an arm of one gentleman; but a lady should never take the arms of two gentlemen at the same time—it is ungraceful and unusual to do so. Take the arm of one, and let the other walk beside you."

"We had a beautiful granddaughter with eyes like stars, gold glints in her hair. Now at 16 she looks like any other silly girl — hair like mud pulled down over one eye, dresses as tight as they can be to show off the wiggles. Perhaps she is saving the other eye for her old age, but I hope to live to see that other eye again."

"I am sick and tired of seeing tight skirts, really dirty from bus seats and so forth. Boys' clothes are just as bad, but boys walk without the wiggle."

— A grandmother with a sense of humor would help. Take comfort in the fact that hairstyles change and all teenagers go through a period of "disrespect" for their elders. It is part of their growing up.

In the final analysis children grow into adults who for the most part follow the manners and patterns they were taught as young children. For the parents and grandparents it is often a waiting game.

"I am a 19-year-old boy with a problem — a mother who is mostly a critic. Whenever I have company she starts criticising after they leave. If I come in at 10 o'clock she'll say, 'It's about time! Where have you been? What have you been doing?' More than likely I would have been at a friend's looking at television."

"I do as much as I can around the house to help her because she is not too well, but she never compliments me on the things I do. She only criticises me on other things that need to be done."

"Even if I go to my room to go to bed, she continues to fuss. Sometimes I feel like tearing the wall down."

— I suspect that your mother is alone (except for you) and that she is therefore over-dependent on you, her son.

Speak gently but firmly with her about your need to be treated like a man. Try to tell her in advance where you are going and about what time she can expect you home. Be reasonably attentive and affectionate toward her but make it clear that you have no desire to be a "mother's boy."

"I am a boy 15. I spent my first two high-school years at a boys' boarding school where we were somewhat shut off from the outside world. This year I have been at a day school and my problem is I feel shy with people."

"How can I get over this? One of my toughest problems is that I have a hard time mixing in with girls of my age. What do I do about that? If I do overcome it, what do I do about going out to dances? I have never danced in my life with a girl."

— Most 15-year-old boys have all these problems. To get over feeling embarrassed you need to be sure about a few things yourself.

Are you dressing as well and as carefully as you can? Are your table manners acceptable or better? Are you well-groomed? Are you reading a good newspaper daily, as well as current books outside of the school curriculum? Have you developed a hobby?

If you can become fairly expert on just one thing, you will always have something to talk about with confidence.

A good dancer of either sex and of any age can always find partners. Find a boy who will be able to teach you the current dances.

A young man also needs to know some of the basic enduring dances such as the foxtrot and the waltz. Dancing is a marvellous exercise and a builder of self-confidence.

"Is it wrong to accept a date with one boy and then break it with him for a date with another? The mother of a boy (who was away and couldn't call for himself) called me and asked me to go out with him. I accepted because my boyfriend hadn't asked me to go out that evening. Later in the afternoon my boyfriend did ask me, so I called the first boy's mother and told her."

— It is never polite to accept one invitation and then cancel it for another.

"When young people ignore invitations by not replying, isn't that the fault of the mother?"

—Yes, when the young people are truly young. By the time they reach their middle and late teens, however, mothers don't always know when invitations have arrived.

Some teenagers go through a careless period in this matter despite rigorous early training. It often takes an unpleasant experience to bring them back into line. That early training is most important. If it is good, it sticks in the long run.

"Our daughter recently left boarding school, and is now dating some local boys and some of her school friends' brothers. When do the parents of a girl meet the boy she is going out with? We do not wish her escorts to be nervous or ill at ease. How are situations like this handled?"

"Does the girl call the parents into the living-room to meet her date at her discretion? While I want her friends to feel welcome, I don't want to encroach on the young people's privacy."

—The parents of a daughter should have made it a practice from the time the girl began to date that the boy who is taking her out meets her parents before they go out, or, if he is spending the evening at the house, that he meets them immediately upon his arrival.

This does not mean that parents need to be underfoot. But it is important that a girl indicate to the young man calling upon her that she has — at least in the background — her parents' protection.

On having such a young man introduced to you, you keep the conversation light and impersonal. Never assume that a young man's interest in your daughter is serious. Parents who press young men for details as to their jobs, family backgrounds, prospects, and so forth, only serve to frighten them off, which is something you seem to realise.

SOCIAL BOO-BOOS IN BUSINESS



• "In an office situation, who has to greet whom? Should people entering a room, independent of sex and age, greet those in the room? Or what rules and forms should be followed?"

—People entering the room extend the greetings, but commonsense has to be used. If a junior employee enters the room where a senior is obviously deeply engrossed in work or perhaps talking on the phone, he waits quietly until he is able to get the senior's attention. Then he says, "Good morning, Mr. Roberts."

"MY husband is a junior executive in a rather large company. I met his immediate superior very briefly about two years ago, but have never met his wife. However, they have now moved into a house just one block from ours. Should I call on her, invite her for coffee, or invite both of them for an evening? I don't want to do anything incorrect."

—In ordinary social circumstances the established resident calls on the new one, but these days it is wise to phone first before calling. Dropping in can be embarrassing.

As your husband, however, is a junior executive it might not be wise for you to call upon the wife of your husband's boss. Have your husband tactfully sound out her husband at the office, saying that, as they probably know, you are now neighbors and that you will be very happy to be of assistance to his wife should she need help with local tradesmen, and so forth.

Let them take over from that point, if they wish to. It may be against company policy for senior executives to fraternise socially with juniors.

"Recently I was invited to my employer's house for 'cocktails between 3 p.m. and 7 p.m.' Were we expected to stay the whole time?"

—No. About half an hour between those hours would have been appropriate.

"My husband and I will be spending a combined business-pleasure weekend interstate. We are among several couples doing this at the company's expense. On our return would it be out of order for me to write a thank-you note to my husband's employer, even though he will be part of the group on the trip?"

—By all means write a warm letter of appreciation on best-quality social stationery.

"I have worked in the warehouse division of a wholesale grocery for three years. It is a growing company and soon will move to larger quarters, so I feel that now is a good time to approach the manager for a better job and a rise in pay. Should I talk to him personally, or write a letter?"

—Make an appointment and talk to him personally.

"I resigned my office job and my eight workmates gave me a nice travel case as a going-away gift. After ten days at home I was so miserable I asked for my job back and got it."

"Everyone seems glad I am back. I talked to the girl who collected the money for the gift about reimbursing everyone, and she tells me they wouldn't hear of it. I feel especially embarrassed that the others have contributed their hard-earned money. Have you any suggestions?"

—Don't feel embarrassed. They would feel bad if they now made you pay for the gift. Perhaps you would like to invite the others to lunch, or perhaps an evening at your home with simple refreshments. But you really don't have to do a thing.

"My husband is replacing a man in a large firm at the executive level. He has been working with him for three months. There will be an office party to farewell the man who is leaving, and a general invitation has been circulated through the office asking all employees to contribute toward the party and to attend."

"My husband wonders whether he would be expected to attend in the circumstances and whether or not he should make a contribution. The rest of the executive staff plans to be there."

—Yes, he should go and he should make his contribution. Since he is replacing this man, however, he should stay very much in the background at the party so that the man doesn't feel he is being pushed out by his successor.

"PLEASE advise me as to the proper manner in which to insert a greeting card in an envelope — with the face of the card facing the rear of the envelope or facing that portion of the envelope where the address is written?"

—The face of the card faces the flap.

"I am writing about something my sister and I dislike very much. We are both single and middle-aged. Quite often we get letters addressed to 'The Misses Townley.' Even our local newspaper often refers to us in this way. Not only does it seem incorrect to us but we both think it ages us so. My sister says it makes us seem to be about 90.

"I contend each name should be written on an envelope one above the other with 'Miss' before each name."

—The form of address you complain of is not incorrect. It is very formal. Wedding invitations going to you should be addressed in this way — either The Misses Ann and Mildred Townley or Misses Ann and Mildred Townley (and with either of these forms on one line, not one above the other). Your local paper should not refer to you, as "The Misses Townley," but as "The Misses Ann and Mildred Townley."

"My uncle died and I was remembered in his will in quite a generous fashion. Distribution will occur only after the death of his wife, who has felt her loss greatly after 50 years of marriage and has no children to comfort her.

"My question is: Since the will is now public information, is it appropriate to write to her (she lives at a distance) to express to her my deep appreciation of my uncle's generosity to me? Or is it better to say nothing at all? I don't know which is likely to bring more comfort to her."

—Of course you are grateful for your uncle's generosity and it is appropriate that you express your thanks tactfully to his widow, as undoubtedly she had her part in planning the bequest.

● "I received a very nice letter from my son's fiancée after she visited us for a week. She has asked me to write to her when I have time. But I'm not sure how to sign the letter. What is the correct way? Some of my friends say 'Mrs. So-and-So,' others say with my first name."

—You should sign it (for example) Vera Warner, not Mrs. Vera Warner. Your title as a married woman is Mrs. John Warner and this name would be used in the return address on the envelope.



LETTERS, NOTES, and CARDS

"I have been for many years actively involved on the board of directors of a charitable organisation which, until the past few years, seemed to be fulfilling its function admirably. But I have not been at all satisfied with the way things have been going lately. A new element has come in and I wish to resign.

"I want to write a letter that does not make a lot of false excuses about no longer having the time and so forth.

"I cannot make a direct accusation, yet I want somehow to let them understand that I am leaving because I cannot agree with the way the present group is running things. I want no misunderstanding about my resignation being a temporary matter. Will you help?"

—I suggest your letter should read something like this:

"After a number of pleasant and gratifying years, I feel the time has come to tender my resignation as a member of the Board. I trust that you will act upon my resignation at your earliest convenience."

"Recently I read that many women who have business cards printed mistakenly leave off the title (Miss, Mrs.) because they are business cards. This is not so. Most of us leave off the title, not 'mistakenly' at all, but because the trend is toward less formality."

—I have been a woman executive for 30 years, and I can assure you that it makes for nothing but annoyance and confusion if a woman has her business card printed without a title.

It is never good for business when someone who wants to write you has to phone and ask if you are to be addressed as "Miss" or "Mrs." Even if you are an enthusiastic first-namer (I am against it) there must be some point at which people need to know your title.

Why make them ask? Do you want a receptionist to tell her boss, "Carol Smith is here?" Are you Carol Smith to her? To the office boy? The Post Office?

"My daughter is to be married in two months. The family of the young man lives in another city, not very far from here. They have been engaged for five months and I have never received a letter from his family welcoming my daughter into their family. His mother writes to my daughter about wedding plans, but my name is never mentioned.

"What should I do? Should I write to her? We are going along with the wedding plans, but I feel that I should have heard from her before now."

—The bridegroom's mother evidently does not know that it is his family that makes the move to call upon or at least telephone and write the bride's family as soon as the engagement is to be announced. As this was not done, do write to the bridegroom's mother immediately explaining what your plans are for the wedding.

Don't let her take over, but on the other hand remember that you will have years in which you must get along with her. Don't be critical.

"When a businessman's wife does for him such correspondence as thank-you notes, sympathy notes, etc., which are sent to people the wife does not know, how should she do it? Should she write 'my husband,' 'we,' or perhaps 'John'?"

—Write either "my husband" or "we." You could say "John" if you know your husband to be on a first-name basis with them, in which case you probably would be, too.

● "I am having a large wedding, and wonder in what way it would be correct for me to sign the notes written to those who have sent us presents."

—In writing your notes, do not sign them "Betty and Bill." You should refer to your husband's pleasure in the gift, but sign the note from yourself. The greeting you use, however, may be to "Dorothy and Joe" if you wish.